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RANGING IN FRANCE
With FLASH and SOUL



BY SERGEANT JESSE R. HINMAN

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**RANGING IN FRANCE
WITH FLASH AND SOUND**

RANGING IN FRANCE WITH FLASH and SOUND

**BY
SERGEANT JESSE R. HINMAN**

*An Official History of the
Second Battalion 29th Engineers in France
During the World War*

**PRESS OF DUNHAM PRINTING COMPANY
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By Jesse R. Hinman*



MAJOR THEODORE LYMAN
COMMANDER SECOND BATTALION, 29TH ENGINEERS, LATER FIRST
BATTALION, 74TH ENGINEERS

TO OUR MAJOR
THEODORE LYMAN
AND
THOSE AMERICANS WHO MADE
THE SUPREME SACRIFICE
THAT THIS MIGHT BE A BETTER WORLD
THIS NARRATIVE IS REVERENTLY DEDICATED

COMMITTEE ON INFORMATION

Lieutenant Walter E. Roberts.

Lieutenant Bela Hubbard.

Sergeant First Class Carrol R. Benton.

Sergeant First Class Constantine Castruccio.

Sergeant First Class John H. Fraser.

Sergeant First Class Herbert H. Brecht.

Sergeant First Class George B. Howe.

Sergeant First Class Sanford P. Wicks.

Sergeant First Class Howard F. Colt.

Sergeant E. B. Stookey.

Sergeant Charles Altfillisch.

Corporal C. O. Boswell.

Private First Class E. E. Beaver.

Private First Class James P. Kelly.

CONTENTS

CHAPTER	PAGE
INTRODUCTION	13
I AT FORT DE ST. MENGE	17
II IN THE SHADOW OF MONT SEC	29
III SEICHEPREY AND XIVRAY	53
IV CHATEAU-THIERRY	77
V WITH S. R. S. NO. 2	99
VI THE STORY OF S. R. S. NO. 3	123
VII THE ST. MIHIEL OFFENSIVE	137
VIII IN LORRAINE WITH F. R. S. NO. 2	157
IX IN THE ARGONNE	186
X F. R. S. NO. 3 TAKES THE FIELD	199
XI F. R. S. NO. 4 IS ORGANIZED	207
XII S. R. S. NO. 4 IN ACTION	213
XIII THE CLOSE OF THE WAR	223
XIV HOMEWARD BOUND	234
 APPENDIX	
BARDS OF THE FLASH AND SOUND	239
TO FRANCE WITH PERSHING	250
BATTALION ROSTER	255

ILLUSTRATIONS

MAJOR THEODORE LYMAN	<i>Frontispiece</i>
	PAGE
OFFICERS AND MEN OF THE FIRST BATTALION, 74TH (FORMERLY 29TH) ENGINEERS	12
SCENES AT FORT DE ST. MENGE	16
DIAGRAM OF A SOUND RANGING BASE	28
OBSERVATION POSTS IN S. R. S. NO. 3—SCENES IN MANDRES, SOUND RANGING HEADQUARTERS . .	32
STRINGING A LINE TO OBSERVATION POST AT XIVRAY	40
THE RUINS AT XIVRAY—WHAT REMAINED OF THE RAILROAD BEHIND MONT SEC	48
THE VILLAGE OF SEICHEPREY, WHERE THE AMERI- CANS FIRST MET THE HUNS	52
THE VILLAGE OF RAMBUECOURT AND LINESMEN'S DUGOUT—SCENES AT ST. BENOIT AND BENEY AFTER THE ST. MIHIEL OFFENSIVE	64
THE VILLAGE OF VAUX—CHATEAU-THIERRY AND THE BRIDGE ACROSS THE MARNE	80
THE FAMOUS BELLEAU WOODS, WHERE THE MARINES STOPPED THE GERMANS	96
BRUSSEY AND BUCONVILLE	112
SCENES IN BERNECOURT AND NOVIANT	122
RUINS OF FLIREY AND LIMEY	128
THE CULINARY DEPARTMENT — "COOTIES" — BERNE- COURT AND SAMPIGNY	132

ILLUSTRATIONS

	PAGE
ILLUSTRATION SHOWING THE ST. MIHIEL SALIENT AND AMERICAN OFFENSIVE	136
MONT SEC (OR HILL 380)—THE LORRAINE TRENCHES	144
FRENCH ARMIES ENTERING METZ AND STRASBOURG	160
FAC-SIMILE OF GERMAN PROPAGANDA	163
RUINS AT ST. AGNAUT—SCENES IN ST. MAURICE BEFORE THE WAR	176
THE STATUE OF THE FORMER KAISER IN THE CATHEDRAL AT METZ	186
AN OBSERVATION POST IN BEAUMONT—HATTON- VILLE AND ST. MAURICE	192
GERMAN TROOPS IN LORRAINE—PONT-A-MOUSSEON ON THE MOSELLE RIVER	200
IN THE ANCIENT CITY OF LANGRES—TOUL AND NANCY	224
THE NANSEMOND—"THE SHIP THAT BROUGHT US HOME"	236

**RANGING IN FRANCE
WITH FLASH AND SOUND**

**HEADQUARTERS FIRST BATTALION,
74th ENGINEERS**

(Formerly Second Battalion, 29th Engineers.)

GENERAL ORDERS

No. 1

A. P. O., 767, January 18, 1919.

EXTRACT

Paragraph 1. The following letter will be read to the men of each Company by the Company Commander at retreat, Monday, January 19, 1919:

"The work of your Battalion in France is done, and well done. You have been engaged in activities entirely new to the service and have not only overcome the attendant difficulties but also have set high standards for a future service and won unstinted praise from those with whom your work lay.

"The technical supply depot was ably managed and it is due to the conscientious, intelligent and resourceful work of the personnel of this depot that supplies never failed and the sections were able to maintain their high record of efficiency.

"The school was planned and operated in a thorough and satisfactory manner. It not only provided the ground work of the instruction, without which the sections could not have functioned, but it served a most useful end in familiarizing the Staff, Artillery, and other departments with the possibilities of the Ranging Service.

"The officers and soldiers of the 74th Engineers in the field have earned for the organization a most enviable reputation—a reputation based both on their performance as technical troops and as soldiers. Their conduct under shell-fire on the American, British and French fronts has been all that is expected of the highest type of American soldier. Also, in the more trying routine of camp and billet life, they, by their good discipline, cheerful acceptance of existing and necessary conditions, and intelligent willingness to work, made the most of their conditions and achieved results.

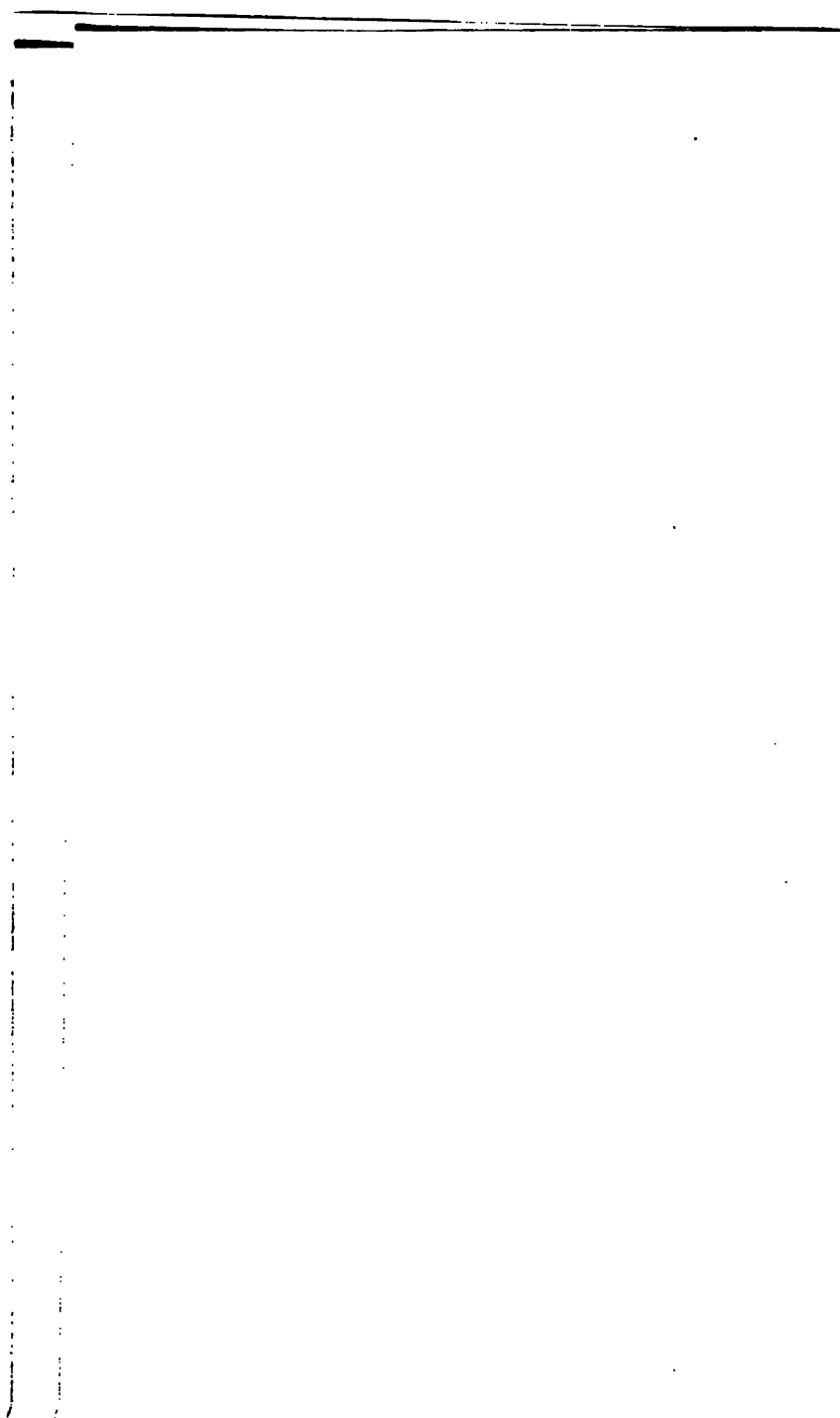
"It is a pleasure to me personally to have been associated with the officers and soldiers of the 74th Engineers and I desire to express to them through you my appreciation for their loyal support.

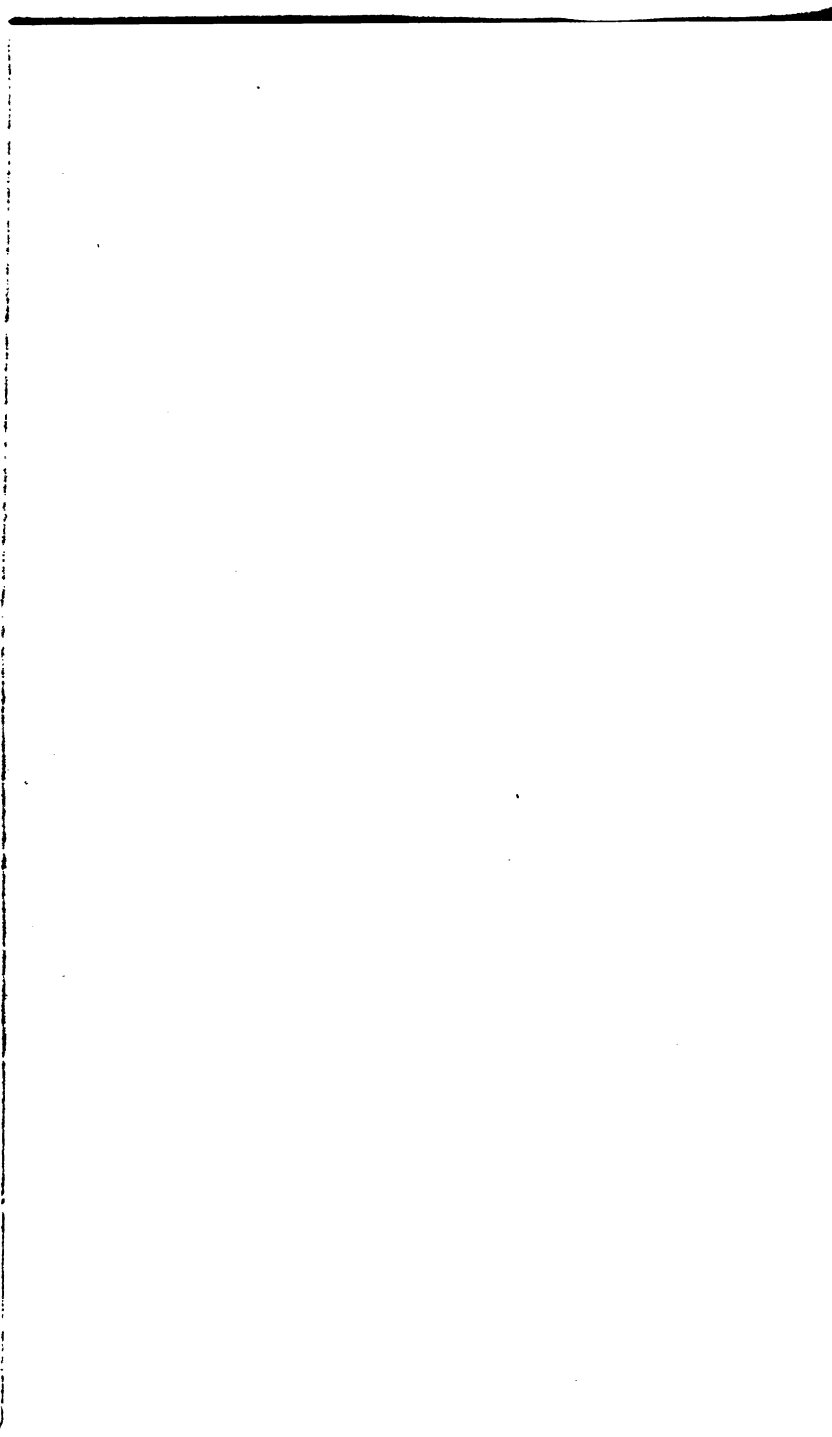
"(Signed) H. G. ALEXANDER,
"Colonel, General Staff.

"By order of MAJOR LYMAN,

"FRANK J. TWYNHAM,

"First Lieutenant, Engrs., U. S. R., Adjutant."





INTRODUCTION

During the struggle which has just closed a vast number of new methods and appliances have been added to the machinery of war, these innovations involving in some cases the organization of special troops with functions entirely new to our army. The Flash and Sound detachments, whose achievements are recorded in these pages, belong to the list of such troops; the nature of their work may be briefly described as follows:

The Flash Ranger is concerned with the location of the enemy guns and also with collecting general information as to the movements of hostile forces. Under some circumstances the second of these duties becomes quite as important as the first. The theory of the methods employed is very simple, but the practice is difficult. For each section four or five observation posts are used, their position on the map being accurately known. These posts are provided with an instrument for determining the bearing of any object with respect to a known reference point; all posts are connected by telephone with the central station. On a plotting board at central the position of the posts are marked; by a simple arrangement of scales and strings the observers' readings are reproduced on the board, the intersection of the strings giving the position of the object under examination.

In the case of gun location, the observers seek to set simultaneously on the flash of the piece, the operation is aided by a system of signals from the posts to central,

but at bottom its success depends on the quickness, accuracy and experience of the personnel.

Flash Ranging, or Ground Observation as it should be called, is a most important servant not only of the Artillery, but also of the Intelligence Service. Because of its simplicity and mobility it is employed both in trench and in open warfare.

The chief object of Sound Ranging is to locate the position of hostile guns; it employs delicate and rather complex instruments and requires a personnel possessing a considerable degree of technical knowledge. Six microphones, placed at known positions, detect the sound from the gun and transmit a signal to a chronograph which records the exact moment at which the report of the piece reached the microphone. The method of locating the gun involves the differences in time at which the sound reaches the detecting instruments. These differences in time being taken from the chronograph, they are plotted on a board so constructed that the intersection of strings gives the position of the piece. In the computation corrections are made for the directions and velocity of the wind and for the temperature.

It must not be imagined that the processes involved are purely mechanical; to insure the proper operation of the apparatus and to obtain information as to the calibre and direction of fire of the enemy's artillery, observers are posted well in advance of the microphones, often in the front-line trenches. Much depends on their experience and coolness. Moreover, to maintain the complex system of electric circuits, running as they must through shelled areas, is no easy or safe task.

With a skillful personnel and under favorable condi-

tion Sound Ranging gives very accurate results and has rendered most valuable service; its chief use, however, is instable or semi-stable warfare.

The formation of a new service naturally requires a considerable amount of preliminary investigation and study. Soon after the arrival of General Pershing in France, therefore, Major R. G. Alexander (now Colonel) was instructed to investigate the methods of Flash and Sound Ranging in use by the French and British. About the same time the Adjutant General in the United States appointed Major Augustus Trowbridge (now Colonel), Captain Theodore Lyman (now Major) and Lieutenant Norman R. French (now Captain), of the Signal Corps, to take up the study of Flash and Sound Ranging and carry on the work in the A. E. F. Upon their arrival in France it became necessary for them to be transferred to the Engineers before assuming their duties.

As a first step in the investigation, Major Alexander ordered seven of the engineers of the 1st Division, who came to France with General Pershing, to report to the chief of the French Sound Ranging School at St. Cloud, near Paris. Of this number, Sergeant T. W. Smith (now Lieutenant) and Corporal C. R. Keital (now Sergeant) qualified and later were sent to the British and French Armies for further instruction. The above-mentioned non-commissioned officers had been at the school but a few days when an American civilian arrived there. A few days later he appeared as a First Lieutenant in the Engineers Corps. He was Lieutenant Charles B. Bazzoni, who later spent some time on the British and French fronts, where he studied the methods of Flash and Sound Ranging. Upon his return from the British front, Lieutenant

RANGING IN FRANCE

Bazzoni submitted his report to the General Staff. It was upon the strength of this report and that of Colonel Trowbridge that the Bull-Tucker system, as the English is known, was adopted.

In November, 1917, Lieutenants B. A. Ross and J. D. Wright were sent to the British front to study Flash Ranging. In December, Lieutenant Dow followed on a similar mission.

During the first week in January, Captain Lyman and Lieutenant Bazzoni opened a school in Flash and Sound Ranging at Fort de St. Menge, near Langres, where they were joined on the 21st of the month by Lieutenant Ross. Company B, 29th Engineers, was organized at Camp Devons late in the fall of 1917, to take up the work of Flash and Sound Ranging, but being delayed in getting to France, a class of 40 men were taken from the 116th Engineers, of the 41st Division.

When hostilities ceased on November 11, 1918, four Flash and four Sound Ranging Sections were in operation on the American front. Flash and Sound Rangers during the last eight months of the war were in active service at almost every point on the Allied front, from Chateau-Thierry to Pont-a-Mousson, and one of the Flash Ranging Sections participated in every offensive against the enemy during that critical period in the world's history.



FORT DE ST. MENGE FROM THE FOOT OF THE HILL NEAR
THE MARNE CANAL



THE COMPANY STREET WITHIN THE WALLS OF FORT
DE ST. MENGE

CHAPTER I.

AT FORT de ST. MENGE

"Squads right. March."

The command was given by Captain Theodore Lyman at Turenne Barracks, near Langres, at 1 o'clock on the memorable afternoon of January 5, 1918. The detachment from the 116th Engineers destined to form the first class in Flash and Sound Ranging, as taught by the American Army, marched across the snow-covered parade grounds towards the headquarters of the Marne, the location of Fort de St. Menge, where the noted school was later established.

The distance to the fort is nine kilometers. It was 3:30 o'clock when the detachment reached the top of the hill and the iron gates of the main entrance of the underground fortification. It had been anything but easy "hiking," with full packs, along the snow-covered road, and from Humes, the typical little French village with its picturesque tile-roofed houses, the trail was practically unbroken.

Captain Lyman swung open the gate, and the tired but interested detachment trudged across the draw-bridge spanning the ancient moat which encircled the fort. Captain Lyman led the men down the narrow passageway to a street running at right angles, upon which the living quarters open. The quarters are casements, arched and facing the company street on either side. And the men read "52 Hommes."

Halting the detachment in front of No. 17, Captain Lyman dismissed it and Sergeant Monahan, acting

First Sergeant, pushed open the creaking doors of the casement and each man took possession of a bunk. Fort de St. Menge, which, before the close of the war, was to become the headquarters for so many units of the U. S. Army and military schools was open to American troops for the first time in its history.

The personnel of this detachment follows: Sergeants S. E. Monahan and George Brewster; Privates J. P. Micheals, Harry Oreding, Herbert Sessions, T. S. Schies, Samuel Engholm, Jesse R. Hinman, Donald Campbell, Eyler Brown, Everett Taylor, Pierre Weiss, Claude Harreschou, Herchel L. Driver, T. E. Miller, Walter E. Roberts, Ray Fordyce, Joseph Cotton, A. B. Chambers, George Sheeran, A. J. Breshears, H. R. Breshears, John D. Selby, E. B. Stookey, Eugene McGraw, Floyd N. Knave, G. C. Boswell, C. J. Ratzclaff, Arthur Hansen, C. M. Castruccio, A. L. Baldwin, Chas. Hinton, Bert Schroeder, Ronald F. Rose, Verne Morgan, Ambrose Brownell, John H. Hartley, Chester Reese, Harry Phillips and F. R. Stebbins.

Fort de St. Menge had not been occupied by the French since the first year of the war, and it was quite evident that much must be done before the place could be made inhabitable. The snow was knee deep in the narrow streets and tunnels. The casements were dusty and presented anything but an inviting appearance.

But the craving of the innerman was the imperative factor to be considered, and soon the welcome command of "come and get it," emanating from the kitchen across the narrow street, advised the men that Cooks McGraw and Miller had prepared an appetizing stew for them, arrangements having been made earlier in the day for this very important part of the program.

Following the first mess at Fort de St. Menge, the first act of the detachment was to build a roaring fire in the old fire-place in the casement, around which all huddled, and numerous, indeed, were the predictions for the future as the present situation was discussed.

The detachment that formed this first class comprised 40 men from the 116th Engineers, 41st Division, which sailed from New York on November 26, 1917, arriving at St. Nazaire December 10.

The detachment left the regiment at Lacourtine on the evening of Thursday, December 27, arriving at Turenne Barracks on the afternoon of December 29, where we were temporarily attached to Company A, of the 29th Engineers. The events that followed are best told by a member of the detachment:

"Before leaving for the fort we were addressed by Captain Lyman and Lieutenant Bazzoni, who gave general descriptions of the work we were to take up at the school. The morning after our arrival at the fort we were up at 6:15, the first reveille. No bugle was available, but a few days later Captain Lyman procured a French bugle from some source unknown to us and Private Knave volunteered to blow the calls. We were thankful that we had had some military training, for it enabled us to usually guess correctly the nature of the call. The first day was spent in policing quarters and fitting up an orderly room. Captain Lyman was in command, with Lieutenant Bazzoni, instructor. And at this point in the narrative we deem it fitting that a tribute be paid these splendid officers, for there is every indication that the men at the school during those long and dreary weeks in January and February formed an attachment for these two officers that remained throughout the following months of the

war, and will continue when all are again in civilian garb. Captain Lyman's first thought appeared to be always for the care of the men in his command, a dominating trait which continued to exist when later he commanded a battalion of five full companies, instead of the first little group of 40. As an able, conscientious and patient instructor, there were few the equal and none the superior of Lieutenant Bazzoni.

"How Captain Lyman and Lieutenant Bazzoni became associated with Flash and Sound Ranging and mention of their promotion has been told in the preface of this publication.

"The historic fort which we now occupied was in existence before the Franco-Prussian War, the north end is in part, the ancient fort. The precipitous hill on which the fortification is constructed, divides the two approaches to Langres from the north, the greater of which is the Marne Valley. From the crest of the hill it would be possible to rake the surrounding country with gun fire. Every road approaching Langres is 'covered.' The modern fort is named Ligniville, after a Frenchman of noble birth who was commander of the forces in that area. The fort was rebuilt in 1871-74. As we explored the fort we observed two definite stages of construction, two types of stone work. Many of the terraces for rifle fire are approached by tunnels and bulwarked by masonry, which appears much older than the finer work of the casements.

"To properly explore the fort would require several days, and many rooms would probably not be visited. There are rooms at all elevations, from the gun rooms and lookouts on the crown of the fort to the powder magazines below the moat. The moat is dry, but approximately 40 feet deep. The number of gun mounts

are large and all reached by an ingenious underground passage of one type or another. The fort presents all secret passages and mystic chambers that the most romantic could desire.

"One of the casements outside of the moat and to the left of the entrance of the fort, was selected as the location for the school. The apparatus having been installed, Lieutenant Bazzoni gave us the first lecture, the date being January 8, and we were introduced to the hyperbola and asymptote. The weather continued disagreeable. During the night the snow would pile up in the company street and the men spent no little time in keeping it open. The weather moderated one day and the next morning we awoke to find the ceiling in the casement we occupied was not waterproof. We moved to the adjoining room.

"The road leading from the fort to the hard surfaced highway became impassable, and trucks were unable to reach the top of the hill with rations. Our supply became exhausted. We fared on 'canned Willie' and hard tack for two days, and our situation then becoming desperate, Sergeant Brewster took a detail of 20 men to the commissary at Rolampont, a distance of approximately four kilometers. The trail down the long hill was unbroken, and it was a weary party that made the trip back to the fort with the rations, which we carried on our backs. Four men plowed through the snow carrying a quarter of a beef, while the others were loaded down with bacon, bread, potatoes, etc. This tided us over until the trucks could reach the fort.

"It was about this time that Sergeant T. W. Smith and Corporal Kietel arrived at the fort to assist in instructing the first class at the school. They had the

honor of coming to France with General Pershing in June and had spent several weeks on the British front, studying the science of Sound Ranging.

"The detachment became intensely interested in the school work and a study room was fitted up on the opposite street from the quarters and many burned the 'midnight oil.' In this case, however, it was 'candle-grease.'

"On the afternoon of January 18, the first sack of mail arrived. It was our first news from home since we left in November. There were letters and packages for all.

"The school had been in progress but a short time when the detachment was divided into two groups—one to receive instruction in Flash Ranging and the other to specialize in Sound Ranging. On Monday, January 21, work was started on 'installing' the first base to be used by the school. The observation posts were constructed on the bluffs commanding the Marne. We spent several days at the work, which was not easy by any means, owing to the hard, rocky surface of the ground. One who has been fortunate enough to view the surrounding country from one of these points will never forget his impressions. The valleys are dotted with quaint little villages, the antiquated buildings with their red roofs blending beautifully with the green landscapes in the background. The highways winding like a thread in and out of the little towns, are plainly seen for many miles.

"By February 1, three more officers had arrived and had been assigned as instructors in the school. They were Lieutenants W. G. Perry, Lloyd Heuling and L. D. Coles. Early in February another detachment of men, number 30 in all, arrived at the fort.

Twenty-three were from the 146th and 148th Machine Gun Companies, and the others from the 116th Engineers. It is safe to say that every man who spent the months of January and February at Fort de St. Menge will always have a fond recollection of those days. Many were the amusing incidents that occurred. No one has forgotten the memorable heating stove that stood in the center of the casement. Numerous were the occasions when, as a result of imbibing too freely of the wines of sunny France, one would decide that the stove pipe needed adjusting, and as a consequence, it would tumble to the floor. However, it would always be replaced before reveille.

"It was Tuesday, February 19, that the detachment selected to go to the front was issued gas masks and given its first gas drill. Final preparations were now being made for getting the men ready for field work and February 25, five Flash Rangers, in charge of Lieutenant Wright (now Captain), left for the Toul sector to receive further training with the French Army. The men were: Sergeant Brewster and Privates J. C. Baldwin, Joseph Cotton, A. B. Chambers and Chas. Hinton. On March 18, five more Flash Rangers left for the American front. They were: Sergeant George Howe and Privates J. C. Berry, A. L. Baldwin, C. Castruccio.

"On March 8, five Sound Rangers left the fort to receive training at the British front. They were: Sergeant S. A. Monahan, Corporals John Fraser and Johnson and Privates Leach and Davis.

"The first Sound Rangers to go to the American front left for Mandres to install the first section on March 10th. The officers were Lieutenants Bazzoni, Van Vechtan, McClanahan and Perry. The personnel

of the enlisted men follows: Sergeant T. W. Smith, Wagoner Russel and Privates Atchison, Boswell, A. J. Breshears, Eyler Brown, Brownell, Bridges, Campbell, Driver, Eckfield, Engholm, Fordyce, Hartley, Hall, Hinman, Holst, Leo F. Kelly, Little, Meek, McGraw, Micheals, Nave, Oerding, Preston, Ratsclaff, Reece, Roberts, Sampson, Selby, Schies, Sheeran, Stebins, Smith, Stablein, Taylor, Sessions, Thomas, Weiss, Koering and Kursynske."

Organization of Companies and Battalion

Company B, destined to be the first Sound Ranging Company of the American Expeditionary Forces, left Camp Devens on October 28, 1917, for the port of embarkation, after many weary, expectant weeks of the usual cantonment life. The trip across the Atlantic was made on the steamship Calamares, a former coast-wise liner converted into a troop transport, and with this to be the mal-de-mar, and rumor of sighted U-boats in the distance, the trip was uneventful. The voyage was a miserable one, and will be indelibly written on the memories of those who sailed on her. The company was in command of Captain Hodgeson. It was with a great sigh of relief and expectancy that we greeted the rocky coast of Brittany on a cold February morning, the first long step toward the Great Adventure. Three days were spent at Pont-a-Nezun Barracks, near Brest, after which the company was ordered to Langres, arriving in that city weary from our trip across the country. At Langres the company was divided, 90 men being transferred to Company A, of the Topographical and Printing Battalion. The other officers and men of the company marched out

to Fort de St. Menge on the morning of March 6, and entered the Flash and Sound Ranging School.

Company C was formed in January, 1918, at Camp Devens, Mass. The organization comprised men from forty states, Alaska and South America. Plans were made for departure to Europe early in April, but were countermanded and it was not until June 22 that they finally left the U. S. on the Italian ship, Rio d'Italia. The troops landed at Brest, July 5, and spent four days at Pont-a-Nezun Barracks. From the latter place the company went to Langres, where the company was divided, a detachment going to Fort de St. Menge to attend the Flash and Sound School, and the other men going to the First Battalion of the 29th. The men from the Flash and Sound School made their appearance on the Toul sector on August 18, and were sent to the various Flash and Sound Sections then operating there. Corporal Arthur Rock, who was killed by shell fire near Beney soon after the St. Mihiel drive, was a member of Company C.

Company D was formed at Washington Barracks in June, 1918, but until arriving in France was known as Company F, 603rd Engineers. The company left Hoboken July 8, on the steamer Toloa, arriving at Brest 11 days later. From Brest the company was sent to Langres, where the men were given training similar to that received by the other companies.

Company E was organized as Company D, 29th Engineers, at Camp Devens, March 29, 1918, and sent to Washington Barracks, May 27. The organization became Company F, 604th Engineers, on June 6. The company left for France, August 14. The organization became Company E, 29th Engineers, on September 5, and was sent to Fort de St. Menge on September 14.

The company left for the front on October 17, forming F. R. S. 4 and S. R. S. 4.

Company F, of the 29th Engineers, was organized at Washington Barracks in August, 1918, for the purpose of adding to the Flash and Sound Ranging forces, operating with the American Army in France. The company left the United States for foreign service, September 25, arriving at La Harve, via Liverpool, England, on October 11, and from that point by rail to Langres. Like the other organizations in the Battalion, Company E was divided between the Flash Ranging School at Fort de St. Menge and the Sound Ranging School, which had been moved to Faverolles. On the day that hostilities ceased by the signing of the armistice, the first detachment of Company F left for the point on the Toul sector where the 24 members of the detachment were to get practical experience with the other Flash and Sound Ranging Sections. Company E was later made Company A, of the 74th Engineers.

Upon the departure of Lieutenant Bazzoni for the front, Captain Lyman took active charge of the school and remained as the principal instructor until he was ordered to the headquarters of the 26th Division. Lieutenant French (now Captain French) succeeded Captain Lyman at the school and was acting in that capacity at the close of hostilities. The Second Battalion of the 29th Engineers was authorized in a general order of August 17 and on October 1, Captain Lyman was promoted to the rank of Major. Lieutenant French was also promoted by the same order. The office of the Second Battalion, with Captain Lyman in charge, had been opened in Toul about Sep-

tember 4, and it continued to be Major Lyman's headquarters until the Second Battalion left Toul for St. Nazaire, November 20, 1918.

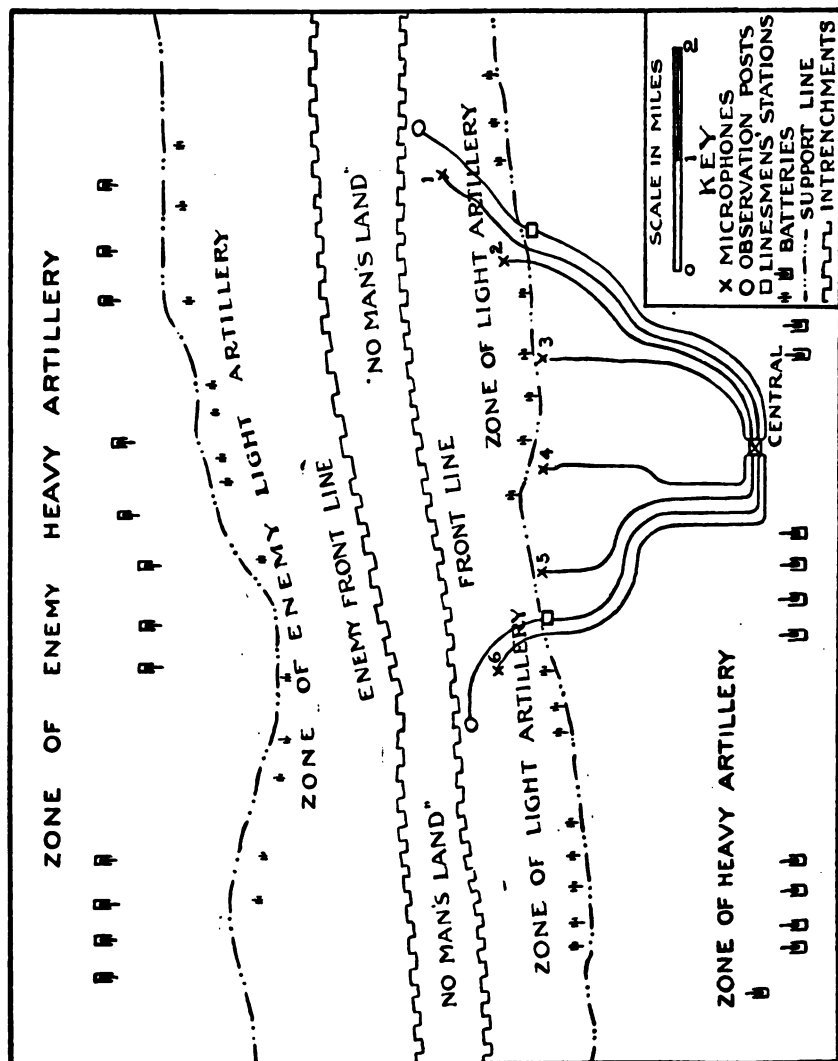


DIAGRAM OF A SOUND RANGING BASE

While all bases are not established exactly the same, a plan similar to the above is more often followed.

CHAPTER II.

IN THE SHADOW OF MONT SEC

In the very shadows of Mont Sec (Hill 380) in the famous St. Mihiel salient of the Toul sector of the old Lorraine front, was established the first Sound Ranging Section in the American Army. The base extended from Buconville, on the left, to Bois du Jury, on the right, and from his elevated position on the crest of Mont Sec, Fritz had an unobstructed view of the American trenches below him in the little valley of the Rupt de Mad, as well as of the country for many miles behind our lines.

When the first Sound Ranging detachment reached the front on the morning of March 10, the Americans were holding a section of the line about ten miles long. It extended from a point near the town of Apremont, on the eastern nose of the St. Mihiel salient, to a spot just west of Flirey. The French held a sector on the right and at Pont-a-Mousson the Americans were again to be found in the line. In both sectors the troops were from the 1st Division, the first fighting forces from America to join General Pershing in France.

The St. Mihiel salient had been a thorn in the side of France since 1914, the first year of the war, when the German Army, under the Crown Prince, failed to break through at Verdun and attempted to encircle that point. The Germans took the historic Fort Champ des Romains and crossed the Meuse River, capturing the railroads connecting Commercy and Verdun. On

the right the enemy pushed on across the Rupt de Mad, through Mandres and almost to Menilitour. At the latter point they were repulsed by the French and compelled to retreat to the heights of the Meuse with Mont Sec just back of their front line defenses. From the first year of the war until the great American offensive of September 12, 1918, the lines remained practically the same. The French, at a great cost in men and ammunition, failed to drive back the invading hordes, while on various occasions the Germans endeavored to enlarge the salient, but to no avail.

The enemy forces were supplied by a standard gauge railroad from Metz, 20 miles in the rear. Narrow gauge roads brought the supplies to various points at the front. Just back of the famous hill was established an advanced base and many were the times that the boys in the front line trench at night would distinctly hear the puffing of the engine as it brought its load of supplies and ammunition to the enemy. And the Sound Ranging observers who spent six long months before Mont Sec, still tell of the numerous times that the strains from the German band floated across No Man's Land to the American trenches, for it appeared to be the custom of Fritz to welcome fresh troops to the front in this manner, as well as "playing out" the retiring battalions. And it was from hearing the enemy's band that the Intelligence Section was often able to learn when the enemy contemplated an attack, as fresh troops were always brought in for that purpose.

When the 1st Division first faced the Germans in the Toul sector, the trenches were only a short distance apart. The American line extended in front of the village of Buconville approximately one mile,

running northeast just beyond the Buconville-Xivray Road. At Xivray the American front line trench was a little more than one hundred yards in front of that village. Almost adjoining Xivray on the right and on the fringe of No Man's Land was the still smaller village of Marvoisin. From the latter point the line extended to Seicheprey across an open section of the country, where neither the Americans nor Germans had attempted to entrench themselves. However, in front of Seicheprey trenches had been constructed for the protection of the troops and for the defense of the village. To the right of Seicheprey, the line formed a small salient, encircling the Bois de Remieres, held by the Americans. A kilometer to the right of Seicheprey is the Bois du Jury, where a Sound Ranging observation post was located for several months, prior to the St. Mihiel offensive. As a general description, the battle line in the Toul sector followed a winding valley, through which flowed the waters of the Rupt de Mad. This little stream would hardly be called a creek in America, although in the rainy season the river is swollen until it overflows its banks and is several hundred yards wide at various points.

Back of the American line, approximately a mile, and paralleling the valley, was the famous Metz-St. Dizier Highway, constructed on the crest of a long, narrow ridge extending from Buconville to the village of Flirey. This was considered one of the most strategic points along the front as it commanded the valley below, including the enemy trenches. However, the position was far from being as advantageous as that held by the Germans on Mont Sec and the hills beyond.

The towns that suffered the most from enemy shell fire were Xivray, Seicheprey and Flirey, near the

trenches, and Rambuecourt and Beaumont, on the Metz-St. Dizier Road. The vicinity of Bois du Jury was subjected to heavy shell fire, owing to the fact that many battery positions were located near it. Just south of the road before mentioned and to the right of Beaumont were other batteries, which drew fire continually. At this point the road leading from Beaumont to Mandres made a sharp turn and a hundred yards to the west was an engineers' dump, daily the target for the German guns. Rambuecourt was little more than two miles from the German observation posts on Mont Sec and afforded the best target along the front for artillery work. That Fritz took advantage of his position, the observers and linesmen of Sound Ranging Section No. 1 will readily testify. Mandres, one and one-half miles north of Seicheprey was shelled at intervals, the worst barrage the enemy putting over on the town, being during the battle of Seicheprey.

The above description of the Lorraine front has been given in order that the reader may more readily locate the points which will be mentioned in chronicling the stirring events in this area from the date of the first American raid on March 10 to the cessation of hostilities.

It was 1 o'clock on the afternoon of Sunday, March 10, that a big army truck rolled into Mandres and stopped before a building in the center of the village that had not entirely escaped the ravages of war. Out of the truck tumbled 40 men, the first detachment of American Sound Rangers to reach the front for the purpose of establishing a base. No one ever forgets his first day on the front—that is within range of the enemy light artillery. Usually he is astonished at the apparent tranquility of the section, for unless he en-



OBSERVATION POSTS ON S. R. S. NO. 3



LEFT TO RIGHT—SCENES IN MANDRES, SOUND RANGING HEAD-
QUARTERS. THE DUGOUTS SHOWN WERE OCCUPIED BY S. R.
S. NO. 1 CENTRAL UNTIL JUNE 1, AFTER WHICH THEY WERE
USED BY THE RIGHT LINES STATION.

counters a barrage or reaches the front during a drive, he will not find the activity that he expects. The events of the next few weeks are best told by a member of the first detachment as follows:

"Mandres, the little village on the edge of the battle line, became the home of the Sound Ranging detachment upon the first day of our arrival and remained the headquarters of this branch of the service until the close of the war. The buildings in the north end of the village were completely ruined from shell fire, the bare walls and piles of stone reminding us not a little of an American town following a disastrous fire. We were billeted near the center of the village, which had suffered less from the artillery. A few days before our arrival an enemy shell had struck the building adjoining ours, almost completely wrecking the structure and killing ten men who were billeted inside. It had also taken out the side of the building we occupied and as we unrolled our blankets on the second floor it was anything but encouraging to glance downward where the Americans had recently given their lives to the cause.

"Directly to the rear of the billets which we occupied, the French had placed a 9.5 centimeter battery and 200 yards away was an American battery of the same calibre. The French battery was located in an orchard, the overhanging branches of the trees forming a natural camouflage. The American battery was camouflaged to resemble a haystack, and as the position was an old one, the similarity was surprising. It might be said, however, that Fritz had this battery located despite the camouflage, a fact that was quite evident on many occasions afterward.

"Fifty yards up the street from our billets was the

village church, constructed in the 16th century, and just back of the church the little cemetery, neither of which, at that date, had been damaged to any extent by artillery fire. Thousands of shells had been whipped into the village in the early days of the war and fighting had taken place in the very streets, but the church had remained untouched.

"At this point in this story, it is well to introduce another character — Magda Laurent — an aged mademoiselle, who had always made her home in the village. She was 65 years old. Mandres was her birthplace, as well as that of her father. She had never married. The bursting shells meant little to her. Almost four years in this carnage, she was resigned to the inevitable. Provided with a French gas mask, she would seek shelter in the cellar or a neighboring dugout when the whistling, whining thing drew dangerously near. The boys all made friends with Magda Laurent. She washed and mended their clothes and did a hundred things that endeared her to them. And on the other hand, the cheerful old mademoiselle was always welcome at the Sound Rangers' kitchen. Like the church, the little home of Magda Laurent had never been touched, although on each side of it were broken walls, remnants of dwellings, which once had been happy homes.

"Just back of the French battery was the burial place of the heroes of the American Expeditionary Forces, who had given their lives here. As we drew near the place we caught a view of two long rows of newly made mounds and a third had been started. In all there were probably 60 graves. Each spot was marked with a wooden cross, giving the name of the deceased and his regiment. Officers and en-

listed men slept side by side. In mute evidence of the significance of war, a little procession approaches. Six men are carrying what remains of a little 16-year-old Corporal, who had been hit by a German shell the day previous. He is laid to rest in the third row.

"Soon afternoon the French battery in the rear of our billet, and during the next hour, sent over 25 or 30 shells for the purpose of silencing a battery in the vicinity of Mont Sec. During this period an interesting thing occurred. There was a little tingle from the telephone at the battery and upon receiving certain information regarding enemy activities, the firing ceased and the green painted cover, used to further camouflage the guns, was thrown over them. The precautionary measures were explained by the approach of a German aeroplane from the northwest. Everyone 'got under cover' immediately and soon we heard the crack of the anti-aircraft battery and observed the white puffs in the air, caused by the bursting shells. The invader was soon driven back within his own lines.

"During the afternoon we received the information that the Americans had planned to put over their first barrage the following morning, preceding the initial raid under the direct supervision of American officers. A counter barrage was expected and all troops in the village not having dugouts for protection were ordered back to other towns approximately two kilometers in the rear.

"At 4 o'clock on the morning of March 11, the American Army opened up its first barrage on the Germans. We saw many later far more terrific, but none ever impressed us more than that first bombardment. It continued for two hours and then the men

of the 1st Division went over the top. They found that our fire had practically obliterated the enemy's first line trench. But they did not find the 'beaucoup Boche' that they expected. The enemy had retired to the reserve trenches and the Americans had to be contented with two lone prisoners. Fritz did not retaliate as expected. We returned to Mandres and the next day began the work of installing the base. The linesmen followed the surveyors, every man in the detachment assisting in the work.

"Mandres was selected for the home of the central and one of the lines stations. Rambuecourt was to be the home of a group of linesmen whose duty was to keep in repair the lines on the left of the base. In order to reach the points desired it was necessary to construct the lines over some of the worst shelled area in the sector. From Mandres the trunk line was strung at a distance of from a kilometer to 200 yards south of the Metz-St. Dizier Road, between Beaumont and Rambuecourt. Between the lines and the noted highway was a long line of battery emplacements. Owing to the proximity to these batteries the lines were subject to heavy enemy shell fire, which made line work in that vicinity perilous. The same conditions prevailed on the right of the base, where the lines were laid near 'Dead Man's Curve' and the vicinity of Bois du Jury.

"Some amusing, as well as somewhat thrilling, experiences were related by those who installed the first base. Pierre Weiss, noted in the detachment for his originality and dry sense of humor, was in a wiring party one day when the men were caught in a little barrage. Some of the shells burst too close for comfort and every man 'flopped' to escape the flying frag-

ments. The bombardment over, the men picked themselves out of the grass. No one was injured. Private Weiss was the last to emerge and his first inquiry was:

“ ‘How many shots were there? I stuck my head in the mud after the first one and didn’t hear the others.’ ”

“On March 18 a detail of men in charge of Lieutenant Van Vechtan left Mandres with packs for Xivray for the purpose of constructing a forward observation post. It was early in the afternoon when the little party reached Rambuecourt, at which point they took the communication trench leading to Xivray and the front line. At Rambuecourt they found a courier who was bound for Xivray and he volunteered to act as guide for the party. Into the muddy trench filed the boys with their heavy packs. It was very essential that all keep their heads below the parapet as Fritz had a habit of shelling this communication trench when he discovered troops in it. And it was right here that the trouble started. Private Weiss, who was over six feet in his stocking feet, had no little trouble in keeping his head down and his companions still contend that it was he who caused the Boche to open up with 77s on them. At any rate the shells begun to drop uncomfortably close and every member of the party ‘flopped’ in the muddy trench. Fortunately no one was injured. Hours were spent in the trench, winding in and out in order to follow the zigzag course it took. After a few hours spent in this manner the guide emerged from the trench onto a road and the boys clambered out expecting to find themselves in the village of Xivray. Imagine their surprise and the chagrin of Lieutenant Van Vechtan when the town of Beaumont loomed up before them. The guide had taken the wrong trench and had led the party

almost back to Mandres, the starting point. The detail did not reach Xivray that night but returned to Mandres and the next day made the trip successfully without the assistance of a guide.

"On the same day that the detail left for Xivray, a group of linesmen, in charge of Lieutenant Perry, took up their abode at Rambuecourt, which remained the location of a line station until after the St. Mihiel offensive. Sergeant W. E. Roberts (now Lieutenant) was the non-commissioned officer in charge of the post until transferred to Section 3."

The following account of the events that occurred at Rambuecourt and Xivray during the early days is given by one of the linesmen stationed at the first mentioned village:

"One of our first duties on arriving at Rambuecourt was to string two lines to the observation post at Xivray. It was necessary to do this under cover of darkness and we began the work one evening soon after sundown. All the linesmen were detailed on the job, which was under the supervision of Lieutenant Perry. The lines were laid in duplicate a few hundred yards apart, the purpose being that should one line be cut by shell fire the other might remain in operation. The route of the lines was across the little valley of the Rupt de Mad and the river of the same name and paralleling the road to Xivray from a point a short distance north of the stream. This road was a popular target for the Germany artillery and was also within machine gun range. As this was the initial trip to the front line for some of us we were naturally a little nervous. We had reached the crest of the little hill, two hundred yards south of the village when I was stationed at a point for perhaps 30 minutes, while

Sergeant Roberts and the other men of the detail completed the work in the rear. I could plainly hear the staccato rattle of machine guns at intervals and occasionally a star shell would light up that section of No Man's Land opposite us. The flares and star shells were so bright that I was half afraid we might be observed in our work even at that distance, when I distinctly heard the rattle of a ration wagon coming down the road from the rear. As the wagon came closer I could hear the driver urging the mule team along with a choice line of profanity and talking in a loud tone to his assistant. As the enemy often swept this part of the road with machine gun fire I was surprised at the noise the outfit was making. The wagon came alongside and the driver, thinking he was addressing a sentinel, accosted me with:

"Say, Jack, where in hell is the town of Xivray, and how far are we from our first line trench."

"You are only three hundred yards from the village," I replied, "and the trenches are just in front of it."

"Well, that hill over there is inside our lines 'ain't it," he asked, pointing to Mont Sec, the dim outline of which was visible in the distance.

"No, the Boche are a mile this side of it," I told him.

"Holy mackerel, Buddy," he ejaculated, addressing his assistant, "we damned near got into Germany before we knew it. We must have taken the wrong road, Get up!"

"The wagon rolled on, but I did not hear so much loud talking afterward.

"It was midnight when we reached the crossroads in the village. Nothing remained of the place but bare

walls and piles of stone. The observers were quartered with a machine gun detachment only a few yards behind the trenches. They were busily engaged in hauling 'eye beams' for use in the construction of the post, which was to be located in the edge of the village and practically in the trenches.

"On reaching the principal street in the village with the wire we found it necessary to string the line from one high wall to another on the opposite side. It was here that one of the most amusing incidents of our stay on the front occurred. Lieutenant Perry and I had climbed to the top of the wall to fasten the wire. A startled guard in the street below, for the first time getting a view of our silhouetted forms against the sky, hastily brought his rifle to his shoulder and demanded:

" 'What in hell are you doing on that wall?'

"It was my turn to be startled, for from my experiences with the American 'doughboy' I knew that we were fortunate in having been challenged before he



STRINGING A LINE TO THE OBSERVATION POST
AT XIVRAY.

pulled the trigger. Lieutenant Perry is a native of South Carolina and his Southern dialect was often very amusing to the men of his command. But the Southerner's reply was as calm as unexpected:

" 'What the hell yo' think I'se doin' up ha'r, taking a sun bath?' The guard came closer and observed he was addressing an officer. Then, in an apologetical tone, he said:

" 'Well, it's my duty to find out.'

" 'That's all right,' retorted the Southerner, 'I'm here to answer all questions.'

"The ludicrous side of the situation appealed to me, and in spite of the presence of the officer, I laughed until I almost tumbled from the wall. But the Southerner never smiled.

"Enemy artillery continued very active on our entire section during the next few weeks. The base was operating successfully and we were giving much important information to the artillery regarding enemy batteries. The linesmen on both ends of the section had many narrow escapes and were compelled to spend much of the time, both day and night, on the shell swept field. The right observation post had been established near the village of Seicheprey and just to the left of Bois du Jury. The linesmen at central, which had been given the code name of 'Taylor,' in honor of Sergeant Taylor, found the area in the vicinity of Beaumont exceptionally active, and it became known as 'Kitty's Hot Hole.' This was near the famous 'Dead Man's Curve.'

"At Rambuecourt, Fritz shelled the part of the town where our kitchen and dugouts were located and many were the times those first few weeks that we

were compelled to eat our food with a generous supply of dirt and particles of mortar thrown in the kitchen as the result of bursting shells.

"It was during the early days of the section that Lieutenant Perry, Sergeant Roberts, Privates Campbell and Eckfield had a thrilling experience on the lines one night, when the high explosive shells and gas made the area a dangerous one. Despite the terrific barrage the linesmen repaired the lines and re-established communication.

"There is often a funny side to a situation. It was while the base was being installed that the following incident occurred. The night was dark, intensely dark, and the three linesmen, plodding through the mud along the road just back of the front line on the old American sector, could not see a foot ahead of them—each had a bundle of screening on his back, as the detail had orders to camouflage a microphone position which was very conspicuous in daylight. To add to the discomfort of the men the rain was coming down in torrents. Private Jones was in the lead and the splashing of the mud was the only means he had of telling he was in the road. At intervals a star shell would light up the roadway, then dying would make the darkness seem even more intense. Private Jones was turning over in his mind the possibility of encountering a Boche patrol when suddenly he collided with an object. Simultaneously something cold struck him on the hand. Thoughts of a German bayonet instantly entered his mind and he emitted a yell that would put a Commanche Indian to shame. He dropped the screening in the road and his companions halted abruptly in their tracks, fearing the worst had happened. The situa-

tion was soon explained. Private Jones had collided with an orderly on a bicycle.

"During the first week in April, the battery position just back of Rambuecourt was shelled heavily and it was on the 6th of the month that Private Leonard Preston was severely wounded by a shell fragment, while at work on lines near the edge of the village. He was taken to the hospital and was not returned to the section until many weeks later."

It was during the first week of April that the 1st Division was relieved on the Toul sector by the 26th Division, National Guard, from the New England states. The heroic work of the infantry of this division will be told in another chapter of this narrative.

Volumes have been written concerning the aviation service. The romantic stories of the birdmen appeal to every red-blooded American. Stories have been written of the dashing work of the cavalry and the stirring deeds of the infantry and artillery have come in for their share of praise. But little has been said about the linesmen and the forward observers, whose work is so essential to the success of modern warfare.

To a large extent the successful operation of artillery on any sector depends upon the alertness and accuracy of the observer. In both Flash and Sound Ranging the efforts of the observers are of the utmost importance. Without their aid it is practically impossible to operate the section. And it is quite frequently that the observer works under the most difficult circumstances. His post is usually very close to the front line trench and often it is in advance of the infantry, much depending upon the topography of the country. The object is, of course, to locate the post

in a position that would permit a view of the territory held by the enemy and often this is in a section that is continually under shell fire. From four to eight men are usually assigned to a post, depending upon how many are available to a section. A post is usually operated by two observers on shifts of two hours each, they being relieved every 12 hours. If the observers are quartered near the post, the reliefs are made oftener as a rule.

The observer is provided with a panoramic map, also a map which gives the location and range of the enemy's artillery. The map also gives data on the various enemy batteries and their activities. Whenever a piece fires he must be on the alert in order that he may form an estimate of location and probable objective, as well as the calibre. While very accurate locations are secured by the apparatus used in Sound Ranging, the observations of the men in the post are of great assistance in determining the location of the enemy battery. The observer must not confuse the "on de choc" of the enemy guns with friendly guns firing overhead. For the benefit of those who are not familiar with the term it might be well to state that the "on de choc" is the French phrase for shell wave. The shell wave, or "on de choc," is produced by high velocity guns only. This is due to the fact that the projectile travels at first faster than the sound. From any position in front of the gun within a certain zone the projectile at one part of its trajectory will be moving with such a velocity that the rate of which it diminishes from him is equal to the velocity of sound. When this is the case the observer will receive at the same time all the sounds produced by the shell during an appreciable time and all of these sounds reaching him

at once are perceived as a sharp crack—the “on de choc.”

The part of the trajectory from which the shell wave is heard, and the time interval between its perception and that of the report, depend upon the position of the observer. The interval is greatest when the observer is in the line of fire and in this case he hears the shell wave from the shell at the part of its path where it is traveling with the velocity of sound.

The double sound can be heard very distinctly, the sharp crack of the shell being followed by the duller sound of the report. Of these two sounds, the shell wave in general carries much the further, owing partly to its sharpness, the fact that it is above trees and other obstacles and that the projectile is moving while the gun is, of course, stationary. When only one sound from an enemy gun is heard, it is the shell wave, and not the true report of the gun.

Sound is always affected more or less by atmospheric conditions, and this fact must be taken into consideration by the observer. Sound is defined as an energy of vibration that extends out in all directions, varying according to the conductor through which it moves. The earth is a poor conductor, while water, air and certain other methods are favorable. A sound produced in the air when all the conditions are the same, travels out with a circular wave-like motion, radiating in all directions equally and with a standard velocity of 337.6 meters per second at 10 degrees centigrade. A higher temperature and a greater amount of moisture tend to speed up a sound wave. A lower temperature or less degree of moisture decreases that sound move.

Not only does the observer, in either of the two

branches, need to be familiar with calibre and ranging of artillery, but he is often compelled to operate his post under perilous difficulties. Perhaps the line connecting the post with central and the lines stations has been severed by shell fire in the vicinity of the post. It is then that the observer often takes his pliers and a coil of wire and goes out to assist the linesmen in re-establishing communication, leaving his companion at the post to resume his duties when the line is in.

But it is the linesmen on the front who are responsible for the maintenance of the telephone and other lines extending to various points on the front, that make co-operation of infantry and artillery possible. The path of the linesman is not all roses, neither is it all thorns. A few miles in the rear the linesmans' job is a comparatively easy one and the worker is subject to little danger. But the men that keep the lines on the front in repair, disregarding danger and cheerfully enduring the hardships, deserve many honors that they never receive because much of their work is never brought to light except among themselves.

Not every soldier makes a good linesman any more than every soldier would be a successful aviator. In the first place, a linesman requires a good, strong physique, with steady nerves, a cool head and good judgment. His physical condition must be so that he can endure the strain of being called at all hours of the day and night, thus losing much sleep and still be able to do his work so thoroughly that no complications will arise later. He must be ready to clamber out of his dugout in any kind of weather, when the freezing wind is almost unbearable or the rain is falling in torrents, when the slush is knee deep in the abandoned trenches, where the wires are often strung. It re-

quires steady nerves and a cool head to follow a line a dark night, amid bursting shells, fully realizing that any moment might be his last. To scramble in and out of the shell holes, as to encircle them might be the cause of losing the wire, thus causing delay in locating it again. Often the linesmen have donned their masks, for there is seldom a bombardment without a generous supply of gas. And in all probability it is a gas shell that has broken the wire, and when the men have located the break they calmly make the splices, despite the deadly, poisonous fumes around them. Perhaps the wires have been cut in many places and it is necessary to telephone back to the station for more help. Quite often it is quicker to string a new line entirely than to endeavor to repair the old one. Where there are numerous wires on the same row of short poles or on the ground, and all are cut by shell fire, it is often a problem, in the intense darkness, to untangle them and make the proper connections. This requires patience and it is here that a cool head is a valuable asset. The linesman must complete the job, unless there is a reserve line that has not been put out of commission.

The linesman is often confronted with the task of locating a break inside the insulation. This requires time and much patience and a break of this nature can only be located by numerous tests. Then a linesman is often called out to repair an imaginary break, the trouble being in the inability of the operator to manipulate his switchboard. It is then that if one was near the linesman when told of the mistake, he would detect a little blue flame in the immediate vicinity and it wouldn't be from gas either.

A brief description of the work of the observers and linesmen has been given, and it is very essential

that a few words be written concerning activities at a Sound Ranging Central. While the central is usually a few kilometers in the rear, it is here that the actual data is compiled and submitted to the Chief Intelligence Officer of that section of the front. It is at central that the greatest number of men are stationed, linesmen, computers, telephone operators and men who operate the electrical apparatus. Their work is of the utmost importance, but Mr. Censor has forbidden a detailed description of the methods used by them.

All the lines of the sector ran out from central and each was given a code name such as: Abie, Bennie, Charlies, etc. When a line goes out of commission, central immediately informs the line station by stating that "Abie is sick," or whichever the case may be. Many amusing incidents arose over using the code. On one occasion a new linesman was assigned to one of the stations and was on telephone duty when central informed him that "Bennie was sick."

"Is that so. Is he one of the boys at central?" asked the linesman, with deep regret in his voice.

Another amusing incident that occurred as a result of a misunderstanding was the day following the Seicheprey battle, an account of which will be found in another chapter. Corporal Hartley was an observer at Xivray, who was, of course, directly in touch with the Rambuecourt line station. One of the lines extending between these two points had been given over to the infantry to use between regimental and battalion headquarters, as the signal corps had no communication between the two places during that initial engagement between the Germans and the Americans. In some way Corporal Hartley became attached to the line



TOP—WHAT REMAINED OF THE GERMAN RAILROAD BEHIND MONT SEC AFTER THE AMERICAN BOMBARDMENT SEPTEMBER 12.

BOTTOM—THE VILLAGE OF XIVRAY, WHERE THE FIRST SOUND RANGING OBSERVATION POST WAS ESTABLISHED.

that was being used by the infantry, and he and the Colonel at regimental headquarters became entangled in quite a controversy before the matter was cleared up. The conversation between the two ran something like this:

"Hello," accosted the Colonel from the 26th Division, "is this battalion headquarters?"

"Who is this speaking," asked Corporal Hartley.

"The Colonel," was the reply.

"Who in hell is the Colonel?" demanded the Corporal, thinking one of the linesmen at Rambuecourt was attempting to 'kid' him.

"Well I can't tell you over the telephone," replied the officer.

"Get the hell off the line then," yelled the Corporal in anything but a mild tone.

The Colonel hung up, but he found Lieutenant Perry in charge of the Rambuecourt line station and told him he believed the enemy had tapped on his line.

An observer tells a story that is worth repeating. It was decidedly hot one night in the American trenches in front of Buconville, where a Sound Ranging observation post was located. For 30 minutes Fritz had been throwing over tons of steel in a very heavy barrage preparatory to sending over a raiding party. A trench mortar was causing havoc among the troops at a certain point in the trench. The casualties had become numerous and some of the new "doughboys" were inclined to be excitable. A sergeant noticed that one of the privates in his platoon appeared to be greatly agitated, and said:

"Calm yourself, Joe, you're not afraid, are you?"

"No sir," replied the private, "but they're shelling Buconville and my barrack bag's there."

"Why are you turning that claxton?" asked Private Howard Breshears of a gas guard on the front line for the first time, "there is no gas."

"I know," replied the guard, "but I want the officers to know I'm on the job."

It was on that part of the old American front occupied by Sound Ranging Section No. 2, and near Apremont, that the Americans sent over a raiding party early one morning to the enemy trenches and succeeded in capturing a number of prisoners. Among them was a German youth not more than 16 years of age. He was badly frightened at first, but when he had gotten on the outside of two steaming cups of coffee and a generous supply of rice and bacon, his spirits revived and it was quite evident that he was pleased with his new environs.

"Say," said he, addressing a sergeant in German, "let me go back and bring my brother, he's just over there at an outpost."

Corporal Hartley was a member of a surveying detail. One day, while the party was at work two kilometers from the front line, Fritz started shelling the road near them. All beat a hasty retreat toward a linesmen's dugout and came tumbling down the steps together. After getting his breath one of the party said:

"I never ran so fast in my life."

"I wasn't running much," said Hartley, "but I passed several that were."

It was Corporal Amery's first night on the front, and he was afraid of gas. He was a Texan and his peculiar dialect was often amusing to the others who shared the dugout with him. The Corporal was suffering from a slight attack of the grip. His companions went to sleep, leaving him to his troubles. At 1 o'clock he could stand the strain no longer.

"Hey, fellows," said he sitting up, "hey, wake up will yo'."

"What in hell do you want," came from down between the blankets in a lower bunk.

"Why," replied the Texan, "will yo' please smell for me, I've a cold and I'm afraid there's gas."

Corporal Atchison and "Ted" Bandemer were observers at Smith observation post in Bois du Jury. While not on duty they occupied a small dugout near the trenches. One day a "whizbang" hit just behind Corporal Atchison. The non-com fell headlong into the dugout and escaped injury. A rat just outside fell a victim to the shell. The next day a shell struck the corner of the dugout just as the Corporal entered and killed a cat, which was following him.

"Stick around, 'Ted,'" said the Corporal.

A German propaganda balloon had fallen inside the American lines. It was the first of the kind that the new artillery observer had had occasion to report. He hesitated as he did not have the word quite clear in his mind. Then he called up headquarters and said:

"Prophylactic balloon fell in west end of Beaumont at 2:35."

The following is an interesting description given

by a linesman at Taylor line station of an experience on the lines one night during the summer while an electrical storm was in progress, and the elements and artillery seemed to compete with each other for the mastery of the heavens. "An enemy gun of large calibre," said the linesman, "had been firing in our section and tearing great holes in a field over which one of our lines extended. It was ten o'clock and the storm was at its height when we were notified that 'Abie' was out. We heard the bursting of the shells and was quite certain the break was in that vicinity. But in order to make sure the line was intact up to that point it was necessary to follow the line all the way from the station. As we trudged across the field, running the wires through our hands that we might detect any break in the intense darkness, our heavy artillery in the rear opened up on the enemy positions. The rain was falling heavily and the roll of thunder and the flash of lightning intermingling with the flash and crack of the guns, together with a shell bursting now and then near us, was enough to make one believe that the heavens and earth were combating with each other. A shell fragment had broken the wire and after making the necessary repairs we took a short route to our dug-out where we were soon in some dry clothes."



SCENES IN THE VILLAGE OF SEICHEPREY, WHERE THE FIRST BATTLE BETWEEN AMERICAN AND GERMAN TROOPS WAS FOUGHT, APRIL 20, 1918. A BATTALION OF THE 102ND INFANTRY, 26TH DIVISION, HELD THIS SECTION OF THE FRONT AT THAT TIME

Only piles of stone now mark this spot, practically a swamp at the time of the German assault.

"To teach the Americans a lesson," instill in the Yankee heart fear of the Prussian Guard and ultimately secure possession of the ridge along which extended the famous highway, was undoubtedly the objectives of the enemy.

To accomplish this end the enemy brought to this point "Hindenburg's Traveling Circus," or in other words, 2000 shock troops, with which to crush the Americans. In all probability 3000 Germans participated in the attack against less than 1000 men of the 102nd Infantry. The enemy struck just to the left of the junction of the French and American lines.

For several days previous to the Seicheprey attack, unusual enemy activity had been noted behind his lines and the German artillery had kept up an intermittent fire on the American battery positions. At the time of the attack, the Americans were holding the trenches approximately 200 yards in front of the village, with the German lines not over 500 yards away. To the right of the Seicheprey, less than a half mile, is the Bois de Remieres, and the American trenches extended through the northern edge of this wood. The greater number of the American machine gun positions were in the support trenches, a short distance behind the front line. Machine guns were also located in Seicheprey and in a trench running at right angles to the Bois du Jury, just back and a little east of the Bois de Remiers. It was in this trench that the right observation post of S. R. S. No. 1 was located, known as "Smith O'Pip," in honor of Corporal Smith, who was in charge. At the post when the Germans made the at-

tack, were Sergeant Hopkins and Privates Layman and Atchison.

For three weeks previous to April 20, S. R. S. No. 2 had been operating on the part of the front, but a few days before had moved farther to the left with its central at Broussy.

At 3 o'clock on the morning of the attack, the Germans opened up along the entire American front with a terrific bombardment, using high explosives, shrapnel and gas, shelling the back areas for several kilometers. While the infantry attack was made on a front of not over one mile, the Germans, with a general bombardment, expected to keep the Americans in doubt as to the exact point where the blow would be struck. About two hours later the enemy concentrated his fire on a section of the front extending from a point between Beaumont and Rambuecourt, on the west, to just east of the Bois du Jury on the east, approximately two kilometers. In this area, which received the most destructive fire, were the batteries to the right of Beaumont and in the vicinity of the Bois du Jury, all the trenches in the region of Seicheprey, all roads in and leading to that point and the villages of Seicheprey, Beaumont, Mandres, Bernecourt and Grosrouve.

It fell to the infantrymen and machine gunners in the front line to bear the brunt of the barrage, as well as the attack that followed. According to the stories told by the Sound Ranging observers and the "dough-boys" in the trenches, Fritz appeared to have every position covered. But despite this fact the men stuck to their guns until they fell beside their pieces. The enemy fire was accurate, scores of direct hits being made on the machine guns.

At daylight the Huns launched their attack, advanc-

ing mass formation—preceded by the shock troops. A heavy haze overhung the sector during the morning hours, and as the Americans in the trenches saw the green uniforms of the Germans advancing through the fog they clutched their rifles more firmly and, though half strangled with the poisonous gases, resolved to at least make the German victory a costly one. The majority of the American machine guns had been silenced by the effectiveness of the German artillery, but the pieces that remained intact were manned by boys who knew not the meaning of the word retreat, and poured a deadly fire into the ranks of the advancing Huns. But while many a Boche bit the dust there in No Man's Land in front of Remieres Woods, the few Americans who held the trenches could not hold out long against the forces which so greatly outnumbered them. Hand to hand fighting ensued, and the Germans felt the cold steel of an American bayonet for the first time on that foggy April morning. Having taken the trenches in front of Remieres Woods the Germans continued to advance—the troops on the right pushing on toward Seicheprey and those on the left taking possession of Remieres Woods and attacking in the Bois du Jury. When the enemy attacked, the American artillery opened with a barrage and for a while it proved very effective, but later the firing practically ceased as the gunners exhausted their supply of ammunition. With no artillery support and the machine guns practically silenced, it remained for the infantry to repulse the Germans with the bayonet.

Throughout the day the struggle continued. The Americans received some reinforcements, but still were outnumbered. Yet they exacted a price for every foot of ground they yielded. By 7 o'clock the Germans

were in the village and until afternoon the fighting continued in the streets, between the crumbling walls of the buildings, around the dugouts and in the support trenches. The shattered American forces at last dropped back to a position on the hillside just south of the village. Late in the afternoon the welcome news arrived that troops from the 162nd French Infantry (Verdun veterans) had arrived. Encouraged, the Americans launched the counter attack, and with the aid of the French drove the Huns from the village and the Remieres Woods, and before dawn had re-established the original line.

The valiant work of the infantry abounds in deeds of individual heroism. Colonel Parker, commander of the 102nd, himself, went into the trenches to encourage his men. It was while engaged in this work that he found a machine gun that had been silenced because its crew had been killed. Two Americans were lying dead beside the piece. The Colonel paused and said:

"If these brave boys can stick to their post like that I can do a little," and he, a machine gun expert, operated the gun until relieved.

Until well toward noon the Germans appeared to have the supremacy of the air. Fighting planes swooped down on the trenches and poured their deadly fire upon the Americans. Later Allied planes appeared and drove the enemy aviators back to their own lines.

The total number of Americans killed, wounded and captured, were well over 50 per cent of the total number engaged. The German loss was heavy, it being estimated that at least 600 were killed or seriously wounded. Over 300 German dead were left in the American trenches when the enemy retreated. How-

ever, the Boche succeeded in taking approximately 175 prisoners, who, the next day, were marched through the villages in the rear for the benefit of the German soldiers as well as to discourage the French civilians in the section of Lorraine held by the Germans for four long years. The official statement made by Germany was to the effect that the affair was nothing more than a big raid, in which the withdrawal was just as much a part of the program as was the attack. The untruthfulness of this statement is shown in the fact that the German troops carried their packs, trench shovels and rations, indicating that they planned to hold any position they might be successful in taking.

Caught at the post in the front line by the barrage on the morning of the battle, the three observers of the Sound Ranging Section, conducted themselves like veterans. Private Atchison was on duty and before he could report the first gun to central, the telephone line had been severed. The observers investigated and found that the break in the line was not in their immediate vicinity and they were unable to patrol the line further, owing to the violence of the artillery. Within a few minutes every line to the rear had "gone out." Runners were relied upon for communication with the points behind the line. Just before daylight the observers and a number of signal corps men went into the support trenches and, standing on the firing steps, pumped lead into the German troops. Shells were bursting in the trenches and on all sides, but they stuck to their post for several hours. A 77 struck the dugout in which they had been quartered, demolishing one end of it. Enemy incendiary shells had been dropped into Seicheprey, and by the light of the burning buildings the boys from their

positions, could see the Americans in the village, maneuvering to make their last stand against the advancing foe.

At 1 o'clock the Germans were on three sides of the observation post and threatened to cut off the escape of the Americans in that vicinity. To reach Mandres, or any other point in the rear, meant running the terrific barrage. Communication with central had not been established and Private Atchison threw a coil of wire over his shoulder and started out on the line with the intention of repairing the breaks or reporting to central. Sergeant Hopkins accompanied him, Layman deciding to remain at the post. Never will the observers forget that trip across the shell-swept field to Mandres. It was soon evident that it was impossible to repair the line, as it was cut in a hundred places and would require the stringing of new wire. The boys had been without food for almost 24 hours, and they now began to feel the pangs of hunger. "canned Willie" or "hard tack" would have been gladly accepted. In attempting to avoid the shells the boys stumbled into a machine gun position which had been abandoned hastily by the Americans. And what is this—a loaf of bread and a can of milk! Despite the protestations of Sergeant Hopkins, Atchison, as calm as though he had his feet under the parental table, sat down on the ground and devoured the bread and milk, apparently unconscious of the bursting shells. However, it is conceded that Hopkins did not permit Atchison to "get away" with all the newly found rations. Late in the evening the men succeeded in reaching Mandres.

At the central in Mandres some stirring events had occurred. Fritz had thrown hundreds of shells into the

town, giving the village a generous assortment of gas, shrapnel and high explosives. Early in the morning a Boche aeroplane swooped down from the haze, and its machine gun was turned upon the Sound Rangers' kitchen, causing the occupants to beat a hasty retreat for the dugout. Three casualties during the day were recorded. Samuel Engholm, draughtsman, received an ugly wound in the arm from shrapnel; William Rosseau was injured while repairing lines and Roland Schlaugh was gassed and also suffered a bad case of shell shock. A number of others who were more or less gassed were taken to the hospital for a few days for treatment. Great credit is due the linesmen of the section for their heroic work in attempting the impossible task of keeping the lines in repair. The linesmen at Mandres were in charge of Sergeant Taylor, the personnel including Privates Wheeler, Kelly, Thomas, Kursynske, Rosseau and Weiss. Time and again during the morning hours did Sergeant Taylor and the others endeavor to repair the lines to the observation post and the microphones, but they would be "shot out" before they left the spot.

In the vicinity of Rambuecourt, the shelling practically ceased about 8 o'clock. The lines between Rambuecourt and Xivray were intact, but no communication between Rambuecourt and Mandres. Lieutenant Perry, in charge of the station at that time, took five men and started toward Mandres for the purpose of making the necessary repairs in the line. The men were Eckfield, Moon, Hinman, Cox, Cook and Platzer, leaving A. J. Breshears, H. R. Breshears, Campbell and Krogh at the station. What the detail experienced on its way to Mandres is best told by one of the party:

"Lieutenant Perry in advance, we followed at an in-

terval of ten paces between each man. We encountered no shell fire until we had covered half the distance to Mandres. Up to that point we had found no breaks in the line. But we soon began to enter the shelled area with a break now and then, which we repaired. The further we progressed the more intense the shelling and we were compelled to enter a support trench running parallel to our lines and toward the Mandres-Beaumont Road, for protection. The breaks in the line now became more frequent and the barrage increased in intensity. Two of us scrambled out to splice the wire. We completed the work, but before we could leave the spot, the ominous whistle of a 77 was distinctly audible and warned us what to expect. We tumbled headlong into the trench, leaving the telephone and testing set behind. Later when we returned we found the instruments, but they were buried by the dirt thrown up by the exploding shell. We were now only a short distance from the road and things were becoming livelier every minute. We made our way along the trench, the shells bursting on the very parapet. We reached a point where the lines had been cut in a dozen places. We climbed out of the trench. Private Cox began "skinning" the insulation from the end of one of the lines. I stepped over a few yards to bring over the connecting wire and a 77 dropped between us, Lieutenant Perry also having a narrow escape. Seeing that it was impossible to keep up the line, the officer ordered us into a nearby dugout. Inside the Lieutenant checked up the men and found Private Platzner missing. No one could remember having seen him since we entered the trench. We waited perhaps 20 minutes, at the end of which time the Lieutenant announced that he was going in search of

the missing linesman. I accompanied him. We made our way back along the trench, through the barrage, expecting to find Platzer seriously injured and unable to aid himself. For an hour we continued the search, but to no avail. We returned to the dugout. We now noticed the Red Cross ambulances tearing along the road to and fro, between the front line and the rear. Past 'Dead Man's Curve,' where the shells were falling continually, raced the cars. Up to the edge of Jury Woods, almost to the front line trenches, that the infantry was defending so gallantly, the drivers took their cars, returning loaded with the wounded. It seemed almost impossible that a car could make that trip and escape destruction. Now one is struck and tossed to one side like a broken toy. In this case one of the occupants was killed and the others, together with the driver, seriously injured, adding to the suffering of those who had been wounded on the battle field. On each side of the road reinforcements were pushing their way through the barrage toward the front.

"During a momentary lull we left the dugout and made the remaining distance to Mandres. The village had escaped the enemy's shells for many months, but now the battered buildings left in the place were again the target for the German guns. We made our way up the principal street, through the smoke and gas fumes, over fallen walls and other debris in our path. We passed the first aid station, where the seriously injured received first aid treatment before being taken to the hospital in the rear. Across the street, in a court yard, stood a number of ambulances, the drivers already in their seats ready to dash to the trenches when the command was given. Many had donned their gas masks while awaiting the signal to go.

"As we made our way up the winding streets we passed the home of Magda Laurent, the aged Made-moiselle who had long made her home in the village. The doors and window of the little stone house were closed but the occupant had not deserted her home—she had simply sought shelter in the cellar. Shells did not frighten her any more.

"The church had been struck a number of times. One shell had gone completely through the edifice, wrecking a statue of the Virgin. Shells were falling in the French cemetery in the rear of the church and in the region where the American soldiers were buried. We went to the quarters occupied by the central. There, in a dugout, we found Platzner, the missing linesman, telling a thrilling story of how he had left his companions in the trench and made faster time up the road than an ambulance, which failed to keep pace with him. Lieutenant Perry gazed at him steadily for almost a minute, then—it is better not to relate what he said.

"At 1 o'clock all the linesmen available were assigned to repairing lines in the vicinity of the village, but they found it impossible to perform the task, owing to the heavy bombardment. As in the case at other points, it was quite clear that new wire must be strung, as the old lines were literally cut to fragments, the pieces still hanging to the remaining short poles.

"Late that afternoon we returned to Rambuecourt by a circuitous route. During the day a heavy charge of explosives were kept beneath the instruments in central, and in case the Germans should break through the apparatus would have been destroyed. In the evening, it was thought best to remove the instruments to a point in the rear, and this was done by loading them

on a truck. The next morning the instruments were returned and reinstalled.

"At Rambuecourt, the same evening, Lieutenant Perry announced that the signal corps had no communication between Rambuecourt and Xivray, and he had offered the use of our lines to the infantry. Our wires were strung to regimental headquarters in Rambuecourt, and they immediately got in touch with the men in the front line at Xivray. No other linesmen being available, we were assigned to the work of keeping these lines in working order. 'At any cost' was the order given regarding the maintenance of the lines.

"The next morning, we again journeyed to Mandres, where we assisted in constructing a new trunk line to replace the one that had been destroyed. During the day a large detail was busily engaged digging graves for the men who had lost their lives at Seicheprey the day before. The bodies were placed in wooden boxes and laid side by side in one long grave, just east of the French cemetery.

"When we visited the place, a few days later, I counted over 80 newly made mounds, with a wooden cross at the head of each—and the identification tag invariably bore the inscription, '102nd Infantry.' "

During the month of May the enemy was comparatively quiet in the Lorraine sector, confining himself to shelling battery positions, roads and villages, along the front at intervals and sending small raiding parties into the American lines, which were always preceded by a barrage at the point on which he expected to make the raid. The 26th Division sent many successful



SCENES IN THE VILLAGE OF RAMBUECOURT, OPPOSITE MONT SEC. THE LEFT LINES STATION OF S. R. S. NO. 1 WAS LOCATED HERE FROM MARCH 15 UNTIL SEPTEMBER 13. A NUMBER OF THE LINESMEN AND OBSERVERS REMAINED HERE DURING THIS ENTIRE PERIOD.

RIOD WITHOUT RELIEF. WAGONER SAMUEL ENGHOLM SEEN IN THE SMALL PICTURE.



LEFT TO RIGHT—(1) BILLET IN ST. BENOIT, WHERE 25 OFFICERS AND MEN OF S. R. S. NO. 1 WERE GASSED ON THE NIGHT OF OCTOBER 1. THE HOLE IN THE ROOF, WHERE A GAS SHELL OF LARGE CALIBRE PENETRATED. (2) RIGHT OBSERVATION POST OF S. R. S. NO. 1, NEAR BENEY. (3) LEFT OBSERVATION POST OF S. R. S. NO. 1, IN FRONT OF ST. BENOIT. (4) CORPORAL BRESHEARS CAMOUFLAGING A MICROPHONE. (5) CHATEAU ST. BENOIT, WHICH THE GERMANS DESTROYED BY FIRE SOON AFTER THE ST. MIHIEL OFFENSIVE.

raiding parties into the enemy lines, returning with prisoners on each occasion.

Everything was working smoothly on S. R. S. No. 1. The linesmen at Taylor station had replaced two new microphone positions, which had been destroyed during the Seicheprey affair. The lines along the entire sector had been put into excellent shape. A number of S. R. S. No. 1 men had been transferred to S. R. S. No. 3, including Sergeant Micheals, Corporal A. J. Breshears and Private Moon. Sergeant Roberts was assigned, temporarily, to Section No. 3, Private Hinman, later promoted to a Sergeant, was placed in charge of the Rambuecourt line station, remaining there until the St. Mihiel offensive and later located at St. Benoit. There are four other linesmen: Harold R. Breshears, Floyd Cox, Arnold Krogh and Wesley Cook, who were at the Rambuecourt station, within almost a stone's throw of No Man's Land, from April 1 until the date of the St. Mihiel offensive. In speaking of these men Sergeant Hinman said:

"The value of these four linesmen can never be overestimated. While other men were stationed there at different periods, it was this loyal bunch that spent over five months under shell fire without a furlough. While the Toul front was considered more or less of a quiet sector, all points on the Metz-St. Dizier Road were intermittently shelled by the enemy. And during the entire time we occupied the village, a day never passed but that some time during the 24 hours, Fritz shelled the village or the batteries in its immediate vicinity. And never a complaint came from the loyal linesmen during that period. The shelling was never too great, the night was never too dark, the mud never

too deep nor the rain too heavy to keep the men in the dugouts when the lines 'went out.'

"And this narrative would not be complete without a few words concerning Chester Reece, the popular little cook — and when a member of the army's culinary department is popular, he must certainly be a general favorite. Hot cakes for breakfast, and while a good dinner was always served to the boys, Reece put over a supper fit for a king. The kings were usually in the form of officers from central, who often made it a point to arrive at Rambuecourt about eating time. The menu would usually consist of beef steak, brown gravy, French fried potatoes, biscuits and pie, made from canned peaches or apricots, purchased from the Y. M. C. A., or the commissary at Mandres."

Rumors were afloat in May on the Lorraine front that the Allies were planning a big offensive, caused by the fact that many troops were brought here about that time. It appeared later, however, that an attack from the Germans on this sector was imminent and the Allies were making preparations to withstand the assault. The attack was made by the Germans in June when forces started over in the vicinity of Xivray.

The month of May, however, was featured by much aeroplane activity, battles between German and Allied planes occurring daily. One of the most interesting of these aerial contests was witnessed on the morning of the 27th. Four French planes were observed high in the air, bound southward over Rambuecourt. They could only be seen now and then through the light, fleecy clouds. A few minutes later the familiar hum of the French motor was audible in the distance. The Boche turned immediately and made for their own lines. It was late, however, for the five Americans

were upon them and the rattle of the machine guns in the clouds indicated that the battle was on. Only a glimpse now and then could be secured from below.

Suddenly one of the American planes started down—it was falling. The engine was silent and the pilot appeared to be steering his machine toward the Metz-St. Dizier Road, near Rambuecourt. When within a few hundred feet of the ground, the pilot swung to the left and landed just east of the village, but 150 yards north of the camouflaged road, between Rambuecourt and Beaumont, in full view of the German observation posts on Mont Sec. The plane struck the ground squarely, but a wheel hit a shell hole and the machine turned completely over. This within 30 yards of "Davie," or microphone No. 4. Immediately the stretcher-bearers from the first-aid station in the east end of the village rushed to the assistance of the injured aviator. He was found to be severely injured, but not fatally. He was conscious. He had been shot through one of his legs with a dum dum bullet, and the flesh was badly lacerated. According to the pilot's story he had been cut off from his companions and forced to battle with three enemy planes. His machine gun became jammed and his engine put out of commission. Although suffering intensely, he kept his presence of mind and would have landed safely had he not struck the shell hole in his path. His game-ness was evidenced when upon being placed in the ambulance, he said:

"I'll get one of the ——— yet."

Noting one of their companions had fallen, the other American aviators pressed the fight, and had the satisfaction of dropping two of the enemy planes within

the American lines, one several kilometers to the east and the other to the west of Rambuecourt.

The dropping of the Allied plane within the American lines, meant trouble for the linesmen at Rambuecourt. Within 20 minutes after the plane had fallen, Fritz began shelling that immediate vicinity, with the intention of destroying the machine, and to harass any one who might attempt to remove it from the field. As a result of the shelling, the announcement soon came from central that "Davie was sick," meaning that the line to the microphone was out. Two men from the station repaired the break, finding it within a few yards of the microphone and, of course, very close to the disabled plane. The German gun was firing at about two-minute intervals and it was between the shots that a hasty splice was made. But the trouble was not over. Ten minutes later the road crossing was wrecked by a 77 and the linesmen had a perilous task in replacing it, as the artillery action increased, with less time between the rounds. Many times during the afternoon the lines were broken. After dark a wrecking party came out from the aviation field near Toul and removed the aeroplane, taking it back for repairs.

It was about this time that the Sound Ranging observers in Xivray moved to a post in the east end of the village, which had been given up by the French. This proved an excellent home for the men, as they had been compelled to put up with many inconveniences in the first location. When the observers first took up their abode in the village on the edge of No Man's Land, the post was in front of the town and only a few yards back of the front line trench. The post was located in a building partially destroyed by shell fire, and the

dugout, where the observers slept and stayed when not on duty, was 50 yards in the rear. The observers at Xivray at the time were Sergeants Bradshaw and Hopkins, Corporal Hartley and Privates Nave, Nelson and Jaynes. Many amusing incidents are told concerning the early work of the Sound Rangers. While the dugouts proved the best protection against the shells, Private Nelson preferred to sleep on top during favorable weather, rather than inhale the fumes of Corporal Hartley's pipe.

Sergeant Bradshaw's favorite pastime was to empty his automatic at the venturesome cats, prowling through the ruins and in the communication and old support trenches. For this innocent amusement, Bradshaw was arrested regularly every eight days, or whenever a new company came into the village. When taken before the P. C. the Sergeant would explain his position by stating he was unaware of any regulation prohibiting the shooting at cats, but was glad to know that such regulation existed. He was always excused by promising to observe this order in the future.

The position occupied later by the Sound Ranging observers was ideal in every respect. It was constructed by the French in 1915—a concrete tower, with walls six feet wide, within a three-story building. It was approximately 40 feet high and afforded an excellent view of No Man's Land and the German territory. From this position the flash of the enemy guns from the muzzle was visible in many cases. The sleeping quarters of the observers were on the second floor of the tower. For several days prior to the attack on Xivray, the Germans directed their fire on the communication lines, especially between Xivray and Rambuecourt. The lines were kept in repair at the

expense of much time and labor on the part of the linesmen. It was at last decided to maintain the observation post in Xivray only during the day time, the observers operating from a post in Rambuecourt at night. This change was made June 6, and was due to the expected attack of the Boche.

Captain Bazzoni also received orders to move the central farther to the rear and a new location, approximately three kilometers in the woods, south of Rambuecourt was chosen. The lines were changed on June 10, the warmest day experienced thus far in France. Everyone in the section was pressed into service for the work. It was anything but an easy task. The section of the country through which we strung the lines was of a swampy nature and infested by the largest and most ferocious flies that any of the boys had ever encountered. Big green fellows that drew blood each time they came in contact with human flesh. The intense heat added to the suffering of those engaged in the work.

On June 13, the 26th Division abandoned the trenches at Xivray and took up a position in a support trench, half way between the Rupt de Mad and Xivray, not over a kilometer in advance of the Metz-St. Dizier Road. The plans of the infantry caused the Sound Ranging Section to move the left observation post to a position in the same trench held by the infantry. The post was established opposite Mont Sec.

The Battle of Xivray.

The second attack of the Germans on the American troops in the Toul sector was launched early on the morning of June 16, the purpose of the enemy undoubtedly being to get possession of the famous high-

way, and ultimately Toul, if the first move was successful. Rambuecourt appeared to be the point at which the enemy expected to strike as it was in front of the village that the enemy first clashed with the American forces in the trenches.

The 103rd Infantry was holding the trenches at the time, and like the gallant 102nd at Seicheprey, upheld the honor of the New England Division. But "Hidenburg's 'Traveling Circus'" did not have even the success in this assault as it had at Seicheprey, as the attack was a complete failure, although planned on a larger scale. Over 6000 shock troops had been brought to a point near Mont Sec for the affair, but probably not over one-fourth of this number reached the American trenches, as the slaughter of the first and second waves convinced the enemy that further attempt to take the coveted position was folly.

At 3:30 on the morning of June 16, Fritz opened with a violent artillery action from Buconville to the Bois du Jury. In the barrage the Germans used much heavier artillery than at any time since the Americans had held the sector. It can be stated with authority that it was the heaviest barrage the Germans ever put over while the Americans occupied the Toul sector. Rambuecourt was the target for a wicked 210 Howitzer that crumbled the remaining walls, caved in the dug-outs, and tore great holes in the streets. One shell struck the large chateau in the west end of the village, wrecking the center of it, leaving the ends of the building standing. It also buried a number of men who were billeted there. The Y. M. C. A. was located in the chateau, but was closed at that hour of the morning. When daylight came the streets in that end of the village were strewn with American dead.

Just at dawn and during a heavy fog, the enemy infantry attacked. The first wave, composed of approximately 500 men, struck on the right of Xivray, in the trenches held by the Americans. As soon as the gray forms of the Germans loomed up through the fog, a stream of fire flashed from the American trenches and the sharp clatter of rifles and machine guns indicated that the enemy had been discovered. The Germans had succeeded in placing a machine gun just outside of the wire entanglement and soon were sweeping the parapet of the American trench. An American machine gun crew deliberately placed the piece upon the parapet of the trench and the German ranks melted away beneath the fire, while the remnants broke and fell back further into No Man's Land and to their own trenches. But 83 dead were left by the enemy just beyond the American wire entanglements.

The second wave struck at the village of Xivray, held by a machine gun company. In the village the Germans encountered a deadly fire. Some of the Germans succeeded in getting into the village, but were either killed or captured. One of the Germans taken prisoner, stated that 500 had made the assault and ended with, "guess you got 'em all."

Two hours later the Germans' artillery opened again and the trenches and Xivray received another baptism of shell fire and gas. In many places the sides of the trench crumbled and collapsed. Sergeant Hopkins and Corporal Hartley were the observers on duty. No longer able to be of service, owing to the severing of the lines, the men sought protection in a dugout. For fully an hour the bombardment continued. Trenches were demolished and dugouts caved in during the hail

of shells, but the observers fortunately escaped uninjured.

It was expected that the second bombardment would be followed by another assault, but evidently the Germans had no desire to again face the Yankee guns. Nevertheless, every preparation was made to repulse the enemy in case he should again attack. At Rambuecourt, less than a kilometer behind the line, the troops were "standing to," with fixed bayonets. Under the command of Lieutenant Perry, the Sound Rangers stationed there were in support with rifles and belts filled with ammunition. At its new location in the woods, central had its share of shell fire. During the early hours of the morning long range guns of large calibre hurled gas and high explosives into the woods and, owing to the intense artillery action it was deemed advisable to load the apparatus onto a truck and take it to the rear. It was returned later in the afternoon and the lines repaired. The base was soon in operation again. It was on this occasion that Divisional Headquarters at Boucq was shelled, and frantic appeals emanated from that point to the observation posts to locate without delay the gun that was using the General's abode for a target.

A good story is told by one of the Sound Rangers, who was in Boucq when the Germans were dropping the projectiles into the town. One of the shells, according to the story, struck a mule and exploded, smearing the animal all over the street. A "doughboy," a few yards away was knocked down by the concussion, but otherwise uninjured. A Y. M. C. A. man rushed up to him.

"My poor man, are you hurt?" the secretary asked.

"Hell no," replied the "doughboy," wiping the dirt from his face, "but you ought to see that mule."

The months of July and August passed quietly on this section of the front, desultory firing on the American batteries, roads and villages, with an occasional barrage, which usually preceded a raid at some point on the line, comprising the enemy activities during that period. The Americans carried out much the same program, this being at the period of the fighting at Chateau-Thierry and later the Allied offensive in that region.

During this time the Sound Rangers at central were busily engaged in excavating for a large dugout, which was to be the home for the apparatus and the computers, as well as to afford protection for all the men stationed there. And it was here that Acting First Sergeant Drummond (now Lieutenant) was placed in a position that lost for him a little of his popularity. For it fell to him to arrange the detail for the work on the dugout, which was not a pleasant task during those warm days, to say the least. The dugout was completed just in time to abandon it following the St. Mihiel offensive.

Captain Bazonni still retained his headquarters at Mandres, where Sergeant Taylor and an efficient force of linesmen were stationed. It was about this time that Captain Bazonni took command of all the Sound Ranging Sections then in operation and Lieutenant Van Vechtan was put in command of Section No. 1. Mandres from that date until the close of the war was Sound Ranging Headquarters, where men coming to the front from the school at Fort de St.

Menge were brought before assigned to one of the sections in operation.

During the last week in June, the 26th Division was relieved by the 82nd, the first National Army Division to go to the Toul sector. It was with regret that the Sound Rangers witnessed the departure of the boys of the 26th, who later won great honors at Chateau Thierry and in the Argonne Forest. The 82nd was known as the All-American Division. The name was fitting, however, for it was composed of every type to be found in the United States. The division secured its final training during the weeks they were in this quiet sector, a training which later proved of great value to these troops. While there was no general activity on the American front during the summer, Fritz continued to harass daily, certain points along the front. Accuracy of the German artillery on American positions near Mont Sec, was marvelous. It appeared to be no difficult task for "Old Betsy," as one of the enemy batteries had been dubbed, to hit the main street in Rambuecourt whenever suited the fancy of the Boche artillerymen to try it.

And at last the enemy located the line station's kitchen, and a few days later Chester Reece, the popular little cook, was seriously injured by shell fragments. He was in the kitchen at the time, mixing dough for pie to be served for supper. The kitchen was located in a frame building back of a stone wall. Over 80 shell fragments went through the side of the shack, Reece receiving some severe wounds in the arms and back. After this casualty the kitchen was moved to a nearby dugout and Platzner, assisted by De Petro, assumed the responsibility of satisfying the appetites of the observers and linesmen at Rambuecourt.

The 82nd Division was relieved by the 89th Division, National Army troops from Kansas and Missouri. A finer body of men never went to the front. Excellent officers, well-disciplined men, they made a creditable showing, from the first day they went into the trenches. They occupied the front for several weeks prior to the St. Mihiel drive. By successful raids into the enemy territory, the men captured many prisoners, from whom important information regarding enemy movements was secured. Soon after coming to the front a large number were gassed in the Bois du Jury, a regrettable feature of the Division's stay on the Toul sector.

Thus has been told the trend of events in Lorraine prior to the great American offensive.

CHAPTER IV.

CHATEAU THIERRY

France will never forget that it was at the moment when the struggle was at its hardest that the valiant American troops joined in with ours.—Clemenceau.

I have come to tell you that the American people would consider it a great honor for our troops to be engaged in the present battle; I ask you for this in their name and my own. Infantry, artillery, aviation, all that we have is yours; use it as you wish. More will come in numbers equal to requirements. I have come especially to tell you that the American people will be proud to take part in the greatest and finest battle of history.—General Pershing to Marshal Foch.

Officers, Non-commissioned Officers and Soldiers of the American Army:

Shoulder to shoulder with your French comrades, you threw yourselves into the counter-offensive begun on July 18th. You ran to it as if going to a feast. Your magnificent dash upset and surprised the enemy, and your indomitable tenacity stopped counter attacks by his fresh divisions. You have shown yourselves to be worthy sons of your great country and have gained the admiration of your brothers in arms. Ninety-one cannon, 7,200 prisoners, immense booty, and ten kilometers of reconquered territory are your share of the trophies of this victory. Besides this, you have acquired a feeling of superiority over the barbarian enemy against whom the children of Liberty are fighting. To attack him is to vanquish him. American comrades, I am grateful to you for the blood you generously spilled on the soil of my country. I am proud of having commanded you during such splendid days, and to have

*fought with you for the deliverance of the world.—
General Joseph Mangin.*

To F. R. S. No. 1 goes the credit of participating in more engagements and covering more territory during the war than any other section of Flash or Sound. This despite the fact that the section was not formed until several weeks after the first Sound Ranging Section was organized.

It was on February 19 that five American Flash Rangers in charge of Lieutenant Wright left the American Flash and Sound Ranging school at Fort de St. Menge for the American sector northwest of Toul. Upon arriving at their destination they were assigned to the French Flash Ranging section for further instruction. The enlisted men were: Sergeant Brewster, and Privates Chambers, Cotton, Hinton and J. C. Baldwin. On March 18 five more men were sent from the school to join the others with the French. This small detachment was in command of Lieutenant C. L. Hueling, and included the following: Sergeant Howe, and Privates Schroeder, J. C. Berry, A. L. Baldwin, and C. Castruccio.

On arriving with the French Flash Rangers the Americans were placed at different points in the sector to receive the best training possible. All were assigned to observation work with the exception of Private Schroeder, who volunteered for line work. He later became very proficient in this branch.

Soon after coming to the front, Private Castruccio had the misfortune to receive a severe wound from a shell fragment. He was accompanied by Sergeant Brewster at the time, and both had a narrow escape in the barrage that caught them back of the artillery po-

sition near Dead Man's Curve. This was the first casualty in the Flash and Sound.

The first ten Flash Rangers were able to be of much assistance to the infantry and artillery during the battle of Seicheprey on April 20, an account of which is given in another chapter.

About April 1, a number of other Flash Rangers arrived on the front, from the school, and were assigned to S. R. S. No. 2 until F. R. S. No. 1 was organized.

The first Flash Ranging Section, with Captain Lyman in command, began operations on the American front during the first week in May. The base extended from Fort Louisville, on the heights of the Meuse, to the Bois du Jury, covering approximately 15 kilometers or practically the entire American sector north of Toul. The headquarters of the section was at Boucq and the central at Broussy. The officers, in addition to Captain Lyman, were Lieutenants Ross, Wright, Hueling and Newkirk.

Observation Post No. 1 was located in the Bois du Jury, with Sergeant Baldwin in charge. Post No. 2 was at Beaumont in charge of Sergeant Brewster. Post No. 3 was at Broussy in charge of Sergeant Waters, with Sergeant Colt at No. 4 Post, at Liouville. While it is hardly worth while to mention the work of the section during the early days, owing to the fact that this was a quiet period on the front, it is sufficient to say that the experience gained there was of much value later when the officers and men got into areas of real activity.

A month after the establishing of the section, the emergency arose at Chateau-Thierry, at which time American troops were thrown in to aid in halting the invading Huns in their drive on Paris.

In organizing the first American units to engage in actual hostilities, the high command found a need for the new branches of the service, and the Flash Rangers were withdrawn from the American front, preparatory to going to the new field of action, upon which the attention of the entire world was turned at that time.

From Broussy, the section went to Fort de St. Minge for reorganization and additional equipment.

It was on June 12th that the Flash Rangers reached the great salient which the Germans had formed in their attempt to cross the Marne at Chateau Thierry. The section took up a position on the left of the salient, to the west of Chateau Thierry, and opposite the German's right flank. The central was established near Montreuil au Lions in the Bois de Essertis. Four observation posts were immediately established, the base extending from Le Thiolet to VeUILly.

The posts were established under the most difficult circumstances. The observers suffered the same privations as the infantry. The line had not been permanently established and the locating of the positions to be taken up by the observers was not only a difficult task, but a perilous one as well. The area was heavily shelled and the men, as well as the infantry, had no protection, outside of what little the "fox holes" afforded.

"Pup tents" were put up to provide a shelter from the rain which continued to fall in torrents for several days. And for a period of almost a week the men were compelled to confine themselves to "monkey meat" and hard tack, as no other rations were available.

This trying period came immediately after the 2nd and 3rd American Divisions had repulsed the Germans at Chateau Thierry, the enemy having pushed from

American Divisions. It was the American divisions which Marshal Foch assigned to the positions of the greatest danger, and in doing so he expressed his faith in these troops. The 2nd Division was in command of Major-General Omar Bundy, and, when getting the order to move immediately to Chateau Thierry, was in rest billets at Chaumont-en-Vexin, northwest of Paris. This was on the afternoon of May 30, but by the early morning of June 1, the greater number of the troops had detrained and were advancing beyond Montreuil-aux-Lions, the point where a few days later the central for the Flash Ranging Section was established. This is a small village on the Paris-Metz road, 10 kilometers west of Chateau Thierry.

Conditions could hardly have been worse for the Allies when the Americans went into the line. On the left, the French were badly outnumbered, and had become exhausted and discouraged from long fighting and marching.

It was quite evident that the Americans must establish defensive positions at once, and that night they went in all along the line. The 9th Infantry was in from Bonneil, near the Marne, southwest of Chateau Thierry to Le Thiolet, on the Paris-Metz road, whence the 6th Marines extended to Lucy-le-Bocage, and the 23rd operating temporarily under the 43rd French Division, continued the line to the Bois de Veully. The Germans, finding the French had been reinforced by the Americans, did not attack until June 3, when they drove against the line from Montcourt, near the Marne, clear up to Chezy-en-Orxois, five kilometers northwest of the Bois Veully, in an effort to crush the 2nd United States and 43rd French Divisions at once. The 5th Marines had reached the front by this time; also three

regiments of Brigadier-General William Chamberlain's 2nd Field Artillery brigade. Thus the enemy was stopped everywhere on the American front, for the time being, in the valley of the Ru Gobert.

While the 2nd Division was engaged with the enemy on the left side of the salient, the 3rd Division had been assigned to the defense of the passages of the Marne from Chateau Thierry to Dormans. The 3rd Division was commanded by Major-General Joseph T. Dickman. Unlike the first, it did not do its fighting as a body, the 5th Infantry Brigade consisting of the 4th and 7th Infantry and the 8th Machine Gun Battalion. Brigadier-General Charles Crawford, commander of the 6th Infantry Brigade, was given one of his infantry regiments (the 38th) and half his machine gun battalion (the 9th), and instructed to hold the crossings of the Marne from Dormans east to Damery. The remainder of the 6th Brigade, namely, the 30th Infantry and half the 9th Machine Gun Battalion, was placed in support of the 5th Brigade, while the divisional machine gun battalion, the 7th, was ordered to Chateau Thierry.

When the 7th Machine Gun Battalion marched into the streets of Chateau Thierry after its 36 hours of weary marching, the town was under heavy shell fire, and the Germans were advancing in the streets on the opposite side of the Marne. It was here that the battle raged for 96 hours. The machine gunners hastily found positions for their pieces which enabled them to sweep the main bridge in the village spanning the Marne. Then the invading hordes attempted to rush the bridge, but failed under the withering fire of the American machine gunners. Again and again was the attempt made, but to no avail. The 7th Machine Gun Battalion was relieved on the morning of June 4,

heavy reinforcements arriving from the French and American forces.

While the enemy had been halted on his drive toward Paris, he was in possession of strong points on the left side of the Ru Gobert, so that the Americans were under observation and were being constantly shelled. It was therefore necessary that the Germans be pushed back from their advantageous position. By that time the enemy was employing at least 300,000 men on the whole front of the offensive.

Early on the morning of June 6, the 1st and 3rd Battalion of the 5th Marines charged through the woodlands on the hill crests north of Champillon with the object of taking the edges of these woods and crests looking down into the open valley about Torcy and Bussiares. The machine gun fire was intense, but the objective was gained.

The pushing forward of the left of the 2nd Division made it necessary that the center should be brought up also in the direction of Belleau village and Bouresches. The 5th and 6th Marines were given this task, and how well they succeeded is familiar history to all patriotic Americans. The assault was launched at 5 P. M., and all throughout the night, in the thickets of the Bois de Belleau and Bois de Triangle, the lines surged back and forth in one of the most bitter struggles ever fought by American troops.

In bitter hand-to-hand combat with the Huns, the Americans captured the many machine gun nests and drove the enemy backward. At 9 o'clock the next morning the Americans had pushed into the Bois de Belleau as far as the Hill 181, placing the Marines on higher ground than the enemy.

For several weeks the fighting continued, this pe-

riod later proving to be the turning point of the Great War.

It was at this time that F. R. S. No. 1 was established and was soon able to furnish important information to the Intelligence Department. The 2nd Division was operating directly before the observation post of the Flash Rangers and they were in a position to render valuable service, not only in providing data on enemy artillery, but on machine gun nests, infantry movements, etc. Three posts were constantly under shell fire. The enemy appeared to be firing directly at the slits in the posts, as on numerous occasions the equipment was blown to atoms, the observers barely escaping with their lives.

The lines of communication were constantly cut, and were kept in shape only by the heroic work of the linesmen.

The section was operating smoothly when the Americans decided to make the attack on Vaux, and from their posts the observers were able to note the activity, giving valuable information during the attack regarding the movements of the enemy, as well as information regarding the effectiveness of our artillery fire and the progress of the American troops.

The village of Vaux was situated in the little valley between the famous Hill 204, taken by the French and Americans on June 7-8, and the positions north of the Bois de la Morette, taken by the 9th Infantry at the same time. The cluster of stone houses comprising the village were nothing more or less than enemy fortresses armed with German machine guns. The cellars were bomb-proof, sheltering thousands of infantrymen.

The village was a dangerous salient in the American lines and from this point the enemy was able to sweep

with his fire the points held by the United States troops. It was, therefore, of the utmost importance that the village be taken, and following an intense bombardment which continued for one hour and thirty minutes, the assault went over the top at 6 o'clock, July 1, on a front of two kilometers. In 15 minutes the first wave had reached the streets of the village, and at 6:30 it was completely taken.

On the morning of July 15 the Germans launched what proved to be their last offensive. At the conclusion of their offensive to the Marne, which practically ended on June 5, the Germans rested for a period of over four weeks to replenish their divisions which had been used up in the fighting on the Marne. According to the best information secured by the Allied Intelligence Service, 63 enemy divisions had been refitted, reinforced and rested behind the lines. Of this number, 18 divisions were in the front line two days before the drive started in the salient.

The time which the Germans took to prepare for the last and final effort also gave the Allied forces an opportunity to bring up a mass of reserve to meet the attack that was imminent.

Owing to the rapidity with which the Americans were coming over, and to the efforts of the French and British, the Allies were able to assemble no less than 72 divisions in reserve. Through its Intelligence Service the Allied command knew the time, the place and the strength of the attack which was to be delivered on the right of the salient, or east of Chateau Thierry, on the morning of July 15. However, the entire front from Soissons to Rheims was under a heavy bombardment of high explosive and gas shells.

Marshal Foch, by the accurate information secured

through the Intelligence Section, was able to throw just enough troops in the line on the right to hold the enemy, holding the other divisions for the blow which was to be struck on the left face of the salient. In repulsing the enemy attack the 42nd American Division, in a sector of the Champagne battle front, and the 3rd American Division, supported by the 28th American Division south of the Marne, east of Chateau Thierry, each achieved glorious victories during these critical days.

It was on the morning of July 18, when the Germans had involved approximately 50 divisions in the attempt to break through on the eastern side of the Marne salient, that Marshal Foch attacked on the west side of the salient where the German forces were not heavily massed. Should the Allies' forces meet with success here it would enable them to cut the communications to the German divisions on the eastern side fighting desperately to break through in their attempt to reach Paris. By flanking the enemy this would either crush his forces in the salient or force them to retreat under the most difficult conditions.

It was exactly at 4:35 on the morning of the 18th that the Americans launched their attack, directly in front of that part of the sector in which F. R. S. No. 1 was operating. A description of the attack is given by one of the forward observers, who was on duty at his post at the time:

"Being connected with the Intelligence Section, we were more or less aware of the fact that an Allied offensive was imminent, but were taken absolutely by surprise by the manner in which it was executed. The assault was preceded by no artillery fire, and at dawn we could make out the uniforms of olive drab and hor-

izon blue advancing on the village of Hautevenes. At 8 o'clock the troops took the town, and we continued to keep headquarters informed as to the progress of the infantry and the effect of the enemy artillery and machine gun fire. The enemy along the whole line threw a withering barrage on the American infantry, but they pushed ahead."

By nightfall the Allied troops had broken through the German trench system to an average depth of four kilometers and had taken approximately 18,000 prisoners and 250 guns. From the first day until the Allies had pushed the enemy back to the heights above the Vesle, the drive continued. The Germans, by the 20th, had given up their attack on the Champagne front as hopeless and were withdrawing as many troops as possible from there.

The positions of the various divisions of the Allied forces on the morning of the 18th, and which participated in the attack were, from left to right: 1st, 2nd, and 26th American Divisions. The 1st and 2nd Divisions were a short distance south of the Aisne and formed with the 20th corps of the 10th French army. North of the 20th Corps, four divisions of the 1st French army, extending to the Aisne, formed the extreme left flank of the attack. On the east side of the salient the American division on the line was the 26th and 3rd.

On the morning of the 21st, the Flash Ranging posts were called in, as the lines had advanced too far to be of any assistance. The section then moved up to Souillard Farm, and three posts were established. The observation work was carried on for two days and nights, and then another move became necessary.

It was during the period that the lines were being

strung to the observation posts, that Private Fred Hopkins, one of the efficient linesmen, was severely injured. Under the direction of Lieutenant Newkirk, lines officer, Hopkins and a number of other linesmen were running a line to one of the observation posts. The enemy opened up with artillery action in the area in which the men were working, and Hopkins was struck in the back with a shell fragment. Lieutenant Newkirk and other men in the section went to his assistance and he was carried to a first aid station, from which point he was taken to a hospital. The wounds proved to be serious, and the lad laid for nine long months in the hospital. It will be remembered that Hopkins was a member of the raiding party that cut the electrified wire cable in front of Loupmont, on the old American sector, in April. His cheerful disposition made him a favorite in the section. He never fully recovered from the wounds, but is improving at his home in the state of Idaho.

It was here that the Germans dropped over the following propaganda, inside our lines, from balloons used for that purpose. The paper was printed in English:

THE BETTER PART OF VALOR

Are you a brave man or a coward?

It takes a brave man to stand up for his principles. Cowards stand behind leaders and die, imagining that by so doing they become heroes.

The motive of an act is its measure. If you think the War is Hell and that as a citizen of the United States of America you have no business to be fighting in France for England, you are a coward to stay with it. If you had the courage to face criticism you would get out and over the top in no time where there is a likelihood that you would see home again.

What business is this war in Europe to you, anyway? You don't want to annex anything in Europe, do you? You don't want to give up life for that abstract thing, humanity?

If you believe in humanity and that life is precious, save

your own life and dedicate it to the service of your own country and the woman who deserves it of you.

Lots of you fellows are staying with it because you are too cowardly to protest—to assert your own wills. Your wills are the best judges of what it is best for you to do. Don't ask anyone's opinion as to what you had better do. You know best what is the right thing to do. Do it and save your life.

Germany never did any harm to you. All the newspaper tales of wrongs are printed to inflame you to the fighting pitch. They are lies. You know you can't believe what you read in the papers.

If you stay with the outfit, ten chances to one, all you will get out of it will be a tombstone in France.

It was about this time that Private Claude Harreschou, of Seaside, Oregon, is said to have featured in an amusing incident. Private Harreschou, who was later promoted to a sergeant, was one of the observers in the section and, according to the story, Major-General Edwards, commanding the 26th Division, was near the position of the post held by Harreschou. From his position General Edwards was directing an attack on a farmhouse, a German strong point. Between the advancing Americans and the farmhouse the observers could plainly make out a line of machine gun nests, at least ten in number. The observers could see the figures of the Germans in the positions they held.

The American artillery in that section was shelling the farmhouse, but the enemy machine guns had thus far escaped and were pouring a withering fire on the advancing troops.

Private Harreschou grew nervous. He had turned in the information regarding the machine gun nests. Why had not the artillery been used to silence them?

Suddenly the observer, leaving the post in charge of his assistant, approached General Edwards. Tapping the officer on the shoulder, Harreschou, forget-

ting for a moment everything except that the machine gunners were mowing down the Americans, said:

"Say, if you'll use some artillery on those machine gun nests, you'll save a lot of men and also be able to take the farmhouse."

General Edwards turned and, seeing that it was a private who had addressed him, rebuked the observer for his suggestion. An officer who accompanied the General smiled and glanced approvingly at Harreschou, who by this time realized his position. He returned to his post, but was gratified a few minutes later when artillery fire was centered on the machine guns, putting them out of commission. The farmhouse was then taken.

From Souillard Farm to Epieds was the next move made by the section. It was the intention to establish the base on the crown of the heights above the Ourcq. This was prevented, however, owing to the great activity of the enemy artillery. The section withdrew to Bezu-St. Germain for a few days, after which it was moved to the little village of Beauverdes. Four posts were established, commanding the Ourcq.

The positions afforded an excellent view of the enemy territory, and the section was able to render invaluable service in locating park tanks, advancing enemy tanks as well as directing friendly artillery. It was here that the observers saw Seringes and Cergy change hands daily, the line surging back and forth, the Allies at last winning the victory.

It was at this time that the 42nd Division, fresh from the Champagne sector where they had repulsed the Germans, reached the section of the front where the Flash Rangers were operating. Confidence was

more firmly established and the Americans, crossing the Ourcq, made rapid progress. The enemy had left stiff resistance in the way of machine guns, but these once disposed of, the charging Yanks swept on to the Vesle.

Sergeant Brewster and Corporals Chambers and Castruccio, under command of Lieutenant Curtis, moved forward with the infantry in order to find good positions for observation posts and to ascertain if the enemy had guns of high calibre on the Vesle—guns of 150 millimeters or greater; also the nature of their objective and location.

As a result of the careful work of the observers it was found that the enemy had such artillery in position to shell our lines and communications. This information was of utmost importance, as it gave headquarters an idea of what to expect from the Germans on the Vesle.

Following the first detail, the section was moved up and three posts, commanding the Vesle, were established. The central was located at Cherry-Chartreuve. This was one of the most advantageous positions the section ever held. Not only was it able to give accurate information on the enemy artillery, but much general information as well. The observers turned in reports of moving troops, gathering of men in the quarries, the hastily dug trenches, etc.

It was while the section was located here that Private Shaw was severely wounded. The post to which he was assigned was constantly shelled, and it required steel nerves to stick to the post during the continual baptism of fire. Sergeant Baldwin, Corporal McDonald and Privates Chester Johnson and Finn, were taken to the hospital as a result of gas and exhaustion.

The central was also shelled heavily and it was the last day at this place (August 11) that Acting First Sergeant McMillan was killed by fragments from a high explosive shell. Corporal P. H. Daniels was seriously wounded at the same time. This affair cast a gloom over the men in the section, as both were very popular with officers and men. Sergeant McMillan was laid to rest in the little garden by the house, near the spot where he had fallen.

The Allies had by this time decided to discontinue for the present the attempt to push the Germans from the Vesle, and withdrew many troops which had been engaged in the 18 days' battle.

F. S. R. No. 1, with the retiring troops, left for an eight days' rest at Chamigny, on the Marne, where the men enjoyed a much-needed rest and the pleasure of bathing in the Marne. From Chamigny, the section moved to Wasny, 60 kilometers north of Chaumont. The men were the first Americans to remain there, and all had a most enjoyable time, owing to the hospitality of the residents of the village.

The Flash Rangers had made an enviable reputation during the period they had been in action in the Marne salient. The accompanying copy of the Artillery Information Service bulletin from the Headquarters of the Chief of Artillery, 4th Corps A. I. S., is ample evidence of the importance of the work which the section accomplished. It will be noted that for a period of five days prior to the start of the big American offensive on July 18, Flash and Sound Ranging was the only unit which was able to operate. Owing to the enemy having supremacy of the air, the balloons and aviators were unable to locate a single battery. It is also noted that during the five days following the stabilization of

the line, the Flash Ranging section exceeded all other units in locating enemy batteries. It is admitted, however, that during movements the majority of locations were made by the aviators. But during a period of stabilization, 44 out of 58 batteries were located by Flash and Sound.

Observers in F. S. R. No. 1 went forward with the first waves of the infantry and set their instruments up in the wheat fields and in other open territory where they could command a view of the enemy territory.

The following are true copies of the official orders:

**HEADQUARTERS THIRD ARMY CORPS,
AMERICAN EXPEDITIONARY FORCES**

GENERAL ORDERS

No. 52

Luxembourg, November 29, 1918.

1. The Corps Commander desires to record in orders his appreciation of the excellent work performed by the Corps Observation Group. Constantly under shell fire and often times under heavy machine-gun fire, they unhesitatingly established their posts and maintained at all times wire communication with Corps Headquarters.

2. It is desired in particular to commend them for the correctness of their reports and for the unhesitating responsibility which they have assumed when differing opinions in matters of importance have been placed before them. There is on record at these Headquarters no instance where an observation post has been discontinued, notwithstanding the fact that these posts have been many times destroyed by shell fire. They have often established, maintained and operated posts where no cover of any sort was obtainable.

3. Their services, performed with a steadfast devotion to duty, at times under exceedingly trying circumstances, mark them as an example of what their country expects of its soldiers.

By command of

Official:

DAVID O'KEEFE,
Adjutant General.

MAJOR GENERAL HINES.
CAMPBELL KING,
Chief of Staff.

"The believing mind reaches its perihelion in the so-called Liberals. They believe in each and every quack who sets up his booth on the fair-grounds, including the Communists. . . ."
 H. L. Mencken

WITH FLASH AND SOUND

95

**ARTILLERY CHIEF OF ARTILLERY,
4th CORPS, A. I. S.**

A. I. S., August 23, 1918.

INFORMATION SERVICE BULLETIN
August 21—16:00, August 22, 1918.

Extract is taken from Bulletin No. 9, Office of G. H. Q.:

"The location of enemy batteries, by agencies of Information Service, 1st Corps, during action."

from Corps A. I. S. Bulletin, 1st Corps.)

function of the Corps A. I. S. is to furnish counter-battery or neutralization, that is enemy

The agencies available for this purpose include:

- (a) Flash Ranging Section (F. R. S. No. 1).
- (b) Sound Ranging Section (S. R. S. No. 2).
- (c) Balloons.
- (d) Airplanes Reconnaissance and Air Photos.

It will be remembered that the advance north of Chateau Thierry began on July 18 and continued steadily until about August 4, when the line of the Vesle was reached and the line again became stabilized.

The work of the A. I. S. in locating enemy batteries will be shown during these periods.

- (a) The five days preceding the attack, that is, during a period of active stabilization (July 13-17).
- (b) The advance itself, from (July 18-August 4).
- (c) Five days following the stabilization of the line (August 5-9).

TOTAL BATTERIES

July 13-17—

F. R. S., 22; S. R. S., 22; Balloons, None; Aviation, None.

July 18-August 4—

F. R. S., 46; S. R. S., 4; Balloons, 30; Aviation, 77.

August 5-9—

F. R. S., 34; S. R. S., 6; Balloons, 13; Aviation, 15.

CONCLUSIONS

During a period of stabilization a large per cent of the batteries located in action were by the F. R. S. and S. R. S. (44 out of 58).

During the advance the S. R. S. practically ceased to function

and required several days after the line had become stabilized before it could again furnish information.

The F. R. S. moved forward close behind the infantry and furnished considerable information at all times. An extract from the Corps A. I. S. Bulletin of August 3, says:

"The work of the F. R. S. during the entire advance has been excellent. In spite of the lack of transportation and continual movement it has given good information. During the attack yesterday men went forward with the infantry so as to find good observation posts."

But the principal sources of information during movement were aviation and balloons, especially the former.

Seventy-seven out of 163 batteries located by all sources came from the aviation, in spite of the fact that the Germans had the supremacy of the air.

The Corps A. I. S. Bulletin for August 8, says:

"The enemy aviators had absolute supremacy in the air and besides burning two of our balloons kept our aviators away from the line."

F. J. WILLIAMS,
Major, F. A. N. A., Chief of Section.

From Wasny, the Flash Rangers were ordered to Pont-a-Mousson to participate in the great St. Mihiel drive, taking the place of the French Flash Ranging Section No. 87 at that point in the salient.

The position of the section was on the Moselle river on the right of the American army, with its central at Foret-de-Puvenelle. During the offensive, which opened on the morning of September 12, the section carried on general observation work.

Immediately after the assault of the American troops, two posts were moved forward under extreme difficulties, and when established covered the valley of the Moselle.

The following account of establishing a new post by observers and linesmen in Section 1 during the St.



**THE FAMOUS BELLEAU WOODS, WHERE THE MARINES STOPPED
THE HUNS IN THEIR DRIVE ON PARIS**

Mihiel offensive is given as told by one of the party, and should furnish much amusement for the reader.

"When John Boche was relieved at Norry, on the Moselle, by the Texas boys, it was up to us to put a post just a little nearer Germany. For this task Sergeant Castruccio and a 'picked crew' were chosen. A 'Looney' and Sergeant Joyce had located said post, but to date they have not been tried for murder. Accordingly Sergeant Castruccio led his trusty band of wire layers across No Man's Land, through the Bois de Pretre and were nearing the edge of what once was a tract of woods, when a Boche avion interrupted our labors with a machine gun shower, and almost prevented Christensen from taking his furlough to Denmark.

"This affair resulted in a strategic retreat on our part. The next day the rest of the outfit moved out to establish themselves in Norroy quarries; and ever since, the modest band of heroes fervently declare it was not the fault of the Boche that they did not locate permanently with a 'dog tag' to mark the spot. Observers McDonnell and Skooglum took over the post, and both speak enthusiastically about the game of 'duck your nut' which John Boche played with them.

"In the meantime, the rest of the immortals moved to a shack in the quarries. When darkness came Fritzzy decided to 'fini' the affair, and sent so many gas shells over simultaneously that they neutralized each other. In this young barrage, Observers Rose, Armitage and Peterson made their way to the post. In the shack Gerson was enthusing on the possibilities of two boxes of potato mashers going off, and Labares was solemnly cheering the boys with the idea that the gas was of the

unsmellable but deadly kind. Every one favored a retreat as necessary for the 'good of the service'.

"Fritz, no doubt thinking he had succeeded in his fiendish design, ceased, and his victims, now gathered together, performed that well known movement 'pulling out.' We passed the night peacefully in a half-filled Boche powder magazine. In the midst of all this horror of war, Corporal Lebold never lost his side rule; the potato mashers never exploded and everyone voted it a 'banged up' affair."

CHAPTER V.

WITH S. R. S. NO. 2

With the exception of F. R. S. No. 1, S. R. S. No. 2 made more moves and covered more territory than any other section in the service. This detachment reached the front on April 3, making its first headquarters at Grosrouve. The detachment had been given orders to take over a French Sound Ranging Section which operated the T. M. (Telegraph Militaire) system more or less successfully.

The officers and men found matters in anything but a satisfactory condition. The lines were badly "balled up" (using the terms of a linesman) and Lieutenant Coles and the men in his command were kept busy about 24 hours each day in an effort to keep up communication. Sergeant Smith spent much time and energy in mending oscillograph springs in central. The central operator appeared to be connected with everyone in the vicinity, mostly Frenchmen who talked continuously.

Much of the following information regarding the activities of the detachment is taken from the noted diary kept by Private Bela Hubbard, who just prior to the closing of the war received a commission as second lieutenant.

Our first casualty was Private Marousek, better known as "Gunsel." Marousek put his nose to a fragment of a German shell one morning to determine if the projectile had been gas or high explosive. It was gas. Marousek went to the hospital.

Artillery barrages and raids by both the Americans and Germans were nightly occurrences and at any hour of the day or night one might expect a cataract of shells from the enemy guns.

Failing to operate the T. M. system successfully, about half of the detachment departed for Broussy, where our next attempt at sound ranging was to be staged. We reached Broussy after dark and found that we were to be billeted in quarters that had recently been occupied by chevaux. The place, of course, did not present an inviting appearance, and we were compelled to do considerable "policing" before proceeding further. The first ten days at our new base were spent in stringing wire, digging a dugout, etc. Lieutenant Stewart and Sergeant Wicks arrived from Fort de St. Menge on April 18, bringing the "Bull Tucker" (British Sound Ranging apparatus) with them. They also brought 11 sacks of mail, the first we had received on the front.

The village was approximately two miles back of our front line, about opposite Loupmont, the nearest town held by the Germans. On May 21, the sector in which we were located was taken over by French colonial troops from Algeria, relieving the 26th Division. The 26th, however, continued to hold the lines on our right.

Many amusing incidents occurred during our stay at Broussy. One evening while returning from Buconville, a village two kilometers north of Broussy, a number of us were held at the point of a bayonet by an Algerian guard. The bayonet was several feet long, and I found it impossible to get close enough to give him a pass which I carried. All attempts to approach the guard were stopped by a vigorous thrust of the bayo-

net, and some sort of a challenge which sounded like the grunt of a pig. Thus we were held at bay until the sergeant of the guard arrived and permitted us to pass.

Sergeant Hocker undoubtedly still has in his possession a souvenir from Broussy, in the way of an Algerian's red cap. Hocker traded a pair of shoes for the headgear and trouble was threatened the next day when the Algerian put in an appearance with the shoes, which he managed to tell us did not fit him. He camped in front of the dugout the entire day for Hocker and the red cap. When evening came, the visitor left. What the blood-thirsty Algerian did with the shoes will probably never be known, but Hocker kept the cap.

The members of the detachment have not forgotten the occasion when one of the "boomer" engineers salvaged a magneto and wired the benches at the mess table. While the hungry Sound Rangers were making an earnest attempt to satisfy the "innerman" the switch was turned, and the room became full of scrambled soldiers, flying mess kits, etc. Later order was restored, but the originator of the joke was in peril of his life, when a linesman approached the lister bag and put his mouth to the faucet for a drink. Instantly his lips became glued to the faucet, while the victim danced frantically about in an effort to free himself. A few moments was all he was permitted to suffer.

While these events were transpiring at central, the observers were having some interesting experiences at their posts, which were practically located in No Man's Land.

Owing to the lakes and swamps along that section of the front, the Allied troops had never constructed trenches, and only patrols were maintained here by the Americans. The right observation post, where the men

were also billeted, was located in a lonely strip of woods on the shore of the lake, northwest of Bouconville. Its loneliness increased immensely when the four observers stationed there were warned repeatedly by their officers to be on the alert for raiding parties, as the night patrol was of but little protection.

It was the first night at the post. Observers Phillips and Cottrell, on being relieved from duty, repaired to the sleeping quarters nearby, which consisted of a small hut with a cover of "elephant iron." Soon Phillips was fast asleep, but Cottrell remained awake, planning what he would do in case of a German raid. Hours seemed to have passed when he heard a sound that immediately claimed his attention—a sound made by the duckboard as it oozed into the mud just outside the door of the shack. Then the door itself creaked slightly as if being tried.

"Halt! Who's there?" challenged the observer. No answer. Cottrell slipped from the bunk. In a stage whisper he awoke his companion.

"Out of bed. Get your rifle. There's a Boche raiding party outside!"

Picture two men crouching low and breathless, unhooking the door, clad in tin hats and rubber boots, their ammunition belts bristling with a hundred rounds, their fixed bayonets gleaming in the faint moonlight that filtered through the cracks of the hut. But imagine their surprise and chagrin when they discovered, sitting high and dry on a board and suspiciously eyeing the new occupants of his home—old Tom, the cat!

The left observation post was located at the edge of the Bois Sans Nom, or the Woods of No Name. It was directly opposite the village of Apremont, which as be-

fore stated, was held by the enemy. Only a string of barbed wire entanglements separated us from the Germans, and the only infantrymen along this section of the front being a nightly patrol. To the observers on duty it was always a guess as to whether it was a friendly or enemy patrol. On one occasion an American and German patrol met just in front of the post, and a royal battle ensued. Hand grenades, automatic pistols, and machine guns all added to the din. Corporal Amery was on duty in the post and the bullets riddled the shack. The Germans retired to their own lines, taking their wounded with them.

Later Fritz shelled the woods heavily and finally succeeded in demolishing the post held by the observers. The men escaped uninjured, but the post was moved to Fort de Liouville. The left line station was in charge of Sergeant Keitel and in addition to the observers already named, Strane, Campbell, Kennedy, Balch, Stanwood and Marousek were stationed there.

It was while the section was stationed at Broussy that Sergeant Smith and Private Hopkins, assisted by a raiding party from Company M. of the 104th Infantry, 26th Division, performed the remarkable and heroic feat of cutting a heavy electrified cable in front of the German lines near Loupmont.

Company M. of the 104th Infantry was in the lines at this point, a company that deserves great credit for its daring raids into enemy territory. It was during one of these raids that Lieutenant Mesky discovered that the Germans had constructed the electric cable, which was causing no little trouble to the American raiding parties. Lieutenant Coles, learning from the infantry officer that the cable existed, asked permission to cut it, which was given.

Consequently, Lieutenant Coles, accompanied by Sergeant Smith, Private Hopkins, and others, began the work of constructing some apparatus to "ground" the electric circuit before severing the wire.

When the raiding party was assembled, the commanding officer of Company M. objected to Lieutenant Coles accompanying the party on the grounds that he was an engineer officer of special qualification. Much to the disgust of Lieutenant Coles, he was left behind.

The party was made up of Lieutenant Mesky, four scouts, two automatic rifle squads, two grenade parties, one squad of expert riflemen, Sergeant Smith and Private Hopkins. The jaunt into the first line trenches was tedious and laborious. It was utter darkness, and to converse with each other meant to invite a sniper's bullet. At 9 o'clock the party climbed over the parapet into No Man's Land to accomplish their perilous task. As soon as the barbwire entanglements in front of the American trenches were cleared, they assumed a V-shaped formation, with the scouts at the points. They were followed on each side by the automatic riflemen, grenadiers and expert riflemen. Sergeant Smith and Private Hopkins were with Lieutenant Meskey just ahead of the scouts.

No Man's Land at the point where the party crossed was about a kilometer in width, and it was well after midnight when the party reached the vicinity of the German lines. The party found it slow work making its way across No Man's Land. Many times the scouts would go ahead, flanked on either side with grenadiers to explore the territory they were penetrating. At last the electric cable was found and between the Very light displays, Smith and Hopkins applied their apparatus.

The men placed their grounding instruments about 25 yards apart, throwing the current from the wire in the intervening space. This section of the cable was then removed.

It was of the greatest importance that caution be observed, as a spark from the wire, which was strung on stakes about two feet high, would reveal the position of the Americans. It would also bring down a machine gun barrage from the Germans, as the enemy trenches were only a short distance away. A little beyond the cable and less than 30 yards in front of the German lines, were the barbwire entanglements. It was the good fortune of one of the scouts to find a small bell hanging on the wire at a tactical point, placed there by the Germans to serve as an alarm in case of attacking Americans. The scout quietly removed the bell and cut the wire for the party to pass through. Two hours were then spent at this work, one scout estimating that he cut no less than 2000 wires.

Their purpose accomplished, the party started homeward, but had only reached a point half way across No Man's Land when a Very light revealed their position to the enemy. The machine guns poured forth a deluge of bullets, but no one was struck.

It was the morning of June 4 that orders were received for the section to proceed to a new base in the St. Mihiel sector, with central at la petit Mandre, near Boncourt, six miles north of Commercy. Here we took over a French Sound Ranging section, using our own apparatus. We were attached to a French army, and during the three weeks we spent there we found "business" rather dull. The principal excitement at central was frying oeffs and pomme de terre by the night shift. Lieutenant Mitten was especially "strong" for the eggs

and was even known to retire for the night on occasions when eggs were scarce and "Corned Willy" on the bill of fare. Boncourt was full of French soldiers, and therefore had beaucoup cafes, among which the "Bouncing Bar Maid Inn" was the most popular, with sweet Marguerite the attraction — at least for Morgan and Kennedy.

We put the outfit in cold storage on the morning of June 27 when orders came to move to Chateau Thierry, where the Americans had halted the Germans in their apparently irresistible drive on Paris. We were bound for the one point on the front upon which the attention of the entire world was focused. The trip lasted two days. The weather was fine, and as we made the trip in trucks, we were able to see much of the territory over which the Allies and Germans had been fighting for four years. We passed the famous Marne battlefields of 1914, where graves dotted the grain fields everywhere. Our road led through American concentration camps, aviation centers, and towns filled with British "Tommies."

Passing through Le Ferte, we turned north and reached our destination late in the afternoon, where we found F. R. S. No. 1 already in action, under the command of Major (then Captain) Theodore Lyman.

Our central was located in a hunting lodge in a large woods a few kilometers behind the lines in the vicinity of Bouresches and west of Chateau-Thierry.

Much of the base was in full view of the German observers, and we had much difficulty in running the survey and stringing the lines to the microphones and observation posts. The first day the section in which the surveyors were working was shelled continuously, they being chased out of a tract of woods by a deluge

of gas shells. The following day the German observers undoubtedly caught the reflection of the transit, for the enemy dropped a barrage in that vicinity. The men took shelter in an abandoned trench while Fritz continued the celebration. The jagged steel fragments of the shells whined close overhead, clipping the dust and cutting branches from the apple trees. There was a lull in the firing and the surveyors crawled out to resume their work, but a few minutes later Fritz opened up again, and for protection the men again sought the trench. These were the experiences of the surveyors during the entire time they were establishing the base at Chateau-Thierry. The linesmen had similar experiences in stringing the lines.

The section got into operation about July 7, and succeeded in locating seven batteries the first day. One of the line stations was located at Coupru and the other at Marigny. Lieutenant Beckett, lines officer, was the busiest man in the section. We had over 75 miles of wire in the base and our total strength was only 35 men. But despite the high resistance of the lines and unfavorable winds, the section made a good showing.

Coupru, south of Bouresches, lies in a little ravine among the rolling hills, which at the time of the Chateau-Thierry struggle were covered with fields of ripening grain. Coupru as well as the neighboring villages had been hurriedly evacuated by the civilian population who had left behind all their worldly effects and the accumulation of generations, to the mercy of the Huns.

When off duty we spent our time selecting our oak or mahogany bedsteads, feather mattresses, China dishes, and our unique collection of clocks. Close to our

billet was the community garden and fresh peas, new potatoes, small green onions and currants formed an excellent supplement to our issue of hard tack and "monkey meat." It was no uncommon sight to see a "doughboy" driving a salvaged milk cow or chasing a young chicken about the barnyard with dreams of a real spring fry, as in better days.

When the French were falling back before the advancing Germans near Chateau-Thierry, they took with them as much property as they could possibly carry away, and such as was left behind the army made use of, rather than let it fall into the hands of the Germans. When the line became stabilized an order was issued to the effect that the soldiers were not to interfere in any way with civilian property. It was soon after this order was made public that Private Kennedy found an exceptionally fine single bed with a feather mattress which he decided to move to his billet. He was proceeding up the street of the village with the bed balanced on his head when he met an artillery officer, who sternly asked Kennedy where he was going.

"Sir," said Kennedy, "I found this bed yesterday, but my sergeant won't allow me to keep it, so I am returning it now."

The officer accepted the explanation and Kennedy continued on the way to his billet with the prize.

Coupru was quiet when we first entered it, but soon with a change of divisions, more troops appeared on the streets and Fritz began to "shoot up" the town. One night after we had been chased into the cellar a number of times, a 150 struck near the building, blowing out both windows of the room in which we were sleeping. Keyes and Barnard rushed for the cellar. Another

"slow freight" unloaded with a crash at the side door and Sergeant Roberts, wakening suddenly, hung the French telephone around his neck for a gas mask and made for the cellar. A third shell landed in the creek, by the back window, blowing out the sash and covering Cottrell and Kennedy with mud of a nice slimy variety.

The men who made their home at the left line station in Marigny were thoroughly initiated the first day of their arrival. The Germans could see the truck as it entered the village and soon after threw over 200 rounds of mustard gas shells into the town. The German artillery was very active during the entire time that the Americans were in the village.

It was about July 13 that we received an official notification from General Scott outlining a plan of "neutralization." The "neutralization" was to begin on "Day H." and "Hour J." The great significance of this was not fully comprehended until a few days hence.

It was on July 15 that the Germans renewed their attempt to Reach Paris, further details of which are given in another chapter. That night Cottrell and Balch were severely gassed and taken to the hospital.

At 4 o'clock on the morning of July 18, the Allies started their big offensive on the left side of the famous salient, and we were awakened from our slumbers by the terrific on de choc of the 155 "longs" behind us. "Hour J." had come. The sharper report of the 75's mingled with the roar of the heavier guns and the atmosphere all along the front was riddled with "kisses for the Kaiser," as one of the boys expressed it. The infantry went over the top at daylight, and from that time the song of the 75's grew fainter and fainter. Boche planes had everywhere been replaced by Allied

planes going over in great droves. The sausage balloons moved forward; the Flash Rangers packed up and moved ahead. For two days the long range guns behind kept up an incessant fire, until the retreating Boche had been driven beyond their extreme range. As Sound Ranging is not as mobile as Flash Ranging, it was necessary for us to wait until the lines became stabilized before putting in another base.

It was August 8th before the section packed up and moved to the river Vesle. In the meantime, however, the officers secured permission to make a survey of former German battery positions. During the next few days all the positions in front of us were located and found to check up in a very satisfactory manner with our former findings—that is, while the batteries were in action.

Lieutenant Smith having been ordered to the Flash and Sound Ranging school at Fort de St. Menge, Lieutenant Beckett took command of the detachment.

Then came the joyful news—permission was obtained for the officers and men to visit Paris on furloughs of 24 hours' duration. Each man has his own ideas of pleasure in Paris, but all returned on schedule time except one—Private Kennedy, who has been mentioned in this narrative before. But it was not Kennedy's fault; he simply got on the wrong train. After many experiences, Kennedy found himself in Chateau-Thierry at 2 o'clock in the morning, without francs or a place to sleep. But this did not baffle the Sound Ranger in the least. He calmly walked up one of the streets in the residential section of the city, and seeing a door open in a mansion, entered. Kennedy found himself in an elegantly furnished home and in one room discovered a very elaborate feather bed. He looked no

further, but pulled off his muddy shoes and crawled in between the fancy lace-bordered sheets. He awoks late the next morning, put on his shoes, ate breakfast at a nearby mess and returned to camp.

Our stay on the Vesle—August 9-12—was brief but exciting. We were quartered in a partially demolished building in the central part of the village, not far from a battery of 155 "longs," which drew constant fire from the enemy guns. The shells usually fell short, bursting in the immediate vicinity of our billet.

As at Chateau-Thierry, the surveyors had trouble in establishing the base. The surveying party was divided into two groups. According to the plans formulated, Harlow and Graham took the transit and set up on a hill. Driver, Sessions, and others, proceeded to station themselves on various other high points which were designated, their duty being to raise a rod designating their position when the signal was received. The survey was to be based on a triangulation network from which the microphone positions were to be run in by short traverses. The men went to their respective positions, but could see nothing but bursting shells around the landscape, the smoke being so dense from the artillery fire that no group of surveyors could see another. At 1 o'clock two rodmen came in for dinner after having spent the forenoon under an artillery barrage. A second group drifted in about 5 o'clock and at dark, Harlow and Graham arrived, tired and in anything but an amiable mood.

The following day the work was more successful, but the men were handicapped greatly by the intense artillery fire. The Germans were leaving no section of the front untouched. An amusing incident is told regarding Lieutenant McClanahan. The officer was mak-

ing a general investigation of the ground previous to the microphone survey in that particular section. He was pointing out the approximate point where Microphone No. 1 was to be located.

"It is on that small knoll halfway between the tree an — there! It is just on the spot where that shell burst."

All admitted that it was a very desirable location.

This proved to be the most active front of any on which we had operated. From any prominent point we could watch the American shells bursting behind the German lines. The amount of artillery that the Americans and French had massed on the Vesle was astonishing. On one occasion the surveying party, on establishing the position of Microphone No. 5, discovered more than thirty 77's, almost "hub to hub," along the fringe of woods behind the microphone position. The base is always chosen so as to avoid disturbing and interfering with sounds in the vicinity of the detectors, but on the Vesle there was no choice. •

On the afternoon of August 13, together with F. R. S. No. 2, we were ordered to the rear. We arrived at Chamigny, a small and peaceful village on the Marne not far from La Ferte. Here we had a week of rest, a contrast to our exciting days on the Vesle. Bathing in the historical Marne was our principal pastime.

Moving by trucks to Metz, east of Chateau-Thierry, on August 10, we entrained for Joinville. From the doors of the French boxcars we gazed upon the most interesting battlefields of the war. The train proceeded slowly through Dormans, and along the south bank of the Marne. The banks of the river were still strewn with punctured pontoon boats and the wreckage of Ger-

BUCONVILLE - 179/18



TOP—THE CHURCH AT BUCONVILLE. BOTTOM—BRUSSEY.

man pontoon bridges. The ditches along the railroad tracks held many bodies covered with a few shovels of dirt, and now and then marked by empty bottles or unlabelled stakes. Remnants of German uniforms and equipment were strewn over the ground, grim evidence of the fierce hand-to-hand struggle when the Huns had been halted in their last offensive.

We were bound for the American sector to participate in the St. Mihiel offensive, and we reached the city of Toul on August 24. We proceeded to Menil-a-tour, where we were quartered for one night. It was August 25 when we reached our new home on the Moselle. Our central was located in the heart of the Forest Puv-enelle, a few kilometers back of the lines and just west of Pont-a-Mousson. Here we took over a French Sound Ranging section which had been in operation three years. The men in the French section were thoroughly acquainted with every enemy battery opposite them. The observers could recognize each battery that fired by its sound and position, making it a simple matter for central to phone the information to the artillery.

The 90th Division, American army, was holding the section of the front at this time, and many of the men were quartered in the same billets with us. We had not been in the camp long when one night Fritz shelled us heavily. Many of the men in the camp sought the trenches in the vicinity for protection. Lieutenant Beckett made his way through the darkness from the officers' quarters to learn if we were uninjured. When he returned he asked Private Downing to guide him back to his billet. They had reached a point about 50 yards from our barracks when Downing warningly shouted:

"Watch out for the trench, Lieutenant!"

"Too late," was the reply, "I'm already in it."

Then another voice from the bottom of the trench arose in a tone of protestation.

"Please, mister, have a heart and quit walking on my face."

Down in another part of the camp a shell burst in one of the wooden barracks and blew both feet off one of the men. He was rushed to the camp infirmary. His captain left his cot and proceeded to the infirmary to learn the condition of the injured man. When the officer returned he found that a shell had made a direct hit on his bed and the room in which he had been sleeping no longer existed.

One of the worst features of our camp here was the rats. Of course, fleas and cooties were numerous, but the rats gave us the most trouble. They had lived amiably with the French for nearly four years, but the rodents found it hard to get along with the Americans. At night, when the last candle was extinguished, they would come over the top in massed formation. Occasionally a big fellow would crawl in bed with one of the boys, or step on his face. Then would ensue a wild yell, the sound of scratching matches, and the whirr and crashing of flying shoes—all of this interspersed with a choice line of profanity. After a week or ten days we became used to the varmints and no one objected to a rat taking a romp over his anatomy, provided the Sound Ranger was left intact when the romp was over.

The base finally got into operation after the usual work of stringing lines, locating observation posts, etc., Great preparations were being made for the St. Mihiel offensive, and we encountered much trouble owing to

ammunition wagons, tractors, tanks, etc., moving across our lines, keeping the linesmen busy repairing them.

On this base we had three observation posts and two line stations, one located at Mamey and the other at Motauville. The big drive started on the morning of September 12, a full account of which is given in another chapter. We continued to operate for a few days on the old base, after which we moved forward, establishing our central in a former German dugout between Vieville and Vilcey, in the Bois des Vencheres. The line stations were at Vieville and Villers. Sergeant Hocker took care of the trouble at the former place and Sergeant Kelly at the latter. We found our new position much livelier than the one we had occupied before the drive. Vieville was continuously under shell fire, as were also the principal highways and crossroads. Dead horses lined the road on either side, and often a dead German could be seen, as yet unburied.

It was while at the Norroy base that the irresistible Kennedy was working on the communication lines one afternoon when his ever-watchful eye caught sight of some splendid blackberries. After filling his steel helmet, he picked a few more and sat down to eat them. Soon he heard footsteps, and a shadow from some hovering object fell across the path by which he was sitting. Glancing up Kennedy was surprised to see a brigadier-general confronting him.

As the general waited for Kennedy to spring to attention his face was drawn into a frown.

"Well, don't you know a general when you see one," he growled.

"Yes, sir; but I never expected to see one up here, sir."

The general hesitated. The frown on his face was changing to a grin.

"Where is your post?" asked the officer.

"I haven't any, sir."

"To what organization do you belong?"

"Twenty- ninth Engineers, Sir."

"What kind of work do you do?"

"I can't tell you, sir."

The general was baffled. His eyes roamed about while his mind groped for something effective. He spied the berries.

"What are you going to do with those?" he asked.

"Take them home to the cook to make a pie, sir."

"Well; be careful not to eat too much of that pie, or you may make yourself sick."

"Yes, sir."

Kennedy saluted. The general returned the salute and walked on.

We remained at the Norroy base until the cessation of hostilities. During the time we had been in operation we made 493 locations of enemy positions. The last few days of our stay at this place was featured by the work of Lieutenant Fecht in the culinary department, who won more or less notoriety in his demonstrations of making hotcakes for the night shift. In order that all might know how well he made them, we nailed one to the wall for a souvenir.

Nearly every organization has its "fat man." In our section it was Private Flora, of Harrisburg, Pa. Flora served as photographer at central. The dark room had to be enlarged when he went on the job. Flora was gaining weight day by day, and needed exercise badly. His opportunity came when Corporal Thompson formed

a survey party to run a check survey of the microphone positions.

Private Flora joined the party as a rodman, and he made an excellent target for either a transit or a German machine gun. For this reason he was given the job as rear rodman. This plan worked nicely until the party came to Microphone No. 7, when Flora was told to assume the duties of front rodman. It was with much suspicion and misgiving that Flora made his way out into the forbidden territory where he had been directed to hold up his rod on an elevated point in the field.

Scrambling through the trenches and barbwire entanglements, and over shell holes, he made slow progress. He stumbled and fell; he glanced downward and discovered he had tripped over a dead Boche. Then he was startled by a shout. Looking around he beheld a negro's head protruding over the edge of a trench. (The sector was held by negro troops of the 92nd Division.)

"Fo' the land's sake; what yo' all doin' out yondah?" inquired the negro, at the same time looking over the barrel of his machine gun. Flora decided to retreat.

"Come heah!" yelled the colored doughboy.

Flora obeyed.

"What yo' all tryin' to do?" questioned the negro.

Flora explained.

"Lawd be praised; I'se glad I don't belong with the engineers," replied the machine gunner, "but first let me shake you' hand good-bye."

At the line station at Vieville the most popular pastime was "shooting trouble" at night. Oh! the in-

comparable joy of being awakened from a sound sleep to hear the telephone man yell in your ear:

"Freddie is out!"

You crawl from your warm blankets, put on your clothes, and disappear in the darkness. The night was considered lost when the linesmen were not called out at least three or four times. An excursion through the woods out to a microphone on a pitch dark night, with the rain pouring down, and Fritz sending over "beaucoup" shells, was anything but pleasant!

October 6 was a red letter day in our billet. It was on this date that Germany sent her first overtures for an armistice to President Wilson. Every one was happy until just after our mid-day meal, when Fritz honored us by dropping a peace missive directly on our underground abode demolishing one end of it. The messenger was in the form of a 155 high explosive shell. One of the Sound Rangers received an ugly scalp wound which required his presence at the hospital.

In speaking of the activities at the Vieville station, one of the linesmen said:

"Fritz continued to strafe the Hocker billet. On November 6 he put over a special token of esteem. It was in the middle of the night, and there was the usual chorus of unearthly noises in the dugout, caused by the sleeping men. A 155 high explosive shell landed directly on the top of the dugout, mussing up things badly, but inflicting no damage to the inmates. The concussion is said to have jarred Hocker out of bed onto the floor in an undignified position. At any rate, Hocker contends that some of the stringers sprung down to the floor and back into position and that the walls likewise kissed and rebounded to the regular place. After reassuring ourselves by asserting that two

shells never hit in the same place, we retired to our bunks again and resumed our slumbers. Early the next morning repairs were made and camouflage added in order that Fritz could not have the satisfaction of flying over and taking a snapshot of his target, which would have shown his aim to have been accurate."

The observers and linesmen who made their home at the right line station before and after the St. Mihiel offensive, were known as the "black sheep of the family," although this misnomer does not signify that their work was not as effective as it could be made by conscientious Sound Rangers. The information regarding their activities are provided by them as follows:

"On September 5 we established the right line station in the town of Montauville, two kilometers west of Pont-a-Mousson. We had ten men and a cook—but never call a man a cook in the army, because he does some funny tricks with rations that a man could not do, or rather, would not do. The detachment consisted of the following: 'Dick' Bradshaw, who made himself famous at Rambuecourt; 'Bob' Wilson, who would never admit that a 210 was more than a 155; 'Swede' Peterson, who can't be beat for strength; 'Itch' Cole, who was always looking for cooties or fleas; 'Doc' Campbell, who never swore unless Microphones No. 4 or 5 were blown out by shell fire; Mayo, with the Bostonian accent; 'Mac' McGovern, who loved his cognac; 'Swede' Anderson, who was as much in love with the stuff as 'Mac'; Sam Weaver, who chewed his supper for the second time in his sleep; and 'Kid' Raw, (nuf ced). But we can't forget our cook, 'Wop' Marousek. If he could have cooked like he 'crabbed,' he would have been 'some' cook.

"From our first post we watched the preparation

of the St. Mihiel offensive, and on the morning of the attack we witnessed the withering fire that was poured into the German territory from our guns.

"The morning of the 13th we went forward to locate a new post, as our present location was fast being left behind by the advancing doughboys. Our next location was on the 'Croix de Vandieres,' or Hill 319. This post was merely a hole in the side of a trench which had been held by the Germans the day before. From this point we had a good view of the enemy operations, but it was unfavorable for Sound Ranging, so we advanced to Hill 327—in front of our own lines, in No Man's Land.

"Picture a large hill, the back side lined with trenches, and on the very top our post, which from the outside was only a large mound of earth. This innocent looking mound proved to be an excellent dugout, formerly used by the Germans as a blinker station. The dugout was divided into two fairly large rooms. In one of the compartments were six bunks and at the time we took over the place these bunks were alive with German cooties, which are much larger and more vicious than any other species found in the trenches. In the other room were tables, on which were our maps, telephones, instruments, etc. Just outside, at the top of the steps, was the observer's position while on duty.

"Daily we 'spotted' working parties or groups of men moving about. This information, together with their location, would be turned in to central, and from there sent to the artillery. It took these guns only a few minutes to get into action. One night a big German raiding party passed so close to our post that, looking cautiously through the window on the side, we

could make out several pairs of Boche boots as they trudged past.

"On one occasion the fog had hung over the trenches all the morning. Suddenly it lifted, and we detected a large amount of smoke from a house that we readily detected as a kitchen. The Huns had evidently taken advantage of the fog to prepare a big meal, but when it disappeared they were caught napping. We reported our observations to central, and in less than ten minutes we had a barrage on the point where the activity was noted. Four of the shells made direct hits, and soon we saw the place burst into flames.

"Much credit is due the colored troops of the 92nd Division. They were behind us part of the time and they were genuine fighters—'German getters.' Nothing worried them, and they were all in the fight to do their best. When we became better acquainted with them, they gave us the best they had—but God help the white man that walked from our post to the front line after we made the relief at night, because these men knew us, and also knew that we were the last ones to come down at night. After that the man who walked that path before daylight, would undoubtedly be giving the folks at home an excellent opportunity to collect his war risk insurance money.

"No doubt the linesmen had one of the hardest jobs in the section, as they were expected to keep the lines up at any cost and often they were not fortunate in getting back without a trip to the hospital. Everyone is afraid of shells, but it takes a man with the real stuff in him to escape from a heavily shelled area and then later return and complete the work at the same place. This was the duty of the linesmen and the bunch at our station did this on many occasions.

"There was joy unbounded in the camp of the Black Sheep when the news arrived that the armistice had been signed. Each night the sky was a mass of lights, resembling a Fourth of July celebration. Both sides were celebrating. We remained in operation for five days following the cessation of hostilities, and then 'pulled up' and started on the first lap of our homeward trip."



SCENES IN BERNECOURT, WHERE THE LEFT LINES STATION OF
S. R. S. NO. 3 WAS ESTABLISHED



SCENES IN THE VILLAGE OF NOVIANT, WHERE S. R. S. NO. 3
CENTRAL WAS LOCATED

CHAPTER VI.

THE STORY OF S. R. S. NO. 3

No finer work was performed, or no better results obtained in Sound Ranging during the war than through the efforts of the officers and men of S. R. S. No. 3. The section was in operation on the front from May 3, 1918, until the close of hostilities on November 11, leaving its last location to report to Toul when the other sections of the Battalion left the areas of recent activity. A number of the officers and men who made up the personnel of the section were taken from S. R. S. No. 1 and 2, the greater number, however, coming from the school at Fort de St. Menge.

The story of Section No. 3 is best told by Private James P. Kelly:

This is not to be interpreted as a chronological narrative, but merely as an effort to sketch some of the events which mark those never-to-be-forgotten days when, however temporarily secure we may have felt, the immediate future was always uncertain. Incidents of more or less importance may be unintentionally, or for reason of policy, omitted, but justice to them, as much as possible, will be attempted. Moreover, the keen thought of even our most brilliant experience is apt to be dulled, or even entirely obliterated, by happier future prospects.

It was in the dark, dew-laden morn of May 2, 1918, in the ancient Fort de St. Menge, that S. R. S. No. 3 came to life, and with unusual rapidity for a thing so

young, proceeded to make its way into the fight that for so long a period had terrorized humanity.

The initial members of the doughty crew who made up our section were awakened at 1:30 A. M. We ate and then entrained, with bag and baggage, fully armed and equipped for that place of doubtful safety — the front. Like other Sound Ranging sections we were armed unlike any other men in the army. For, in addition to the regulation weapons, we carried many others not mentioned in the I. D. R.; such as asymptotes, parabolas and hyperbolas, with which equipment certain members of the detachment were supposed to be familiar. There were also surveyors' instruments, microphones, and last, but not least, Cook Pine carried extra rounds of vin rouge.

Without casualty our party arrived at its destination—Noviant, a small French village manured among the sloping hills of Lorraine.

This far we had proceeded under the guidance of Lieutenant Garner A. Beckett, executive, with Sergeant Monahan acting as intermediate. At Noviant Lieutenant Charles Chandler took command of the detachment. Lieutenant Perry, who had already become famous with S. R. S. No. 1, and Lieutenant Newkirk were also assigned to our section. Under their kind influence we were immediately initiated into the mysteries of removing manure from the immediate vicinity of our future home. It was our opinion at the start that the same rule which applied to troupe conveyances: "40 hommes or 8 chevaux," applied also to billets, except that here we all boarded together, with the chevaux taking the best room.

In a brief space of time we were ready for operations. Our central was codically known as "Saranac

Three." Our right observation post was called Fraser, as a mark of respect to Sergeant Jack Fraser, still replete with his experiences at the British front at Ypres. Later this post was changed to Davis, from Sergeant Davis, and our left became Fraser. Both posts were constructed under the direction of Sergeant Fraser. The line stations were established at points halfway between Central and the observation posts. The one on the left was in charge of Corporal Bresh-ears, and the other in charge of Sergeant Gibony.

Central was located at Noviant, approximately four kilometers from the lines with the line stations about three kilometers closer to the front. One observation post was located at Limey and the other at Flirey, a ruined village in the front line; and sometimes when the lines moved up and back, the observers would find themselves in No Man's Land.

Noviant, the seat of our operations, was a French village of the usual type, of two streets—the Rue Grande, and the other, anything one felt like naming it. In anti-bellum days, when hens built their nests in men's whiskers, it might have been a rustic village but it had long since been depleted by the German censor. A few inhabitants remained to dispense beer and wine at modest French prices to the soldiers. Prominent among these was "Mamma," who operated within the law in her establishment next to our central. She operated at hours expressly forbidden by the law and for which we were exceedingly thankful. "Mamma," who had lost two sons in the war, loved every one of us, and called us by no other name than Mons Fils. On the opposite side of the street lived a fair dame of about 70 years, known by the soubriquet Quatre Sous, who also dispensed oil for the thirsty.

One mademoiselle of about eighteen summers, and probably the same number of winters, chose to remain in the village, and of course, was the cynosure of all our hungry eyes, since she was pretty, and seldom wore wooden shoes.

The other towns in that sector of the front were shell-racked, uninhabitable ruins, monuments of the shamelessness and animal hatred of the Boche. Not a single house remained standing in the villages of Lironville, Limey or Flirey, and although in Bernecourt a few homes remained, the greater part of it resembled the wanton wreckage of the others. In every case the village church suffered the most, Fritz no doubt thinking the tower was used as an observation post.

With Lieutenant Chandler in command of the base, Lieutenant Beckett in charge of observation posts, Lieutenant Wallower in charge of supplies, and Lieutenant Gallaher in charge of lines, everything was working nicely in the section. A few weeks later Lieutenant Beckett was transferred to S. R. S. No. 2, and Lieutenant Weaver took charge of the observation posts. The work of the non-coms was first under the leadership of Sergeant Monahan, acting first sergeant, but was later relieved and Sergeant T. W. Smith assumed these duties. Sergeant Brecht took charge of the mechanical work and Sergeant Michaels was in charge of lines at central. Corporal Adams was supply sergeant.

The enemy made it a practice to shoot up the entire sector almost incessantly by a process called "area straffing," causing a loss of life and property. Its particular effect upon us was to break our lines and consequently the linesmen had to "roll out" at any hour of the day or night to repair them. It would re-

quire volumes to tell of the daily incidents of personal bravery and cool presence of mind manifested by our linesmen in order to carry out the work in the excellent manner in which they did.

Our first real taste of shell fire came on the morning of May 27, when the enemy laid down a heavy barrage along that sector of the front which we occupied. The fire was concentrated on the ruins of Flirey, while the observers were on duty. Other observers not on duty were in a neighboring dugout. For three hours Fritz poured shells of large calibre into the town, churning the ruins and caving in dugouts, as well as demolishing trenches. A bursting shell threw a gaunt, gigantic wall on to the wires between the dugout and the outpost, cutting off communication with the observers. The lines to the linesmen's station and central were severed in a hundred places. The American artillery answered the enemy's fire, causing a crossfire over the town. It sounded like someone had loosened the gates of hell.

This section of the front at that time was held by the 101st Infantry, 26th Division, which suffered many casualties as a result of the attack. It was soon after this that our post at Flirey was abandoned.

Sergeant Frazer tells of his first experiences at the left observation post as follows:

"With Lieutenant Beckett and Private Wilson, I proceeded to a point outside of the Bois de Hazel, near the village of Flirey. Upon arriving there, Lieutenant Beckett informed Wilson and I that it was to be our future home. After I investigated the place, and noticed the marks of the German artillery, and the numerous little mounds, each with a cross at the head I thought perhaps we might remain always.

"The lieutenant pointed out some of the noted landmarks, such as Sacrifice Ridge, Death's Cross Roads, etc.

" 'You boys should make a name for yourselves here,' said the officer, 'if you live long enough.' He also called our attention to the fact that we were located exactly in a gap in the wire entanglements where the Germans would be most likely to penetrate the lines. We thought it kind of the lieutenant to look out for our safety in this respect, and thanked him.

"The next morning I was rudely awakened by a guard who came into the dugout where I was sleeping, and gently informed me that the Boche were coming over. I then realized that a heavy barrage was falling on our section of the front, and I wondered if the Germans had reached the gap in the wire. From that time until daylight we stood in the trenches, our gas masks on and bayonets fixed, waiting for the attack. However, our counter battery work proved so effective that the enemy did not succeed in crossing No Man's Land.

"The second night was a repetition of the first, although the enemy barrage was not so heavy. Our relief had come out from the line station and had taken up their position in the observation post while we remained in the dugout with the machine gunners. The alarm awakened us again. Owing to their exposed position, the observers had instructions to retire to the dugout in case of attack. As they had not put in an appearance at the warning signal, it became necessary for us to learn if they were in danger. We found them holding the lines with an automatic and a rifle. We never learned how many casualties were caused by this heroic pair, but at breakfast the following morning a captain from the 101st Machine Gun Battalion was

La Guerre en Lorraine



RUINS IN FLIREY, WHERE S. R. S. NO. 3 HAD LEFT
OBSERVATION POST

La Guerre en Lorraine



LIMEY—LOCATION OF S. R. S. NO. 3 RIGHT OBSERVATION POST

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heard to remark that he would like to find the men who had tried to shoot him up the evening before."

Sergeant Fraser modestly ends his narrative concerning the left observation post almost at its beginning, but we, who were familiar with that spot, know he could tell much more if he desired. A trait of Fraser's was to relate the humorous and forget the tragic. Work of great importance was carried out at the post under "Jack's" watchful eye, but when information is sought he invariably tells the story of Private Smulowitz as a linesman. As in other sections, our lines and microphones were known by the code names of Abie, Bennie, Charlie, Eddie, and Freddie.

Smulowitz was informed that Freddie was sick.

"Who the hell is Freddie," was the answer, "has he been asking for me?"

The maintenance of dwelling quarters in Flirey was brief. The men moved to Breshears' line station near Bernecourt while the outpost remained at Flirey, the observers retiring only when absolutely forced to do so.

During our first two months at the front, the trenches had been held by the 26th Division, the first division to be attacked by the Germans in numbers, this occurring at Seicheprey, on April 20. This division was relieved on June 27 by the 82nd, the "All American Division." It was during this division's stay on the front that it was found necessary to retire the line stations and outposts so frequently.

The 82nd was on the front for the first time as a division and many amusing incidents are told in connection with its initial efforts. One of the men in our section tells of a platoon that pitched its pup tents in full view of the enemy observers.

"At daybreak," said he, "we were awakened by the

blast of the bugle—a sound that is a stranger within several kilometers of the front. The second morning we were awakened by a gas alarm at 2 A. M. Lieutenant Chandler stepped out to investigate. He learned that a cloud of gas had been observed floating across the fields in our direction. Further investigation, when the first streaks of daylight appeared, revealed that the much-feared gas cloud was only steam from a distant manure pile.

One of the linesmen at the left line station at Bernecourt, tells of the experiences of the men at that point as follows:

“When the station was established in Bernecourt, Corporal A. J. Breshears was placed in charge, with Privates Paxton and Moon assisting him in the work. We were at first quartered with French soldiers. We were a little crowded, but managed to get along very well for about two weeks. We then received three more men. They were Joe Jordan, Thomas Miller and William Ring. The last night we spent with the French, Jordan fell asleep with his gas mask on. When he awoke he contended he was gassed.

“We soon moved into a dugout along the road which Fritz shelled daily. It was while we were billeted at the latter place that Corporal Breshears and Private Ring were splicing a line which was through a barb wire entanglement one night when Fritz opened up a barrage in that vicinity. Between the barb wire and the bursting shells, the boys had a thrilling experience.

“Our next home was an old French anti-aircraft position, which proved to be the most comfortable of all. It was soon after this that Private Ring was transferred to another section and “Fat” Berry was sent to us instead.

"We had a congenial bunch of boys. We dropped asleep over the telephone occasionally, but when men were needed to go out on the shell-swept fields to repair the communication lines, no one ever displayed the "white feather."

"The observers came to live with us and each took his turn in the culinary department. We 'lived the life of Riley,' despite the fact that we were less than a kilometer from the front line and in an area that was continually shelled. We were never short of rations except when some ambitious cook would try to win the prize for putting out the best mess, and then we would be compelled to eat 'Canned Bill' and hard tack until the ration wagon came down again. The original group of observers were Davis, Downing, Wilson, Jordan, Woodford and Risk. Later, Davis was replaced by Fraser; and Downing and Wilson went to Section No. 2. Webster and Snell were sent to our section. Later Barry was replaced by Eckfield. Private Sampson endured the company of the observers for a few days, but he returned to Central, where he found the element not so rough."

On the morning of August 4, a box barrage was scheduled to precede a detachment of the 82nd Division which was going over the top for the first time. Four days previous, French 75's had been placed in position, and when the morning arrived, the Americans were able to put over a heavy barrage along that section of the front.

At the zero hour, 4 o'clock, all the batteries, including the heavies and French naval guns, opened up simultaneously, and instantly the sky was a scene of weird shifting lights, as if the aurora borealis had moved into our section. The vicious barking of hund-

reds of guns and the unceasing swish and whirl through the air, and the vivid fact that our boys were going over, removed all comparison from the mind. Moreover, the crunch of Boche shells bursting near the observation post and line stations made us feel that it was still a war on both sides. The point of concentration was in the vicinity of Flirey, and for two hours the artillery duel continued. This was followed by the penetrating of the enemy's line by the Americans in search of prisoners.

One night Sergeant Davis reported, in a stage whisper over the telephone, that a Boche patrol was out in front of his post. He could not talk, but reserved his data until morning. Later, to his chagrin, he learned that he had seen an American patrol.

On August 5th the 82d Division was relieved by the 89th, a formidable bunch of huskies from Camp Funston. They proved to be as good as they looked.

With the coming of the 89th, the Germans appeared to increase their artillery action over what it had been for several weeks. On August 11th it became necessary to move one of the observation posts again, and upon this occasion we established liaison with a French Ranging outfit.

The first two weeks the 89th Division staid with us were memorable. In addition to moving one observation post it became necessary to be more cautious while at the other.

On the morning of August 14, Sergeant Giboney was severely wounded while on duty at the observation post. He received a deep gash in the left leg from a shell fragment that penetrated the dugout. He refused



**COOKS SMITH AND LEOBOLD
A FRENCHMAN "READING HIS SHIRT"**



**SERGEANT "HUCK" BRESHEARS AND THE LINESMEN'S DUGOUT
AT BERNECOURT
RUINS AT SAMPIGNY**

to be relieved from duty until blood poisoning forced him to do so.

It was about this time that a 77 dud came through the dugout where Bill Parker was cooking dinner with one (and the only) Private Bill Rivers. In the meantime Central had been shelled heavily, but escaped with shattered ceilings, doors and windows. Two weeks later the village was bombed by German planes, which resulted in some of the buildings near Central being demolished.

In the early part of September rumors of the impending American drive from Verdun to Pont-a-Mousson were current. Every night additional guns were brought up and placed in position for the coming battle. The lumbering tanks arrived; and then came the day before the offensive was to begin. On the night previous to the opening of the attack, French 75's were actually placed in front of our first line—in No Man's Land. They were used in that position until forced to move forward the next day, over the hastily constructed bridges thrown over the trenches.

Owing to the heavy traffic the night preceding the drive, it was almost impossible to keep up communication between Central and the observation posts.

It was nearing the zero hour. One of the linesmen looked at the watch—

“Let her go, boys!” he sang out.

As if in answer to his jovial command, the guns burst forth all along the front, and the Great American Drive was on.

When we moved our base to the new position, now much nearer to Metz, our Central was at St. Maurice, a distance of 33 kilometers from Noviant. The little picturesque village of St. Maurice is located in a small

valley and is one of the most beautiful spots in Lorraine. Dotted the lines in front of us at seemingly well-balanced intervals could be seen many of the villages about which the battle now raged. On our right were the towns of Vieville, Hattonville, and Vigneulles, while on our left were Thillot, Hannonville, and Herbenville. In front of us were the towns of Avillers and Woël.

St. Maurice was occupied by French troops when we arrived. We immediately made ourselves at home. The village was perhaps the least shelled of any of the villages in that section, its only ruins being at the cross roads, where the Americans had dropped a number of large calibre shells during the big offensive. A few of the buildings, however, were blown up by the Germans on leaving the village. But despite the recent activities, two French families remained in the town.

We were impressed with the evidence on every side that the Germans made themselves as comfortable as possible. It was apparent they believed that they would never be compelled to relinquish their claim upon the conquered territory. All the houses in the village had been used for billeting purposes. Even the old church had accommodations for 100 men.

Many drinking places were in evidence, a few bowling alleys, and three motion picture theatres. In the rear of the town along the sides of the valley and in the valley itself were a number of beautiful bungalows. On a slight shelf in the side of the hill, near a crossroads, we made our home. We were billeted in a pretty little wooden theatre, and a short distance away, in a bungalow, we established our central.

We occupied the theatre but a few days, however, as the activity of the enemy artillery increased and

forced us to vacate these quarters. The shells burst near the building and the shrapnel and shell fragments penetrated the walls. We then moved to a reinforced dugout at the end of the town. It had originally been a cellar, but the Germans had converted it into a bomb-proof dugout. Stoves were plentiful; also wood and coal. We had running water and a shower bath in the village, all of which were greatly needed and appreciated by the boys in the sector. Naturally we could not help but feel just a little grateful to John Boche for leaving things in such an excellent condition for us. It is not likely that he intentionally left it for us, for if he had been given time he certainly would have destroyed all property of value.

It was about this time that changes in the way of promotions were made, and Sergeant Michaels was transferred to Section No. 4, he being promoted to the rank of Sergeant First Class. Corporal Breshears was promoted to a sergeant and assumed the duties formerly performed by Sergeant Michaels.

Much of our spare time at St. Maurice was spent in hunting for souvenirs, and in this respect we were quite fortunate. We were the only Americans in the village. For the first time since arriving in France, we enjoyed the luxury of feather beds, they being secured from quarters vacated by the Germans.

One afternoon while Private Paul and Stanwood were searching through the ruins of a house that had been hit by an American shell during the St. Mihiel offensive, they picked up a two-franc piece of the regime of Napoleon I. Further investigation uncovered thirty more similar coins. Darkness had by this time set in, but the next day the search was resumed, with practically the entire detachment present. The treas-

ure-hunting expedition resulted in ninety more pieces of silver being unearthed. The men also made a gruesome discovery in the form of a dead Boche who had fallen a victim to the American shell that partially destroyed the building. A barber's outfit and a quantity of artillery ammunition were uncovered. A Luger and an Austrian pistol were taken from the same place.

Private F. L. Jordan, whose ambition was to carry home a 77 hooked to his belt, dug fruitlessly for three days with a pick and shovel for the treasure chest he thought buried in the ruins.

The success of our sector in locating enemy batteries and ranging friendly artillery was the source of much gratification on the part of the officers in charge. The night of November 10 was marked by a German barrage, and heavy counter fire from our guns.

Preparations were under way for the Allied drive by which Metz was to be isolated when the joyful news that the armistice had been signed was proclaimed. The scenes incident to the closing of the war were similar to those on other sections of the front.



~~the hunting expedition resulted in ninety more birds~~

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CHAPTER VII.

THE ST. MIHIEL OFFENSIVE

I will not await the end of the operations in which the American Army is engaged to congratulate you, Mr. President, on a victory, of which the first stage has been completed so brilliantly. General Pershing's magnificent divisions, fraternally seconded by the French troops, have just liberated, with admirable dash, cities and villages of Lorraine, which had been groaning for years under the enemy's yoke. I express the warmest thanks of France to the people of the United States. Let me add, to them, the expression of my deep personal feeling. For a quarter of a century I represented the regions delivered today, in the French Chambers. I know more than anybody how patriotic their population are, how attached they are to law and liberty; how faithful also is their heart. The great sister Republic may be assured of their eternal gratitude.—President Poincare to President Wilson.

Saint Mihiel, you have seen how vigorously and successfully the operation was conducted by the Americans. This, where for the first time, they showed their worth: this is where we were able to judge of these admirable soldiers, strong in body and valiant in soul. In one swoop they reduced the famous salient, which during so long we did not know how to approach.—Marshal Foch.

In the name of the country, I offer our hearty and unmeasured thanks to those splendid Americans of the 1st, 2nd, 4th, 5th Corps and the 1st, 2nd, 4th, 5th, 26th, 42nd, 82nd, 89th and 90th Divisions, which were engaged in the St. Mihiel offensive, and of the 3rd, 35th, 78th, 80th and 91st Divisions, which were in reserve.—John J. Pershing.

To spend six months under the very brow of Mont Sec and other seemingly impregnable positions held by the Germans on the heights of the Meuse, and then to see these strongholds wiped out in a single day was the experience of many Sound Rangers in the Toul sector.

The ablest writers have tried to describe the dazzling spectacle of the St. Mihiel drive, but in all the graphic stories none seems to have succeeded in bringing out the picture that haunts the memories of those who participated in the great American achievement. It is impossible to express in words this colossal event in military history and do justice to the happenings on that memorable date of September 12, when the First American Army, that irresistible force of 600,000 men, reduced the famous salient. This at a cost of only 7000 casualties, but which resulted in the capture of 16,000 prisoners and 443 guns, a great quantity of material and the liberation of the inhabitants of 150 square miles of territory. In addition to these achievements, the victory placed the American forces in a position to threaten Metz.

The preparations for the big drive began in earnest about September 1. During the day there would be no activity behind that part of the American territory, under observation from the German positions. To all appearances there was the same tranquility that had prevailed during the summer. But with the approach of darkness the scene changed. All roads leading to the front, or within a kilometer of the first line trenches, and in many places closer, were congested with ammunition trains, artillery, etc., until the first streak of dawn made its appearance. Then the trucks, ammunition carts, etc., would fade away and

when the German observers scanned the territory below them they would find nothing to betray the action of the Americans, a few hours before. All artillery brought up during the night was carefully camouflaged. Every old position was occupied and 75s, 150s and pieces of larger calibre were placed in every strategic position. Many of the guns were set up in the open, camouflaged with screening interwoven with cloth painted in colors to conform with the surrounding landscape.

As the days passed the activity increased and at night, the roar in the woods just back of the lines was not unlike that of a mighty ocean. It was here that the heavy artillery was being placed and the rumble of the trucks, as they brought up the ammunition and the puffing of the locomotive on the narrow gauge railroads, no doubt, could be heard behind the German lines. It was distinctly audible to the Sound Ranging observers in the American trenches, and the enemy was less than a mile away.

While it was evident to the Germans, according to stories told by prisoners, that an attack was imminent, they were surprised by at least four days, and also by the number of troops that the Americans had assembled for the drive.

The linesmen in the Flash and Sound Ranging Section will never forget the few days prior to the attack. It was almost an impossibility to keep the wires intact, owing to the heavy traffic. Wires that were laid in lead cables under roadways were cut by the heavy wheels of the trucks sinking into the ground. Wires strung across fields were buried in the ground by the heavy tractors as they hauled the big guns into position. The villages just back of the lines were con-

verted into ammunition dumps. The linesmen at one of the stations, awoke the morning before the drive and found their dugout almost hidden by shells of 75 and 150 calibre. There appeared to be a gun and a generous supply of shells under every bush on the American front.

There was the atmosphere of expectancy, the knowledge that something of great importance was going to transpire. For many months those who had remained in this sector had waited for this very thing. During this period our position had been dominated by the St. Mihiel hills, and as Major Palmer tersely describes the situation, "It was like sitting at the foot of the stairs and having the fellow at the top throw rocks at you from behind a curtain."

Now, would the Americans be able to take these positions, where the French had lost so many thousand gallant soldiers during the early days of the war? Would General Pershing's divisions be able to turn the tables on the Huns, who had held this area for four years?

Secrecy surrounded the exact date on which the attack was to be launched. But early on the morning of September 11, it was plainly evident that the next day would see the beginning of the drive. Definite information was secured that 1 o'clock was the zero hour. During the night various companies had already come as far as the village behind the American lines, to make room for the hundreds of thousands of others who were assembling in the woods in the rear. Hundreds of machine guns, tanks, etc., were also cleverly hidden in the woods and nearby villages. The greatest assemblage of American, British and French

aviation ever employed for a single operation on the Western front, awaited the coming battle.

But it was not until after night had thrown her somber mantle over the battle front did the Americans move forward to the trenches from the woods and villages in the rear, General Pershing and his subordinates accomplishing the remarkable feat of bringing up over a half million men under cover of darkness.

The day had been wet and foggy, and soon after dark a heavy downpour of rain began, turning the roads into mud, with the water running in torrents on either side. The guns were silent as the dense masses of infantry began moving toward the front.

It was now that every highway and lane leading from the rear to the trenches became filled with American infantry, plodding through the mud, the water running in streams from the steel helmets and soaking the men to the skin. They carried light packs, consisting of one blanket, a shelter half and mess kit. Besides their rifles they carried extra bandoliers filled with cartridges. The grenade throwers wore their aprons, filled with the deadly "eggs," so greatly feared by the Germans. Silently the men splashed through the mud and water. Many of them already veterans who had repulsed the invading Huns at Chateau-Thierry and Belleau Woods. The 1st Division, which had gone into the line here for the first time many months before to learn the rudiments of the war game, were now going back to complete the work, which they were the first to start. They filed into the trenches in front of Xivray, where the Germans had made their last effort to break through on the American front. Down through Beaumont into the front line in the vicinity of Seicheprey, where the gallant little band

from the 102nd Infantry was almost wiped out by the Huns who failed to pierce their line on April 20, the infantry of the noble 42nd took up their position. Warriors who had stood the test when the German hordes were thrown against them at Champagne on July 15. The 89th Division, which had once before been on this front held the line on the right of the 42nd, or in the vicinity of Flirey.

The 2nd Division including the immortal 5th and 6th Marines, the heroes of the Bois de Belleau, took the line at Remenauville, they being assigned to take the German strongholds along the Rupt de Mad and the little city of Thiaucourt. The right of the 2nd Division was the 5th Division, United States Regulars, while the 90th Division, National Army troops from Texas and Oklahoma, took up a position on the Moselle in front of Pont-a-Mousson. The 82nd Division held the right bank of the Moselle.

In his report to the Secretary of War, General Pershing outlined his plan of attack as follows:

"From Les Eparges, around the nose of the salient of St. Mihiel to the Moselle River, the line was roughly 40 miles long and situated on commanding ground, greatly strengthened by artificial defenses. Our 1st Corps, (82nd, 90th, 5th and 2nd Divisions) under command of Major General Hunter Liggett, resting its right on Pont-a-Mousson, with its left joining our 4th Corps, (the 89th, 42nd and 1st Divisions) under Major General Joseph T. Dickman, in line to Xivray, were to swing in toward Vigneulles on the pivot of the Moselle River for the initial assault.

"From Xivray to Mouilly the 2nd Colonial French Corps was in line in the center, and our 5th Corps, under command of Major General S. Cameron, with the

26th and 4th United States Divisions and a French Division at the western base of the salient were to attack three different hills, Les Esparges, Combres and Amaranther. Our 1st Corps had in reserve the 78th Division, our 4th Corps, the 3rd Division, and our 1st Army, the 25th and 91st Division, with the 80th and 33rd available."

The time was drawing near the "zero" hour. The troops, which had for hours been "coming up and going in," were huddled in the most advanced position, all waiting patiently in the downpouring rain for the order to go over. There had been no activity on the part of the American artillery. Earlier in the evening Fritz had tossed over two or three 77s at intervals and then the front settled down to await the opening of the first great battle of the American Army in Europe.

It is 1 o'clock and those of the half million men who knew the hour, waited nervously to hear the opening of the bombardment. They had not long to wait. Away over on the left, in the vicinity of Buconville, about opposite Mont Sec, was heard the sharp report of a 75, a heavier gun on the right seemed to answer it, and then suddenly the entire sky along the front burst into flame with a roar that baffles all description. The sharp report of the 75s was almost drowned by the crash of the heavier artillery, including the big naval rifles, brought to assist in the reduction of the enemy positions. The shells burst in running crashes up and down the enemy lines. A cataract of shells poured down upon Mont Sec, tearing great sides in the hill and demolishing the enemy observation posts. The enemy trenches crumbled and great gaps were torn in the barbed-wire entanglements.

The enemy was powerless under such a tornado of shell fire. In a feeble attempt the Germans attempted a counter artillery fire, but within 30 minutes what few batteries had opened up were smothered.

The rolling barrage started at 5 o'clock, and immediately the infantry went over the top.

When General Pershing stated that the Americans went through the enemy lines in "irresistible waves" he could not have used a more expressive phrase. Pressing onward the 1st Corps took Thiaucourt, while the 4th Corps curved back toward Nonsard. The 39th French Division captured Apremont, Loupmont and Mont Sec, forcing the Germans to engage a large part of their forces in action and delaying their retreat by a road which they had planned, leading through Heudicourt, Vigneulles and St. Benoit. This road was already threatened by the 1st Division, which had been pushing hard all the afternoon to reach and cut this road, the St. Mihiel-Gorze Highway. During this time the tanks were waddling about in advance of the infantry, destroying the machine gun nests wherever encountered.

Early in the afternoon, tanks and a squadron of the 2nd United States Cavalry, closely supported by infantry, plunged through the Bois de Nonsard and Bois de Creue, and by 4 o'clock had crossed the road. They were too few in number, however, to stop the frantic retreat of the Germans, although many prisoners were captured by these units.

The 26th United States and the 15th French Colonial Infantry Divisions of the 5th Corps, had by noon reached the crest of the hill of Les Eparges, but



**MONT SEC (OR HILL 380). THE GERMAN TRENCHES WERE IN
FRONT OF WOODS. PICTURE SHOWS SECTION OF
NO MAN'S LAND.**



**SECTION OF TRENCHES HELD BY AMERICAN TROOPS ON OLD
LORRAINE FRONT**

not without hard fighting. The 26th French Infantry and the 2nd French Cavalry Divisions engaged the Germans around the nose of the salient, and captured St. Mihiel.

At 6 o'clock in the evening, a brigade of the 3rd Division was sent up to reinforce the 1st Division, and the latter's left flank was pushed eastward. By 10 o'clock a company of the 28th Infantry was thrown across the important road, cutting off further retreat of the enemy. At 3 o'clock, detachments from the 1st Division were in the outskirts of both Vigneules and Hattonchatel, closing the remaining roads.

Late in the evening the 26th Division received orders to push a brigade forward to Vigneulles to join hands with the 1st Division, this closing the gap. The reliable old 102nd was chosen for the task, and it was here that the New England lads made their famous night march through a country simply infested with the enemy. For over five miles, with bayonets fixed, with Colonel Hiram Bearss commanding, they plunged through the inky darkness. And in the darkness captured 280 prisoners and completed their mission before daylight.

The 89th and 42nd Divisions, part of the 4th Corps, had pushed forward, although with longer distance to cover, moved forward with as rapid strides as the troops of the 1st Corps, and by evening the former held Beney and Xammes, with the 42nd well north of Pannes, in the Bois de Thiaucourt. The 1st Division, which also belonged to the 4th, had met stubborn resistance in a small woodland between Lahayville and Nonsard, to take these woods it cost the Division 600 casualties.

The 2nd Division met with much opposition in its

attack on Thiaucourt, the largest town in the salient. The fighting was carried through the broken country bordering on the heights of the Rupt de Mad. At Thiaucourt the 2nd Division repulsed a counter attack, losing in its operations there, five officers and 81 enlisted men killed, and nine officers 274 enlisted men wounded. However, this division took from the enemy over 3000 prisoners, including 74 officers, 92 pieces of artillery, including some guns of eight-inch calibre, 6000 rifles and 200 machine guns, over \$5,000,000 worth of ammunition, a hospital train, complete, with locomotive and other railroad equipment.

In the woods formerly held by the enemy were vast quantities of military stores abandoned in the hasty retreat. Large cantonments, fitted up with every convenience for the troops, were found. Places of amusement, such as parks, where band concerts were held, bowling alleys, etc., were scattered throughout the area.

Soon after daylight the German prisoners came streaming to the rear, in groups herded by grinning "doughboys," many of whom had received slight injuries.

By 7 o'clock the light artillery began moving up, as the Americans were forcing the Germans beyond range of the 75s. The roads now became congested with streams of men, horses and vehicles. Gun carriages, caissons, limbers, trucks, ammunition carts, rations wagons and cavalry filled the roads for many miles. This mighty caravan reached what had once been No Man's Land, but it did not stop there. It penetrated into the salient that had so recently been vacated by the enemy. Over the shell-torn roads, which the engineers had temporarily repaired, the

troops moved on. The great American Army moving to reap the benefit of its swift and spectacular victory.

During this time the Sound and Flash Ranging observers had not been idle. Following soon after the infantry, they established posts in advanced positions and continued to give valuable information regarding the activities within the salient. The Allied planes completely dominated the air, driving back all enemy planes and furnishing data on the movement of both enemy and friendly troops. Once or twice a German balloon appeared for a few minutes above the horizon, but was hastily drawn down again.

On the left Mont Sec resembled a smoking volcano, as the shells from the large calibre guns burst upon this former German stronghold.

That night, from points on the Metz-St. Dizier Road and the observation posts could be seen the burning towns, along the heights of the Meuse that the Germans had fired before deserting them.

The initial effort of the new First American Army had been a success.

The officers and men of S. R. S. No. 1 moved into St. Benoit on the evening of September 15, three days after the beginning of the St. Mihiel drive, for the purpose of establishing a new base, in order to locate the enemy artillery in front of Metz. Also to further general information to the Intelligence Headquarters.

At that time St. Benoit was only a few hundred yards behind the American front line and was constantly the target for the German guns. Conditions were now much different than on the old front. It was now open warfare with no dugouts or trenches. While there were a number of German dugouts, they, of

course, faced the wrong way, and their exact location known to the enemy.

The experiences of the Sound Rangers at St. Benoit are told by Observer Cobb, as follows:

"The next morning after arriving in the village, we started the work of stringing the wire for the new base. One observation post was to be located at Louisville farm, our front line being just in front of this place. On arriving at St. Benoit we were billeted in a stone building in which central was also located, the apparatus being installed while the lines were being strung along the front to the microphones and the observation posts. Never had a Sound Ranging Central been placed so close to the front lines, and this step was to be regretted later. Owing to the proximity of the central to the front, it was also used as the left line station, while the right line station was established at Beney, with the right observation post just back of Xammes.

"On the second evening of our stay in St. Benoit, we got our first baptism of fire in that village. A battery of 77s, which appeared to be hardly a mile away, began shelling our billets, and the other buildings that opened on the court yard. So close was the battery that the sound of the gun and the projectile reached us simultaneously. One shell tore a hole through the side of a stable across the court yard, just missing a mule, which was inside contentedly eating hay. Seeing an opening so conveniently near him, the mule thrust his head through the opening and surveyed the premises—never for a moment allowing his attention to be detracted from the hay.

"That night the famous Alabama regiment of the

42nd Division formed a raiding party and went over into the woods and captured the battery.

"In the window of a small wooden shack at the Louisville farm house, we established our observation post, carefully camouflaged in order that the enemy might not locate our position. Our front line was just in front of the farm house.

"Observers Holst and Nave went on duty at the new post the morning after the base was installed and it was a strenuous day they passed. Fritz evidently realized that the Americans occupied the farm house for he kept up a harrassing fire in that locality all day. The shell fragments easily penetrated the thin wooden walls, making the place anything but safe for its occupants. That night the post was moved to another position, a short distance away, that had a stone wall in front for protection. Here the observers could look through a gate in the wall and easily duck the flying fragments.

"Friday night, September 30, saw the end of the farm house as a desirable location for our post. With Observers Ash and Eneix, I was on duty. The only protection besides the stone wall which we had was a 'fox hole,' dug close behind the wall and covered over with boards, stones and dirt. The only protection this afforded, however, was from shell fragments. A direct hit from a 77 would wipe the place from the earth. At 2 o'clock Fritz began shelling with 105s, the line of 'fox holes,' held by the infantry, and soon the range was increased and the projectiles began dropping in our immediate vicinity. Two observers would remain in the 'fox hole' while the third would, upon hearing the report of the gun, snap down the switch on the board arranged a few feet away, which would start the

Sound Ranging apparatus in motion before the sound wave reached the microphones. The observer who performed this feat would be showered with rocks, dirt and sometimes shell fragments before he could jump to a protected position. It then became quite evident that the enemy intended to wipe out the farm house. The shells had severed our connection with central and for the present we were unable to do anything further.

"In the cellar of one of the barns on the farm was a fairly well protected room, which a medical unit was occupying. We decided to retreat to this place. The cellar was 50 yards away. Although it was a moonlight night, we could hardly see our way owing to the dense smoke from the bursting shells. Hardly had we entered the cellar when we heard cries and groans emanating from above. We dashed upstairs with a light, to find a lieutenant and a private had been badly injured by the shell fragments, while asleep on the floor. The men were taken below to the dressing station, where they received first aid from the medical corps.

"The puddles of blood on the floor, the dense clouds of powder smoke and the ghastly faces of the wounded men made us think that Sherman did not make his famous words strong enough when referring to war. Other men were now being brought into the dressing station. Infantrymen who had been hit while in line in front of the farmhouse. But little could be done for some of them, so serious were their wounds. Then came the gas, and the masks were worn until it was thought safe to remove them.

"When the shelling ceased two hours later we returned to our post. Our fox hole was untouched, but

the frame shack, which we had formerly occupied, had been hit and tossed over into a neighboring garden, broken into a hundred pieces. The next day the post was moved to a short distance away to a strong culvert, under the St. Benoit-Dampvitoux Road, which had not received a great deal of shelling up to that date. But the first night the post operated it was heavily shelled, as Observers Jenkins, Hilt and Fordyce will readily testify.

"At the central in St. Benoit, affairs were progressing favorably. But for the daily shelling of the village with his heavy artillery, conditions could have been worse. Another regrettable feature was the presence of the fleas and cooties of the German variety, which forced their attention upon us. The enemy artillery action culminated in the destruction of the beautiful chateau in the west end of the village. The chateau, the property of the son of President Poincare, with its spacious grounds, was one of the most beautiful places of the kind in France. For four years the Germans had used it as headquarters for the army on that section of the front. When the Americans captured the town they found the chateau practically untouched. It was the telephone central for that area and in the chateau was found a switchboard with 1500 "drops."

"The Americans used the chateau as 84th Brigade Headquarters, no less a personage than the Brigadier General establishing his office and sleeping quarters in its spacious rooms. The chateau was beautifully bedecked with hangings and tapestries such as would make the American hostess the proudest person in the world. Its rugs and oil paintings representing some of the best work in Europe. The furniture, beautifully upholstered, the statuary and antiques were magnifi-

cently displayed. On the evening of September 23, it was quite evident that the enemy was getting the range of the chateau, and, fearing further trouble, the 84th Brigade moved its headquarters elsewhere. It was 3 o'clock in the afternoon when the Germans started throwing incendiary shells of large calibre into the place. The first hit squarely on the gabled roof, producing great volumes of smoke and fire. Within two hours, so destructive was the fire, that the chateau had been razed to the ground with the exception of the inflammable brick chimneys and walls.

"Meanwhile, under the supervision of Sergeants Kietel and Drummond, the construction of a large dugout in the angle of the building which the Sound Rangers occupied, was started. The dugout did not provide room for all the members of the detachment and some of the men had bunks in the cellar, while others had their sleeping quarters in a dugout about 150 yards away, which had been constructed by the Germans. Such were the conditions of things when the enemy saturated the village with gas on the night of October 1. As a result of which all of the officers and about 20 enlisted men were sent to the hospital, all more or less affected by the gas.

"It was soon after 9 o'clock when Fritz began dropping the big 210s close to our billet. The first projectile went over the building and burst in a small pond about 50 yards away. Two minutes later the whining noise of the shell was heard, and before it struck, the veterans in the Sound Ranging knew it would hit the building.

" 'I knew,' said one of the linesmen, in the cellar, 'that it had our initials on it.'

"The intruder proved to be a mustard gas shell.

Hitting the building it tore down through the roof directly over the room where Lieutenant Van Vechtan was sleeping. It crashed into the partition against which his bed was placed, bursting on the second floor. The partition was demolished, burying the officer beneath the wreckage. The explosion tore out the greater part of the floor and wrecked the supply room below. Beneath this room was the cellar, and the fragments tore great holes in the floor carrying the gas to the men below. Of the five men in the cellar, Sergeant Hinman is the only one who was not permanently affected by the gas. Private Benson was the most seriously injured. The poison liquid splashed upon him and for many months he laid in Base Hospital 82, at Toul, unable to see and suffering with body burns so serious that it seemed almost impossible for them to heal. Lieutenant Van Vechtan was for months in a serious condition. His escape was miraculous. Buried by the wreckage, he managed to extricate himself and reach the rooms below, where the central apparatus was located. In the cellar besides Sergeant Hinman and Private Benson were, Waggoners Miller and Engholm and Private Gregory. Grasping clothing and gas masks the men rushed from the cellar and into the dugout on the opposite side of the building. The enemy did not cease with what he had already accomplished. For four hours he continued to gas the town. During this time the men were huddled together in the dugout, keeping on their gas masks. Keeping a stifling gas mask on for four hours or more is an extremely hard thing to do and one is sorely tempted to tear off the nose bag for just one breath of air, regardless of how poisonous it may be. It was between 1 and 2 o'clock when it was thought safe to remove the masks. Most

of them laid down for a brief rest, but three hours later, the dugout was filled with groans of the men as the gas began to take effect. The water was streaming from their eyes and the continual vomiting of some of them showed very plainly how deathly sick they were. At dawn Sergeant Schies took Lieutenant Van Vechtan, Sergeants Drummond and Hinman and Private Benson to the first aid station in the basement of the old chateau, where they were placed in an ambulance and sent to a hospital at Toul. Before night 20 more had been overcome and taken to the hospitals in the rear. Among the latter were the men on duty at central during the night, who, during the gas attack, had nobly stayed at their post, plotting the guns that were firing and turning the information into the Intelligence Office of that section of the front."

The same day the central was removed to Lamarche, a village about three miles in the rear.

While these stirring scenes were being enacted, equally exciting times were being experienced by the men at the right line station at Beney, which was in charge of Sergeant Kurzensky. The right observation post had been established just back of Xammes, which was the Americans' first line for several weeks following the St. Mihiel offensive. The post was hidden in a small hedge in the middle of a field.

Beney was one of the villages that the enemy shelled almost continuously. At any time of the day or night a tornado of shells might strike the town, demolishing buildings, leaving the dead and wounded in the streets or in the wreckage of the buildings. The streets were usually strewn with dead horses and mules.

Corporal Breshears gives the trend of happenings and the conditions in Beney as follows:

"Our microphone and telephone lines were strung on the ground just in front of the village. One of the microphones was located in the edge of Thiaucourt and the other two along the Thiaucourt-St. Benoit Road. The dugouts we occupied were inhabitable in dry weather. When it rained we had a miniature natatorium beneath our bunks. Of course the shelling never became so intense that the ever-popular game of poker did not flourish. I remember quite distinctly one night I was just getting ready to bet my month's wages on a 'straight,' when Fritz dropped a 77 on the end of our dugout. The concussion put out our candles and the gas from the shell was soon heavy inside. After the scramble for our masks, the hands became mixed, and I lost the 'pot.'

"Probably Krogh and Thomas, two of the linesmen at our station, will ever remember the evening they laid in the ditch along the road outside of Thiaucourt while, for an hour, the Boche shelled the vicinity, the shells bursting only a few yards from them in the center of the highway.

"While repairing lines one night along this road, with Thomas, an enemy plane swooped down on us and began bombing the highway. We took temporary shelter under a culvert, which would have been but little protection had one of the deadly missiles struck it.

"The most serious affair that occurred during our stay in Beney was the injuring of Lieutenant Coles and Private Krogh only a short time before the cessation of hostilities. The men, together with Private Cook, were patrolling the line just west of Beney. A truck was rattling along the road, which drowned the sound of the approaching shell, which struck in the

center of the group. Lieutenant Coles received a severe wound in the neck from a shell fragment. At the hospital the fragment was found nestling snugly against his jugular vein. Krogh received a severe wound in the hip. Cook, while he was closer to the shell than either of his companions, escaped uninjured.

"One of the amusing incidents which occurred at Beney, was the arresting of Observers 'Vic' Mayers and 'Ted' Bandermier as spies, while enroute to the observation post for duty. They were taken to Regimental Headquarters, but were released upon the arrival of Lieutenant Kuhns, commander of our section, who identified the men. But the men spent a perilous night in an endeavor to get back to the station. The enemy bombarded the village in which Regimental Headquarters was located. They left the town to escape the shells and enemy aeroplanes bombed the roads they had taken. What the boys had to say about the 'doughboy' officers who 'pinched' them wouldn't look well in print."

CHAPTER VIII.

IN LORRAINE WITH F. R. S. NO. 2

F. R. S. No. 2, of the American Army was organized in Langres, August 18, 1918, under the command of Lieutenant J. D. Wright. The other officers attached to the section were Lieutenants Heuling, Luscombe and Burrows.

The organization was built around the nucleus of 15 well-trained Flash Rangers from F. R. S. No. 1, Sergeants First Class Brewster and Waters, Sergeant Howe and Corporals Cotton, Chambers and Hinton and Privates Graysle, Tucker, Schulten, Brislawn, Senclair, Hazeland, Stookey, Loretle and Yeager. Sergeants Brewster and Howe, Corporals Cotton, Chambers and Hinton had had previous service with the French S. R. O. T. 88, and together with the other men, had just been through the Chateau-Thierry drive, being well qualified to operate a new section. The other men were taken from Company C, of the 29th Engineers, where they had been training at the Flash and Sound School at Fort de St. Menge.

The detachment, consisting of 80 men, left Langres on August 19 for the Toul sector to take over the French S. R. O. T., No. 62, at Domerne. The French had a well-organized section with four observation posts, located over a base of 15 kilometers and close up to the support trenches. The section had occupied the same sector for over eight months and had been doing excellent work. It was considered one of the best of the S. R. O. T. Consequently the American

Flash Rangers were anxious to make as creditable a showing as possible.

The section was organized as soon as the detachment arrived. Corporal Hinton was placed in charge at central and promoted to the grade of Sergeant. Private Graysle was made a Sergeant and placed in charge of the lines. Sergeants Brewster, Howe, Cotton and Chambers were in charge of the various posts.

The American Flash Rangers took over the section on September 3, after bidding the Frenchmen, "Au revoir" and assuring them that on the coming drive Mont Sec would be taken, all settled down to business. Within a few days things were running smoothly with the posts and central working in perfect liaison.

By the time that the St. Mihiel offensive started the section was providing much valuable information to the artillery as to enemy activities as well as ranging American guns.

The section held an important section on the St. Mihiel front at the time of the big offensive, as some of the heaviest fighting occurred in the neighborhood of Thiaucourt in front of the base. One of the best descriptions of the fighting at this point is given by an observer in Chambers post at the time of the assault:

"Our post, which was just back of the support trenches was a steel cylinder on top of a 65-foot steel tripod. The French billet nearby, that we occupied when not on duty, was simply a tar-paper shack, which served as a kitchen and dining room and a dugout for sleeping quarters.

"The night before the Americans went over the top in the big drive, the rain came down in torrents and the darkness was intense. In our post it is midnight

and we have begun to count the minutes until the artillery will open up with the barrage. For hours the fighting men have been coming up and they are now in the most advanced position, awaiting the signal to 'go over.'

"Thus far the elements have all been in our favor—the gently falling rain, the inky blackness and the wind blowing from the enemy territory, have all helped to conceal the movement of our troops. A complete surprise is in store for our neighbors across No Man's Land. As we wait in the observation post, thoughts come to us of what had occurred before we trod the soil of France. For nearly four years this strip of shell-torn ground, separating the hostile armies, has been 'Any Man's Land,' and we wonder what the morrow will bring forth.

"In 1914, 60,000 brave Frenchmen gave their life-blood in a vain attempt to reduce this salient. What now will be the fortune of the American arms? We trust in our might, for 'right is might,' and we await the coming morn.

"It is now 5:45 A. M., September 12. The bombardment has been in progress since 1 o'clock, and now the first line of khaki-clad figures can be dimly seen as they climb our parapets. Not a Hun can be detected. They have evidently retreated into their deepest dugouts to escape the deadly barrage. Our shells have been breaking in Fritz's trenches, spattering around his pill boxes, tearing up his roads and making his escape impossible. His artillery has been practically silenced, a compliment both to the Flash and Sound Rangers in locating enemy batteries, and to the telling fire of our artillery.

"As to the Flash Rangers, we are now in our glory.

Our work now is not 'grabbing gun flashes,' but in getting the information back as to the progress of our troops. Sergeant Chambers is now at the telephone while I look and listen:

" 'Hello,' I hear him say, 'Central this is Chambers post. Time 5:45 bearing 1300 to 1500. Our troops have attacked. Hello, Central, time 5:55, same bearing. The first wave is now going through the enemy barbed wire behind the French tanks. The second wave is leaving our trenches and the third wave is forming.' "

"Thus the reports are sent into central and relayed on to the artillery headquarters, while ever forward dash our troops. In our rear the artillery barks a thundering roar around us. We now hear the rattle of the machine guns of the enemy and the belch of our own trench mortars. The Huns are surrendering in droves, throwing up their hands, yelling 'kamerad,' 'kamerad.' "

"The light artillery is now being hurried forward, drawn by galloping horses. Our work is now finished. So it's 'tear down and carry on.' "

On the morning of the 13th the section moved forward with the instruments and wire in two trucks. The distance was only 15 kilometers, but owing to the congested condition of the roads, it was late in the evening when the new location was reached. The new central was a few kilometers east of Thiaucourt. As a counter attack was expected the equipment was not unloaded from the trucks that night and it was necessary that all be prepared for a hasty move. Two posts were set up that night. No lines were laid, but communication was kept up by runners. The expected attack came, but resulted in the Marines and 9th Infantry advancing ahead a few more kilometers. The



**TOP—FRENCH ENTERING METZ AFTER ARMISTICE WAS SIGNED.
BOTTOM—METZ, “GATE OF THE ALLEMAND”**



FRENCH IN STRASBOURG AFTER THE ARMISTICE.

next day the work of stabilizing the position was started.

The following events are told by one of the men at the central station:

"Four posts were established very close to the battle line at that time. Very soon excellent results were being attained. It was several days after the base was in operation that central was shelled heavily. A 210 burst just outside of the central and it was followed by another immediately, of like calibre.

"The telephone rings and 'Howe' post reports the bearing on the gun firing. Then DeLong, who had received the report advances to within three feet of the plotting board and, saluting, makes the humble request:

" 'Sir, will the Lieutenant kindly move from underneath the board that I may plot the gun that is shelling us?' The officer crawled out of his position, where he had huddled when he heard the whining of the shell.

"The batteries of 75s just over our heads had evidently angered Fritz, and the heavies were meant for them. They were falling short, however, and were simply 'playing hell' with our billets. However, we soon sought refuge in the tunnel under the road, which fortunately had been well constructed by the Boche. When the little bombardment was over we stepped out to make a survey of the result. One Garford truck was entirely demolished, along with a motorcycle—and where one of our billets had stood was a large shell hole. Another had lost its roof and one side. That night we were bombarded again. Intermittent shelling kept up for four days, at the end of which time we had lost another truck, motorcycle and side car. The rest of our billets were completely destroyed. Fortunately no one had been injured, but it was deemed ad-

visible to move before matters grew any worse. Consequently, due to the constant shelling and the difficulty in keeping up communication, central was moved back five kilometers.

"About this time Sergeant Brewster came into central and replaced Sergeant Willoughby as First Sergeant, the latter going out to 'Chambers' post for experience. Brewster's post was turned over to Corporal Rock. At central we had a room for a billet—I say room, for it was far from being a dugout. It had a roof that leaked when it rained. It had one redeeming feature—a good stove and a spring bed.

"We had been at our new place but a short time when the 'Duke of Salem,' Edward H. Mosely, appeared on the scene. 'Poor Mose,' his opinion of central as a rest camp for shattered nerves was freely expressed. The first night he was on duty a shell hit the roof of the building, smashing a chimney, and the fuse cap came on through the ceiling and hit the plotting board, causing Mose to lose a year's growth from fright. It also caused some inconveniences to Captain Wright, erstwhile Lieutenant, who, at the time, was leaning over the board, endeavoring to make a trisection out of three bearings, which had just come in on the battery that was shelling us. Needless to say that interruption gave impetus to the work and accelerated the officer's movements, for in less than a minute he was telephoning the co-ordinate of the enemy battery to the Artillery Headquarters, and suggesting that 'said artillery' start something going the other way immediately.

"Everything was progressing nicely, and would have continued had it not been for the peace propaganda, which just then started to circulate. From that

The German People Offers Peace.

The new German democratic government has this programme:

"The will of the people is the highest law."

The German people wants quickly to end the slaughter.

The new German popular government therefore has offered an

Armistice

and has declared itself ready for

Peace

on the basis of justice and reconciliation of nations.

It is the will of the German people that it should live in peace with all peoples, honestly and loyally.

What has the new German popular government done so far to put into practice the will of the people and to prove its good and upright intentions?

a) The new German government has appealed to President Wilson to bring about peace.

It has recognized and accepted all the principles which President Wilson proclaimed as a basis for a general lasting peace of justice among the nations.

b) The new German government has solemnly declared its readiness to evacuate Belgium and to restore it.

c) The new German government is ready to come to an honest understanding with France about

Alsace-Lorraine.

d) The new German government has restricted the U-boat War.

No passengers steamers not carrying troops or war material will be attacked in future.

e) The new German government has declared that it will withdraw all German troops back over the German frontier.

f) — The new German government has asked the Allied Governments to name commissioners to agree upon the practical measures of the evacuation of Belgium and France.

These are the deeds of the new German popular government. Can these be called mere words, or bluff, or propaganda?

Who is to blame, if an armistice is not called now?

Who is to blame if daily thousands of brave soldiers needlessly have to shed their blood and die?

Who is to blame, if the hitherto undestroyed towns and villages of France and Belgium sink in ashes?

Who is to blame, if hundreds of thousands of unhappy women and children are driven from their homes to hunger and freeze?

The German people offers its hand for peace.

THE ABOVE IS A FAC-SIMILE OF PROPAGANDA THROWN OVER BY THE GERMANS ON THE METZ FRONT IN OCTOBER, 1918.

time 'Sammy' kept the happy family posted with the latest peace—not war—news. Of course not much stock was taken in his prediction, but we did like to hear him rave—due probably to the fact that somewhere in the United States a Lieutenant was making love to his sweetheart, and he longed to be there. Peace talk kept our spare time well occupied—that is all except 'Bubbles,' and I guess that he had been over so long and had heard so many rumors that he had stopped putting any stock in them.

"'Casey' was the same way at first, but soon even he became enthusiastic, and even told a certain young lady in New York that he would be there by Christmas—and one night he rushed down into the dugout like a wildman and informed us that the armistice had been signed.

"'Bubbles' raised himself up from his feather mattress, yelled, 'Go to hell' and went back to sleep.

"But at 10:30 the next day the last gun to be located by F. R. S. No. 2 was plotted. At 11 it was all over."

While stirring events were occurring at central, equally exciting times were being experienced at the observation posts.

Chambers' post had been located on a hill, one kilometer north of Vieville en Hays. The post faced an angle in the lines and was in the center of a machine gun battalion, which was supporting the American infantry and covering the Bois Bou Veaux on the north, which was still held by the enemy.

The story is told by one of the observers:

"There was no cover at this point available so we were forced to dig a trench on the crest of the hill, and

in the open, from which to observe the enemy movements. This position was exposed to almost continual shell fire, directed at a road a short distance in front of us. It was only by using a scissorcrope that the casualties from splinters and shrapnel were avoided. The afternoon of the 14th some of the men were forced to expose themselves, while stringing and repairing lines, and we immediately received a shower of 37 m. m. shells and machine gun bullets, which did no damage. On the afternoon of the 15th, a machine barrage was laid on the Bois Bouveaux for 40 minutes and the end of which time the infantry went forward and cleared the woods of the remaining Boche.

"The night of the third day, the entire personnel of the post turned out as soon as it was dark, and started excavating for an observation post in a copse of woods which the machine gun battalion that day evacuated. It was bright moonlight, and we were continually forced to take cover from the numerous planes flying at low altitudes. However by 3 A. M., it was finished and camouflaged. The next day we occupied our new quarters, much to everyone's relief.

"As soon as the post was finished we started digging a shell-proof dugout about 20 feet in the rear. A hole, six by eight and seven feet deep, was dug. This was covered with a layer of ten-inch logs. We then salvaged some curved elephant iron and placed this on top of the logs, the place between the logs and iron being filled with sand bags, which would act as shock absorbers in case of a hit. The entire place was covered with about five feet of sand bags and another layer of logs and steel placed to act as bursters. A covered trench was constructed between the post and the dugout. Two bunks were built inside, a stove set up and

our home was finished. Much trouble was experienced with lines here, they being constantly shelled. We were forced to string a second line. And here, special mention should be given of Cook Gillis, who, in addition to his duties as cook, gave valuable assistance on numerous occasions in repairing lines, as well as aiding us in the observation post."

An observer at Sergeant Howe's post gives the following description of the activities in his vicinity during the St. Mihiel drive:

"We began our work in the Toul sector on August 23, and it was only a few days later that we noticed the woods were gradually filling up with men and that all the old battery positions were being occupied, in preparation for the contemplated attack. The German observers, suspended in their swing baskets from the big elephant-shaped balloons, noticed something unusual and let us know they knew it by increased artillery action. The activity back of our own lines continued to increase. During the night long, unceasing processions of horses, men and guns and supply trains moved along the road.

"Upon going to our post on the evening of the 12th, we found the trenches full of troops. Infantrymen and machine gunners ready for the assault, the latter with their little wooden cases of ammunition. Bombers were ready with their aprons full of 'H. E. eggs.'

"During the early part of the evening all was quiet except for an occasional burst of machine gun fire, or the faint 'pop' of the 'very' lights as they cast their white garnish light over the shell-torn wire-tangled area in No Man's Land. At 10 o'clock a battery of 75s opened up, and fired a few rounds and became silent. The enemy batteries responded with

a few rounds and all was quiet again. The night wore on until 1 o'clock, when it seemed that 'hell had broken loose.' The ground trembled with the jar and thud of the big guns, and the sky became a mass of crimson flashes. Against the dull rumble of the heavies and the sullen crunch of the 155 millimeter howitzers, sounded the sharp bark of the 75s. The answer by the enemy was feeble. In the brief light of their bursting shrapnel was discernible the grotesque forms of the infantry as they dropped for a moment to escape the leaden hail, and then moved to their appointed places, where they waited for the zero hour.

"At 4 o'clock, the zero hour, the cannonading ceased as suddenly as it began. In the half light of the day we saw dim forms swarming out of the trenches—heard the irregular rifle fire intermingling with the vicious rat-a-tat-tat of automatic and machine guns, the whiz and bang of the 88s, the bursting of high explosives with their showers of sparks and clouds of dense black smoke; while red, green and white rockets appeared for a moment and faded, and red flares gave one a confused sight of khaki-clad objects moving around. Over it all sounded the drumming of the guns as they opened fire on the enemy back areas.

"As the sun came up it cast its rays over a remarkable and wonderful sight. The country in front of us was jammed with men and fighting gear, going forward to support the attack. The shafts of sunlight glanced and gleamed from the bayonets of the infantry as the men maneuvered around a patch of woods containing the hidden menace, the machine gun nests. White-winged aeroplanes circled over the lines, or traveled with lightning speed to drop their messages at headquarters in the rear. On our left the baby tanks

were clambering clumsily, like huge turtles, across the torn-up areas. Already batteries of 75s were moving forward, the horses sweating and heaving as they endeavored to move the pieces along what was once a road. During this time our batteries were continuing their fire with but few shots returned.

"Later prisoners began to come in groups, guarded by a few grinning 'doughboys.' Ambulances were traveling back and forth with their loads of injured. We saw one lone, small 'Yank' picking up our wounded and using four big Boches as stretcher-bearers.

"By 10 o'clock it was seen that our objective, Thiaucourt, would be reached in one day, instead of three. General Pershing's 'All American Drive' had succeeded beyond all expectations."

The story of Cotton post is told as follows:

"Our entrance into the war was so gradual that we landed on the front without warning or spiritual preparation. In fact, we felt we had been trapped by easy stages, which was, no doubt, the surest way of getting us under shell fire. The morning that 'Dad' Waters led us out of the woods north of Menilitour we had reached that stage of our existence known as the 'Great Divide.'

"A sort of 'hunted look' had become fixed, and there was little talk, much thinking and frequent use of the canteen. 'Dad' followed the lowest levels, which was natural, and with wisdom born of much front line experience, got us safely into Domevre, where Section 2 was organized.

"The men assigned to Sergeant Cotton's post slipped into Noviant and were billeted in a barn, where some of us heard and saw our first shells at close range, and heard the ominous gas alarms. A few days

later we moved to a French billet and post in the Bois du Jury, which must have been in operation several years, judging by the number and size of rats, cooties, fleas, etc., which disputed our tenancy. It was here that we completed our training and became real soldiers. For it was here that we learned the art of putting on a creeping finger nail barrage against the cooties and learned for the first time to scratch with 'all fours.'

"Then one evening came the warning from central to be on the 'alert.' At 1 o'clock the next morning the big offensive of St. Mihiel started. The nervous ones in our billet fell out and dressed, while the others being beyond this stage, covered up deeper in the blankets. The dugout rattled terribly — perhaps it was our teeth. Anyhow, we awaited events in soldierly fashion, doing a sort of involuntary 'hula hula' muscle dance.

"We have never been able to get official information concerning the movements of Sergeant Cotton, Corporal Sinclair and Private Colclessor, who disappeared during the barrage just mentioned, though aeroplane photos, which later came into our possession, show clearly defined and continuous lines leading from our dugout to a point in the Bois Mart Mare, at which place there is much evidence of confusion, with unduly diverging lines. However, the matter has been partly cleared up by the confession of Sergeant Cotton, who admits that, feeling the smoke of battle in his nostrils, he took a guard of the three aforementioned intrepid soldiers and sought the field of conflict, with the result that he captured fifteen healthy Boche."

Sergeant Cotton's story is told in the following words:

"By 8 o'clock on the morning of the St. Mihiel offensive, the troops on the section of the front occupied by our base had moved over the ridge in a flanking movement, thus rendering further observation from No. 1 post useless. Choosing Corporal Sinclair and Observer Colclessor, we started forward with the instruments needed for day and night use, through the mud of three days' rain. We passed over our own entanglements and the St. Dizier-Metz Road easily, only to strike the intricate system of wire and trenches that the Germans had built in their four years' stay.

"Trench and entanglements that only the Germans could conceive for their own safety and comfort. And in breaking through their wires we struck a low valley, or 'dead ground' area, from which place we could neither see forward or backward, and consequently, veered to the left toward a point of woods. These woods we reached, after what seemed to us hours of weary 'hiking.' Resting for a few moments, for our instruments were somewhat heavy and cumbersome, we turned to the right and entered the Bois de Mort Mare, and so hoped to strike the Promenade des Moines.

"In the meantime we were continually and intently alert for evidence of German ingeniousness, and—souvenirs. A group of tombstones on the left of our trail claimed our attention, and we noticed with interest that an ober lieutenant and two sergeants had been killed, probably by the same exploding shell, and were all buried together, with the same characteristic inscription overhead, 'Hier rught in Gott' and 'Hier hat in Heldentodgelallen.'

"Suddenly, turning back in the trail and plunging forward on his stomach, Corporal Sinclair, in a hoarse whisper gasped: 'God, there's a Boche.'

"I asked no questions but found that a clump of brush concealed me, and I pressed close to 'Mother Nature'—closer than ever a communion of souls attracted to kindred spirits. After our first moment of fear the question arose:

" 'Had the Boche seen us?'

"Lifting our heads cautiously above the grass, we beheld a real live Boche at close quarters, the customary gray cap, the vacant, unintelligent face, with the absence of all healthy color—an expression of listlessness and utter resignation. He was completely unconscious of our presence, but he seemed entirely capable of commanding the situation. Silently we held a 'council of war,' and decided to remove ourselves from the propinquity of Fritz's trench. Even so, Napoleon turned from Moscow.

"Finding concealment in a vacated trench, we matched discretion with valor, with the result that our instruments were unslung and we took an inventory of our equipment. We found that Corporal Sinclair had a trustworthy Springfield encased in an old undershirt, and with the barrel plugged by a cork.

"Instructing Colclesser to stand by the instruments and to retreat hastily with them in case shots were fired, Sinclair and I crawled forward, planning our campaign. We intended to advance under cover and get the drop on Fritz before he saw us. The situation was not encouraging, however, for there were no Americans in sight and we had but one rifle. But a chance to capture a real Boche could not be missed and, besides, with what German we knew, we hoped to get by in case the tables were turned on us and Fritz did the capturing.

"We wiggled slowly and carefully back to our

former positions and awaited the reappearance of the gray pea cap. It popped up with suddenness and dispatch directly in front of us, only for its wearer to look down the black barrel of a Springfield, and instantly vanished. Followed two minutes of awful nerve-racking suspense, as we pictured a shower of hand grenades coming through the air—explosions and silence as hovering buzzards dipped and clutched bloody fragments, then straightened out and sailed on. But no—cautiously and slowly a hand stole above the parapet, gripping and waving it unmistakably. Hague conference regulations defines that as surrender and no questions asked. Since no shots greeted his offering another hand appeared, waving frantically a shirt that was once white. Two was one more than we bargained for, so we thought it best to lay low and try to parley. As best we could and with as much authority as the moment afforded us, we commanded them to throw down their rifles and climb up out of the trench, or a hand grenade would descend on their unhappy heads. The result was electric—a corporal appeared followed by another gray uniform, and still another, until in all, 15 were lined up with their hands high over their heads. Fifteen! We expected one! Hopelessly outnumbered, a concealed grenade would put us on the 'missing list.'

"But a man contemplating grenade throwing, does not register fear and, besides, they did not know how many of us to expect, leaving the strategic advantage in our hands. Having no weapons, it fell to my lot to advance and look them over, which was done with one eye for false movements and the other for concealed sidearms. None were found, and from their voluble chatter, we gathered that they were Alsations of the

207th, that four years of war was enough. Besides their officers had deserted them and they would just as soon board with the Allies any way. Their good faith and gratitude they expressed with Dresden cigarettes and—glorious thoughts—souvenirs.

“On entering their trench, we found that we had stumbled onto a machine gun nest, with a mounted machine gun, ammunition, rifles, grenades and a kitchen, with supplies. Truly, the realization of an engineer’s dream, to do a ‘doughboy’s’ job in a drive—a Perfect Day.”

The observer from Cotton post continues his story as follows:

“Feeling edified by our courageous record, we went forward eagerly to Thiaucourt, where in the valley of the Rupt de Mad, we established our new post.

“By some error at central, our new post was located within the enemy lines, where we operated for several days, when we decided to fall back, as we were so near the Hun billets we could not focus our monocular. This new location was known as ‘The Willows.’ The post was a popular ranging point for 77s, affording us unusual opportunities for locating enemy guns—and also collecting our insurance of \$10,000.

“Owing to our inability to keep the phones in order, they not being constructed to withstand football tactics or the results following visits of ‘whizbangs,’ and also due to the northern exposure, we pulled out and located our billet at Beney, and our post in the wood of the same mild and friendly name. This village was deserted upon our arrival, so we had a hundred houses from which to select our place of abode, but being military and having a certain precedent to follow, and procedure to maintain, our thoughtful and cautious

sergeant picked a billet in the crossroads, a short and convenient distance from the cemetery.

"Here it was that the predatory instincts of Stone and Bell found free reign and the loot of Beney began. When we left there, the place looked like a salvage pile. However, the comforts of spring beds and beaucoup blankets rarely tempted us, until our 'good night' shelling was over, which was about 10:20 P. M. In the meantime we started the construction of a bomb-proof dugout.

"As we became accustomed to the shells the Boche varied the performance for us by sending over air raids and dropping gas bombs, which caused a peculiar malady, as yet unlisted in the medical journals, which caused a tension in the line, followed by chills and general restlessness. This affliction caused several of us to return to central for treatment.

"Captain Wright usually attended these patients, one interview being quite sufficient for complete recovery.

"The advent of the Salvation Army, or rather the two Salvation Army girls, brought many unlooked for changes. The first intimation of their coming being the hasty departure of our sergeant for central for a new uniform. Private Bell heard that one of the girls was called, 'Peg,' and straightway designed a dashing overseas cap, fashioned from a 'blue devil' overcoat, on which he embroidered the name, 'Peg.' But even this open admiration availed him little, as the army girls gave their smiles to 'Workers Only' and our efforts soon subsided.

"But not considering the doughnuts and jam we got from the Salvation Army lassies, there were other results of great importance. Andy quit wearing his old

Boche overcoat, Colclesser shaved for the first time in months, Maxwell learned to wrap his leggins, Johnson effected gold-rimmed glasses and became more generous with his cigarettes. Joe Cotton gave us a rest on digging dugouts and quit playing poker at 12 A. M., giving us a chance to sleep. Butler quit his arguments in favor of the 'Y,' Sayler increased our allotment of 'hot cakes' to 12 instead of 9, also quit diluting the syrup. Stone quit salvaging, having narrowly missed an accident while trying to get away with a 'gat.' Sinclair was on the way to the hospital, but decided to postpone the trip, and even Chamberlain was so greatly affected as to have his hair cut, thereby seriously hampering his literary efforts. Today we recall no serious effects on the 'Deacon,' he having become immune with previous affairs of the heart.

"The Some Pep Comedy Company, under the auspices of the Y. M. C. A. staged their 'Breath From Broadway,' at the Red Cross billet and for an hour or so the war was really forgotten, even though Beney got its worst drenching of shells that evening. The Huns must have heard the applause and decided too much pep would be unhealthy for them—but the show continued for all that."

The most deplorable thing connected with the work of the F. R. S. No. 2 was the death of Corporal A. W. Rock, which occurred on the night of September 20. He was wounded on the night of September 19, while on duty at the Cotton observation post, when he was struck by a fragment from a high explosive shell. He was taken to Beney and from there to Evacuation Hospital No. 2, near Menil la Tour, where he died on the date already mentioned. He was buried in the small American cemetery near the village.

The story of Brewster post, as told by one of the observers:

"After an uneventful hike, under the able guidance of Lieutenant Luscombe, Sergeants Brewster and Howe had the men of their post billeted in the 'Officers' Row,' Mamey, on August 23. Here, for the first time, we heard the wierd whistle of the incoming shells.

"At Mamey, we were under the tutelage of the French S. R. O. T. for a period of two weeks, before we took over the post on the ridge, which was northwest of the village. Here, much to the surprise and disgust of two of our non-coms, it was learned that they were also granted the honorary degree of K. P. In this town, about four kilometers from the Boche front lines, we found a bath house with showers, which we could use whenever we choose. Sometimes we could even get cigars, cakes, etc., from the Y. M. C. A., which was open for business about once a week.

"We had some brave men with us, Corporal Spurr, who had the wanderlust. Once he strayed into the front line trenches and became lost, remaining out all night, souvenir hunting. He was rewarded with a week's K. P. He also had a private home, vases for flowers, shell cases, grenades, duds and munitions too numerous to mention were used as decorations.

"At this point of the game, a 'shavetail' breaks into our peaceful family, requesting us to move, but of course as we took no orders from lower than a Major-General, his request could not be granted. We out-lived some heavy shell fire here. Another discomforting thing was the hourly gas alarm, given by the 90th Division when there was no gas and when there was it was usually known.

"Early on the morning of September 12, the Allied



TOP—RUINS AT ST. AGNAUT. BOTTOM—SCENES IN ST. MAURICE
BEFORE THE WAR.

barrage opened up and at 5 A. M. the boys went over the top. After the drive we moved to Thiaucourt, and on September 15 had four posts working. Brewster post was out in the support trenches, in a reinforced concrete pill box, which the Boche seemed to use as a ranging point. While here the reliefs were shelled while going on duty and the men coming off also had some close calls.

"On September 28, Sergeant Wm. Rock took charge of the post and we moved over the Peace Valley. We gave it that name because it was under almost constant shell fire. One night as Campbell and Lacey were returning after repairing the line, the enemy flooded the valley with gas and shrapnel. Luckily they reached the billet without injury. The casualties that night in the vicinity, numbered 113. The lines were frequently being cut at inconvenient hours, necessitating the linesmen wandering around the hillside, through the muddy trenches and across the shell holes and back to the billets to hunt for 'eats.'

"The shelling around the post became so heavy that we were forced to change our location, taking up a position about one and one-half kilometers northwest of Thiaucourt. We found a small trench dug in some bushes. We improved our post by digging in further. On October 10 we moved to the village of Beney, where we constructed another dugout and made things quite comfortable, until the close of hostilities."

Some amusing incidents are told by the linesmen of F. R. S. No. 2, who were in the charge of Sergeant Graysle. The detail consisted by Privates Harrington, Allen, Vance, Bouora, Harde and Clark. During the days preceding the St. Mihiel drive, the linesmen were exceptionally busy, the same as the linesmen on other

sections of the front. The wiring had been done by the French, and the lines were laid mostly in the mud. The French seemed to have fairly good success with the system, but not so with the Americans.

A linesman tells the following story of stringing a new line to Howe post:

"Sergeant Graysle loaded down each one of us with a coil of wire and started across the fields and through the woods to the old chateau at Martincourt. In the course of the morning we came to a building, which the sergeant said the wire must go over. Accordingly Private Vane tied his pliers to the end of the wire for a weight and tried to throw them over the roof. Vane had poor success in his effort, however, for, instead of going over the roof, the pliers went through the window into an artillery battalion headquarters.

"A few seconds later a major shoved his head out of the window and, in anything but a gentle tone, inquired, 'who in hell was trying to murder him.' The major continued to rave like a madman and, when he at last withdrew his head within the broken window, Vane asked an orderly why the officer became so irritated over so trifling a matter.

" 'Well, you see,' said the orderly, 'it was not breaking the window that caused the rumpus, but the end of the wire went over the table where the major was sitting and when you pulled it back it caught a bottle of cognac and knocked it off on the floor, smashin' it all to pieces.'

"We continued to string the wire over the hill, and at last came out on a road that was under observation by the German balloons. The road was open for traffic only under cover of darkness. Just as we expected

Fritz spotted us and opened up with a young barrage of 77s, finishing up with a generous supply of gas shells. In the meantime we had taken refuge in the ditch alongside the road and escaped injury. When the shades of night began to darken the landscape the Huns hauled down their balloons and we crawled out and completed our work of stringing the wire to the observation post.

"On our way home, we had the misfortune to meet a colonel, and all gave him a snappy salute with the exception of Denny Harrington. The colonel halted and asked him why he did not salute. By this time Denny was so excited that he could not answer and the colonel asked the number of the organization. This time Denny did get his nerves together long enough to tell him. The officers, much to our surprise, stated that the fact we belong to the 29th made some difference, as he was familiar with the outfit and knew it was not a military organization, but was well aware of its efficiency in Flash and Sound Ranging. Then Denny saluted.

"It was soon after the above event had transpired that two of the linesmen, Harrington and Vane, while repairing the line to Brewster post, discovered a Boche aeroplane directly overhead, which dropped a number of gas bombs in their immediate vicinity.

"Private Vane, who had a telephone test set hanging from his neck, in his excitement made a frantic effort to put it on instead of his mask. The men immediately made for higher ground and were soon out of the gassed area. Then Denny said he was gassed and went back to central to be treated. He was given rice and bacon and told to cut the wood for dinner. He soon recovered.

"The day before the drive Captain Wright ordered the central advanced to within the same distance of the front lines as the observation posts, and we strung the lines into a small building in the ravine, Promenade des Moines. A good hardsurface road extended through the ravine and the building set up from the road on a steep bank. Above this bank was a solid ledge, which was approximately 20 feet in height, affording excellent protection from shell fire. The work of stringing these lines was done in a cold drizzling rain, which soaked our garments thoroughly. Following the assault against the Boche, the posts were moved forward and of course this necessitated the stringing of more wire. This work was done under perilous conditions, but soon the base was in operation again.

"We were kept busy from that time until the armistice was signed maintaining the lines. Owing to the heavy shelling from the Boche batteries, central was moved to the rear several kilometers, which meant more work of the linesmen."

Memorandum:

December 7, 1918.

Attached is completed list of different enemy batteries located by Flash Ranging Section No. 2 from September 3, 1918, to November 11, 1918, which was from time of taking over S. R. O. T. 62 (French) to the cessation of hostilities.

The total number of batteries was 202, of which 19 were located twice or more, and 13 of which were located a few meters different from previous locations.

About 40 per cent of the total number shown were verified by other sources of information.

During the period of operation we calibrated 4 guns

of 240 calibre; 3 guns of 270 calibre and several guns of 155 calibre. All calibrations were a success, except one of 240 calibre and one of 155 calibre. Besides the calibrations, we were able to direct the fire of our own artillery on many targets.

One-half of the time was taken up with General Intelligence and German artillery activity, in which we were able to keep the Corps and Division A. I. S. well informed as to the activity of the enemy in front of us.

During the period of operations the section participated in the St. Mihiel drive and was able to get two posts and central in operation about 60 hours after the beginning of the attack. We were delayed 24 hours on account of heavy traffic and bad roads. The distance moved was about 20 kilometers. Transportation used was two trucks.

Our casualties were: 1 killed in action; 3 gassed in action; 6 accidently hurt, 4 to hospital; 10 sick, 6 to hospital.

On a separate sheet is shown the complete history of the section, as taken from our "Morning Reports."

J. D. WRIGHT,
Capt., Engrs., U. S. A., Comdg. Section F. R. S.
No. 2.

Sergeant Howe Tells of the Trip Into Germany

It was with a glad heart that we left Eunezin loaded in six big trucks with our three officers and 29 men, to begin the first lap of our journey to Germany. Our first day's travel was very slow owing to the congested condition of the roads. It was a great pleasure for us to cross the famous Hindenburg line, the line that some

of us had faced for nine months. The line that was supposed to be unconquerable, with its concrete pill boxes, deep dugouts and wonderful system of barbed wire entanglements. The line that all Germany had based its hopes on—and the line that was the goal of every soldier in France.

The roads were filled with home-coming refugees, Russians, Poles and French. Many of whom had spent the last four years in the cruel prison camps and mines of Germany. Their bodies bore the marks of German kultur, but their hearts were clean and filled with new hope of the future, home and loved ones. All stopped to watch the cheery, happy Americans as we passed by in our trucks.

We passed village after village, not the little red-roofed villages that we had learned to love and call France, but dirty, deserted villages and only a few hours before the homes of German soldiers, now desolate save for a lonely refugee or a barking dog, left to carry out the picture of desolation, which followed the footsteps of the retreating Huns. By night we had reached Buzy, another one of these deserted villages in Alsace-Lorraine. Here we rested for five days—here we also had the misfortune to lose our First Sergeant, "Casey" Brewster, who accidentally shot himself through the hand and was sent to the hospital.

The second lap of our "sight seeing" trip took us through Northern Lorraine and into Luxembourg. At Luxembourg—farewell deserted villages of Lorraine and No Man's Land—farewell your scenes of four year's strife—here is life and gaiety—fair daughters of the land in their quaint dresses were in every doorway and the streets, cheering us as we passed through their quaint little towns. That night we stopped at Inde-

lange, one of the principal cities of the little principality, billeting in a steam-heated school house. The delighted populace fairly thronged up the hill to the school house to view the American soldiers, who accepted, without a blush, their praise and admiration of the children, who clung to us like barnacles. Hospitality was everywhere.

Good people, glad of the opportunity to show their appreciation to be liberated from the Hun, took us into their homes, shared their meals and even their fine old French wine with us. The wine taken from the deepest recesses of their cellars, cunningly hid from the Germans. And for a few hours it flowed like water.

Nothing was too good for the "Americane soldot." And then came Thanksgiving, the day that every good American celebrates with feasting. Some of us had spent our last Thanksgiving on the high seas, bound for Berlin, and here we were a year later, a little closer to the German capital, still hungry for a Thanksgiving dinner, with its Turkey pies—enough, enough and "canned Willie" staring us in the face—but the good people of Indelange, hearing it was a "grand fete" day in America, came to the rescue, and many lucky Flash Rangers had his knees under a clean tablecloth while a buxom Lumenbourg mother bade him eat his fill of pie—yes pie, and apple at that—and other things that go to make Thanksgiving dinner a success.

To be sure, there was no turkey, as the Germans had taken them long ago, and right here it is well to say that if the American "doughboy" had known there was pie awaiting him on the Moselle, that old Hindenburg line would have been broken long before it was shattered.

But only too soon, orders came to move up into

Germany. Of course, we wanted to see Germany, but how we did hate to leave Luxembourg, with its fine old people and rare old wine. We followed up the beautiful Moselle River to the little railroad center of Comz, Germany. Here we stayed for two days, and, much to the amazement of the populace, we destroyed nothing. Germany failed to make a hit with the boys, due, I think, to the fact that she was short on food, potato soup being their principal food, with black bread on the side. And then the people themselves regarded us more as intruders than the guardians of democracy, as though they expected us to ransack their houses and stores.

Soon we received our orders to return to Toul, France, as our battalion was being reorganized there, preparatory for departing for America. It was great news. Of course, many of the boys wanted to proceed into Germany and see Coblenz, but the majority had seen enough of Europe and were anxious to again see the old Statue of Liberty, and the rustle and bustle of a real American city.

The return trip took us two days. The first night we stayed in Thionville, where the Germans had a large aviation camp. Here, also, were many returning English prisoners, and the "Tommies" had many interesting stories to tell of their experiences at Coblenz, Cologne and Frankfort, in the prison camps and on the farms there.

The next day we passed through the historical city of Metz, the stronghold of Lorraine, now occupied by French forces; the city that was the objective of the American Army so long—the city we would have surrounded and taken had the war continued. By night we reached Toul, France, and joined our various com-

panies and F. R. S. No. 2 was no more. Nothing but a memory in the hearts of those who had striven to make it a success. But the memory that would live forever of our Captain, J. L. Wright, who looked after us like a father, of the Sergeants in the posts, who gave us credit for what we could do, and of the splendid companionship that existed between the men and officers of the section.

CHAPTER IX.

IN THE ARGONNE

As for the American troops, you may tell your people that their soldiers are admirable. They ask nothing better than to go to their death. They can be reproached only with pushing ahead too fast. It is necessary to hold them back, as this is a quality which should not be abused.—Marshal Foch.

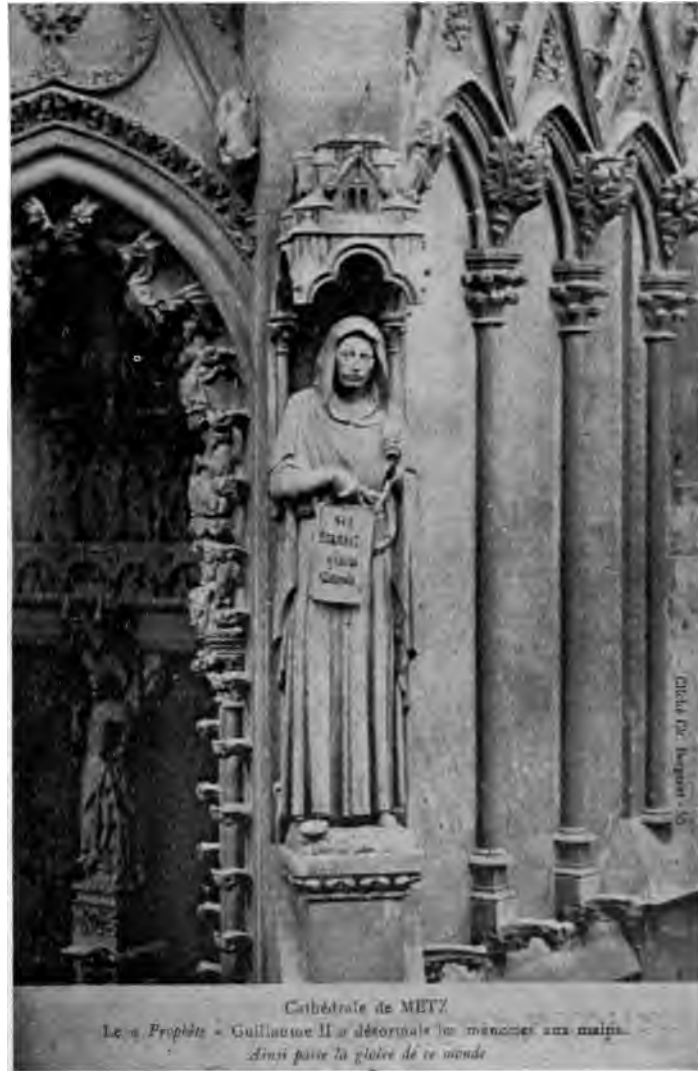
I am proud to have been the sponsor of the noble American Army, which has been the determining cause of our present victory. Thanks to it we have finished the war as we wanted to finish it.—Marshal Joffre.

When we had cut the enemy's main line of communication, nothing but surrender or armistice could save his army from complete disaster.—General Pershing.

Following immediately after the St. Mihiel drive, much of the corps and army artillery which had operated there were taken to the area back of the line between the Meuse river and the western edge of the Forest of Argonne. The attack as planned by Marshal Foch was to strike toward the important railroad communications of the German armies, through Mezieres and Sedan.

The enemy must hold fast to this part of the line or the withdrawal of his forces, with four years' accumulation of plants and material, would be dangerously imperiled. Thus it was of the greatest importance that the enemy put up the strongest resistance possible.

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A PROPHECY: WILLIAM II HENCEFORTH HAS HANDCUFFS ON HIS HANDS. THUS PASSES THE GLORY OF THIS WORLD.

Note—The kaiser had this statue erected, a likeness of himself

The great battle opened on September 26. The transferring of the bulk of the 1st Army from the St. Mihiel front to that of the Meuse-Argonne, involved some difficult work on the part of the general staff, as these troops had to be replaced by the 2nd Army, which had to be organized. More than ten divisions were drawn from the Metz front and thrown into the Argonne in less than 14 days.

The battle order from right to left was the 3rd Corps from the Meuse to Malancourt, with the 33rd, 80th and 4th Divisions in line and the 3rd Division as corps reserve; the 5th Corps from Malancourt to Vanquois, with the 79th, 37th and 91st Divisions in line and the 32nd Division in corps reserve; and the 1st Corps from Vanquois to Vienne-le-Chateau, with the 35th, 28th and 77th Divisions in line and the 92nd in corps reserve. The army reserve consisted of the 1st, 29th and 82nd Divisions.

The attack began on the 26th, and the Americans drove through the barbwire entanglements and the sea of shells across No Man's Land, taking the enemy's first line of defense, which were thinly held. While the enemy expected the Allies to continue with the drive toward Metz, following the reduction of the St. Mihiel salient, they did not altogether neglect that portion of the front between the Meuse and the Argonne. It is now an established fact that the Germans became aware of the coming drive in the Argonne a few days before it was started and the front line troops were drawn back to the support positions.

The attack was preceded by six hours of artillery bombardment, surpassing even that at St. Mihiel in its intensity. The enemy's first line, as well as his support trenches, were obliterated, and when the irresistible

waves of infantry swept over this area, they found that the devastation was complete. The official records show the artillery fired over 313,000 rounds during the bombardment of September 26.

The Americans found their greatest resistance on September 27 and 28, it coming in the way of machine guns and bursting shells. Over 10,000 prisoners had been taken and the Germans had been forced into the open.

Participating in the attack were 508 American and French airplanes, 142 light American tanks and 73 French tanks. The tanks had great difficulty in getting across No Man's Land, and were not as effective the first two days as later in the offensive.

At the end of the first day all the objectives had been reached. Forges and the Bois des Forges had been cleaned out on the right, through gallant fighting by the 33rd Divisions, which enabled them to occupy the entire left bank of the Meuse for a distance of approximately five miles. The 80th Division had pushed on and taken Bethincourt and the open country north of it. The right wing of the 4th Division had reached the corps objective in the eastern part of the Bois de Septsarges and dug in.

The 79th Division encountered some heavy fighting the initial day. It captured Malancourt and shortly after noon reached the west edge of the Bois de Cuisy, where the enemy snipers and machine gunners for the time held them in check. These positions were taken late in the afternoon. The front line was in the north edge of the woods; the slopes of Montfaucon were just ahead. The town of Montfaucon must be taken in order to bring the line up even with the 4th, on the right, and the 37th, on the left. The infantry tried in vain to take

the slopes that night. With intense artillery and machine gun fire the enemy repulsed the Americans with heavy losses. Early the next morning the American heavy artillery opened up on the town, and the 313th Infantry again attempted to take the position. This time they did not fall back, but crawling steadily over the hill slopes they reached the edge of the town, and by noon it was in possession of the Americans.

The 91st Division had made a remarkable showing. The "Wild West" Division had cleared the Bois de Cheppy and the Bois de Very during the morning hours and in the afternoon had patrols in Epinonville, which meant that the boys from the Pacific Coast had advanced over eight kilometers. They had pierced the line of the Volker-Stellung, a noted achievement. The next morning, in its attack against Epinonville and Eclisfontaine, the division lost heavily from enemy artillery fire. Epinonville, on the right, had been taken by the 361st Infantry, but the regiment was stopped just north of it by fire from the woods on the north. In the center was the 364th, held up temporarily by the mass of wire entanglements. On the left, the 363rd was out of touch with the 35th Division, further to the west.

On the morning of the 28th, the division pushed onward, the 361st capturing the famous orchard in front of Epinonville, filled with machine gun nests, and which had given the Americans much worry the day before. By evening this regiment had penetrated the Bois de Cierges. Driving northwest, the 163rd and 164th Infantry reached the Bois de Baulny, Tronsol Farm and the territory in front of the Gesnes brook.

Owing to the rapid advance made by the 91st Division, it had been compelled to extend its front from two kilometers to over seven kilometers to make liaison

with the 35th Division on the left. The outerflank of the 361st Infantry was in the Bois de Cierges, with the 362nd in support. The next morning the 362nd Infantry, together with one battalion of the 361st and the 347th Machine Gun Battalion, attacked the village of Gesnes, which it took after hard fighting, suffering at the same time a terrific enemy artillery barrage and machine gun fire from the front and right flank.

Owing to the advanced position of the section of the front held by the division, it was deemed necessary to establish a line of resistance extending from the middle of the Bois de Cierges, southwest through the Bois de Bonleauv. Until the night of October 3, the 91st Division held this position, consolidating the lines under constant shell fire. The men suffered from the wet and cold in the fox holes, hastily dug. The cold food and bad water caused hundreds of serious cases of diarrhoea, which required the moving of the afflicted to the hospitals. On October 3 they were relieved by the 32nd Division.

The 35th Division lost heavily from the start. East of Voureuilles the division encountered a heavy fog, which hid the enemy machine guns, and then later a heavy cross fire from the village of Varennes swept the entire line, as a result of which a large number of men and officers were killed and wounded. Varennes and Cheppy were finally taken and by evening the Americans were on the hills north of Varennes and Very.

On the 27th, the 35th Division lost heavily in taking Charpentry and Baulny, repulsing a counter attack the next morning. The strong position of Exermont was taken by the Division, but the troops were unable to hold it. Despite the great preparation that had been

made, in the way of getting artillery support, the Americans met with bitter resistance. The losses were so heavy that the attack could not be pushed further at the time and the lines were consolidated from the Bois de Bouleaux through Serieux and Chaudron farms to L'Esperance, near the Aire. During the night of September 30 and October 1, the 35th was relieved by the 1st Division.

During the first day, the 4th French Army, on the west across the Champagne, had made rapid progress, penetrating the enemy territory to a depth of five kilometers.

After reaching its objective on the first day, the 33rd Division held on this line until the attack on Consenvoye, in the opening offensive of the offensive east of the Meuse.

On the second day of the attack, the 80th Division met some tough resistance in the way of German batteries and machine guns when taking the well fortified village of Brioules-sur-Meuse. The 4th Division was also meeting with desperate opposition in attempting to advance on Brioules. The 4th Division on the second day of the attack were handicapped by the lack of artillery support, its guns as yet having been unable to get up. However, on the morning of the 27th, the 4th Division attacked again and with the 47th Infantry on the right, reached the north edge of the Bois de Brioules. The 39th Infantry, which was on the left, went further still, but it suffered heavy losses and was compelled to fall back, before the day was over, to the southern slopes of Hill 295. The following day the 59th Infantry succeeded in clearing out the north edge of the Bois de Brioules, and the next three days were spent in consolidating the line.

Continuing its attack the 79th Division, which had taken Montfaucon, succeeded in reaching the Bois de Beuge, where many machine guns were captured and later used to good advantage. On the east, the troops of the Division had pushed into Nantillois, and continuing the advance in the direction of the woods around the Ferme de Madeline. This was an exceptionally strong position, and on the night of September 28-29 the American artillery shelled that section of the German territory heavily. But despite this artillery preparation, the battle that followed the next day was one of the worst that took place in the Argonne. The infantry fought its way through the Bois de Ogons, but could not hold its position under the intense fire from the Ferme de Madeline and other points. The troops fell back to a line only a short distance ahead of the one occupied the night previous. The 116th Infantry had suffered terrible losses in the attack, and the reserves took the front line. In their exhausted condition the reserve troops were unable to make much progress and they dropped back to the north edge of the Bois de Beuge. The 79th Division was relieved on the night of September 30, by the 3rd Division, having approximately 3,500 officers and men killed and wounded. The 3rd Division occupied the sector without attacking until October 4.

On the first day of the drive, the 37th Division had halted in front of Ivoir and west of Montfaucon. On the morning of September 27 the 74th Brigade pushed on through the Volker-Stellung trenches and to Ivoir, while the 73rd Brigade took the hills northeast of the village before noon. Owing to the intensity of the fire from Cierges, the Americans were compelled to give up



SCENES IN BEAUMONT. AMERICAN FLASH RANGERS (F. R. S. NO. 1)
HAD THEIR FIRST OBSERVATION POST IN THE
STEEPLE OF THE CHURCH.



HATTONVILLE, A VILLAGE ALONG THE HEIGHTS OF THE MEUSE
RIVER, AND TAKEN BY THE AMERICANS IN THE
ST. MIHIEL DRIVE
VILLAGE OF ST. MAURICE—LOCATION OF S. R. S. NO. 3 WHEN
WAR CLOSED

Hill 256 for the present, and fell back to the Volker-Stellung trenches, along the Montfaucon-Ivoiry road.

The village of Cierges was in the little valley of the Ardon and was one of the enemy's chief positions. Another stronghold was the Bois de Beuge, but on the morning of the 28th, the 37th Division took these woods as well as the Bois Emont. The 37th encountered fierce fighting on September 29 and 30, and in an exhausted condition was relieved on the night of the 30th, by the 32nd Division.

On October 1, with excellent artillery support, and advances by the divisions on the flanks, the 32nd Division attacked and soon occupied Cierges and the territory for almost a kilometer north of it.

On the first day, the 28th Division, making rapid advances, reached a point in front of Montblainville, and the following day, continuing the attack, pushed its right flank a half a kilometer north of the village, and west of the Aire river. On the morning of September, the division attacked again and the right succeeded in taking Apremont, but on the left the troops had been halted in front of Chene Tonde. An attempt was made to flank Chene Tonde, but it proved unsuccessful. During the next four days, the line was held, despite several counter attacks by the enemy to regain the lost territory.

In the intricate trench system of the enemy and the ravines of the wilderness, the 77th Division was fighting desperately for every foot of ground they took. After a number of attacks the troops took the Abri St. Louis and the Four Zube, and an immense dump of engineer and light railroad material near the Barricade Pavilion was secured.

These assaults were followed by steady fighting

through the wilderness until a position stretching along a ridge in the Bois de la Naze and across a ravine, was reached.

On October 2 the 1st Battalion of the 308th Infantry, with detachments from the 307th Infantry and 306th Machine Gun Battalion, participated in the general attack. It was here that the 1st Battalion of the 108th, commanded by "Go-to-Hell" Whittlesey, featured in one of the most heroic incidents of the war. The "Lost Battalion," as the unit is now known, penetrated the enemy lines and reached its objective late in the afternoon. On the following day the battalion found that it had been completely surrounded by the Germans. The position held by the Americans was on a bleak, unsheltered ravine with the Germans on a cliff above. The enemy was so close that commands of the officers could be heard. For five days these heroic troops laid in their perilous position, repulsing savage attacks from the enemy, and no food after the third day. For water, the men depended upon a muddy stream at the bottom of the ravine, and one clear spring. But to go to these drinking places meant almost certain death from the German snipers. It was on the fifth day that the German commander sent a message by an American who had been captured to Major Whittlesey, stating that the enemy was aware of the deplorable condition of the Americans, and asking for the sake of the wounded and for humanity's sake, to surrender. It was then that Major Whittlesey is said to have sent the answer back that gave him the famous title. On the night of the fifth day, the 307th Infantry fought its way to the "Lost Battalion" and liberated the troops from their terrible position.

An attempt has been made to give a brief descrip-

tion of the part played by the various divisions of the 1st Army during the first few days of the Argonne-Meuse, but space does not permit giving a detailed description of the heroic struggle during the weeks that followed.

On October 4, the attack was renewed all along the front. Swinging to the right, the 3rd Corps followed the Briulles-Cunek road. Gesnes was taken by the 5th Corps, and the 1st Corps advanced for over two miles along the valley of the Aire river, and in the wooded hills of the Argonne.

Flash Ranging Section No. 1 reached the Meuse-Argonne front during the first week in October and on October 7, after the 1st Corps took Chatel-Chehery, the section established headquarters there. The Flash Rangers were held in reserve on this front until November 1.

By October 8, the Americans had captured Cronay and against stubborn fighting continued the advance. East of the Meuse, where the French and American troops were serving with the 1st Army, there was fierce fighting, especially in the Caures woods, as well as in the Ormont wood. The 1st Corps captured St. Juvin on the morning of October 14, and the 5th Corps in hand-to-hand encounters, entered the formidable Kriemhilde line, where the Germans had expected to halt the American advance. By brilliant attacks the 5th Corps penetrated further into the Kriemhilde line and pushing forward, the 1st Corps took Chompigneulles and Grand Pre.

The advance was now becoming less difficult as the persistent attacks and dogged determination of the Americans was weakening the enemy's line, despite the

fact that he was throwing in his best troops in an attempt to hold his positions.

Ever advancing, the 3rd and 5th Corps reached the level country in the vicinity of Bantheville on October 23, repulsing the enemy's violent attacks with great loss to him.

The final advance in the Meuse-Argonne front started on November 1 and the enemy broke before the terrific artillery fire of the Allies and the determined efforts of the infantry. The Flash Rangers accompanied the American troops in this offensive. The section was equipped with six extra trucks from the corps artillery in order to insure its keeping abreast of the infantry. The plan was to set up when the first objective was reached, but the Americans broke down the resistance so completely that the offensive was more like a triumphant march toward Sedan. During that period the Flash Ranging section moved seven different times, finally locating in the little village of Flava, on the Meuse, on November 9. The section immediately began establishing posts preparatory for an attack of the 2nd Army in the direction of the rich iron fields of Briey.

In the beginning of the final American drive, the towns of Aincreville Doulon and Andevanne were taken by the 3rd Corps while the 5th Corps took Landres-et-St. Georges and pushed forward to Bayonville and Chennery. On November 2, the 1st Corps joined in the attack and, as General Pershing states, "The movement became an impetuous onslaught that could not be stayed."

A division of the 1st Corps had reached a point on the Meuse opposite Sedan, on November 6, and the main communication line of the enemy had been severed. As the great American commander says: "The

strategical goal which was our highest hope was gained and nothing but surrender or an armistice could save his army from disaster."

Between September 26 and November 6 the Americans took 16,059 prisoners and 468 guns on this front. The American divisions engaged were the 1st, 2nd, 3rd, 4th, 5th, 26th, 28th, 29th, 32nd, 33rd, 35th, 37th, 42nd, 77th, 78th, 79th, 80th, 82nd, 89th, 90th and 91st.

At the close of hostilities, Flash Section No. 1 returned to Harricourt and from there to Charpentry, going back through the section of the country fought over only a few days previous. At Charpentry, the detachment was intercepted by the newly formed 3rd Army, and included in the Army of Occupation. The section then proceeded to the Rhine, passing through Dur-sur-Meuse, Longuyun, Lomguy, and arriving at Aubange in Belgium, where they received a joyful welcome from the Belgians. An advance was then made through Belgium to the city of Arlon, and crossing the frontier into Luxembourg. A rest was taken in the little village of Lorentzweiler, ten kilometers north of the city of Luxembourg, where the Flash Rangers spent Thanksgiving and visited the city of Luxembourg on a sight-seeing expedition. The beautiful city of Luxembourg made a very favorable impression with the men of the section, especially after having seen so much of the shell-torn and devastated section of France. It was while at Lorentzweiler that the section was recalled to Toul to prepare for departing for the United States, "the fairest of them all!"

LEST WE FORGET.

SOLILOQUY OF AN OBSERVER AFTER A DAY ON POST

It's been a great day—a big day!

One bright, clear day among the many of a foggy French autumn. A new Boche battery to your credit, another location verified, two working parties located and dispersed. A Boche balloon reported in flames, also a Hun plane dropped within our lines, besides numerous little details of general intelligence to be later pieced into a Prussian secret.

Ah oui! It's been a great day, and relieved you are, en route for the billet with visions of a hot meal and industriously salvaged comforts floating before your eyes.

Your step is snappy, your shoulders back (chesty, so to speak), your head high, your eyes shining, a light cane (necessity, of course) cockily flourished in the air. Meanwhile you are whistling a tune to the effect "Keep Your Head Down, Fritzie Man." This is not such a bad life after all. War is not so bad—

"Teeouee-bang!"

You have taken refuge in a muddy trench.

"Teeouee-bang! Teeouee-bang! Teeouee-bang!"

You endure a Boche strafing, meanwhile fondly hugging Mother Earth.

"C'est Fini," and you wend your weary way homeward, viciously jabbing the ground with your cane and returning the Boche barrage with a verbal strafing, while dark thoughts float through your mind.

War is hell!

CHAPTER X.

F. R. S. NO. 3 TAKES THE FIELD

One day, about the first of October, a jubilant crowd of kahki-clad men squeezed their way out of a stuffy little French coach and landed with their packs at the railway station in Toul. The men were from Company D, the latest graduates from the Flash Ranging School. Each with a vast amount of knowledge of the million different ways of locating enemy batteries, was bound for the front to put their theories into practice. After a night spent in Toul, the detachment, under the command of Lieutenants Hulings, May and David, were ordered to climb into the waiting trucks, which were to carry the men to their destination. The three hours' journey carried them to the shattered section in the region of the famous Mont Sec, from whose heights the Germans had looked down upon the Allied armies for four years, and which were to later cause their disaster.

An abrupt turn in the road led them down a little driveway, shaded on either side by an overhanging forest of huge oak trees, which the Hun had a short time before been using as camouflage to hide his troops' movements. The trucks slowed down and came to a stop at the end of the roadway. The men clambered out and fell into line, to be addressed by Lieutenant Perry, who was in command of the section. In a few short words the veteran lieutenant commanded:

"Men, this is the front. Put on your tin hats and wear your gas masks at alert." The men then fell out,

produced their mess kits and lined up for mess, consisting of "canned Willie and hard tack."

During the few days following their arrival, the men were busily engaged in attaining a thorough knowledge of the country from the French S. R. O. T. No. 88, which was waiting to be relieved by the Americans. The French were using a four post base that extended along the front for a distance of 10 kilometers. The sites for the posts were well chosen and suitably well located in the hills and woods commanding the territory occupied by the Germans between Metz and Conflans, including all the industrial centers in that area.

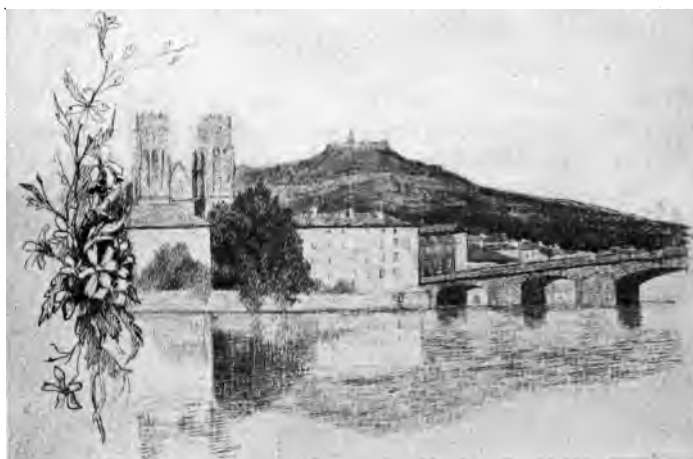
The buildings occupied by central were located in the Bois de Vigneulles and the location was formerly a German divisional headquarters. These were well constructed, and even included a shattered bath house, which was later repaired. Upon the arrival of the Flash Rangers, there was a wild scramble for billets, beds, stoves and tables. It was a very congenial bunch of men that made their home here, about the only arguments arising being over who cut the most wood, or who was to build the fire in the kitchen stove in the morning.

Observation post No. 1 was located nearly a kilometer behind central on a prominent hill above the village of Heudicourt. The post was some distance back of the lines, but its advantageous position enabled the observers to view the enemy's territory equally as well or better than in a balloon. Due to the ability of the camouflage artists, the men or posts were never molested by stray shells. "Camouflage discipline was a model." A striking incident that is a good example of this cautionary measure is evidenced by the actions of



LEFT—SECTION OF GERMAN TRENCHES TAKEN BY AMERICAN TROOPS DURING ST. MIHIEL OFFENSIVE

RIGHT—GERMAN TROOPS IN LORRAINE. FROM A PHOTO FOUND IN BILLETS OCCUPIED BY THE GERMANS BEFORE THE ST. MIHIEL OFFENSIVE.



PONT-A-MOUSSON ON THE MOSELLE RIVER. F. R. S. NO. 1 AND S. R. S. NO. 2 OPERATED HERE DURING THE ST. MIHIEL OFFENSIVE

SKETCHED BY LOWELL TRIMBLE, F. R. S. NO. 1

a sergeant in charge of the shift. It was a clear, starlight night and the Boche planes were endeavoring to let nothing go "unbombed." A crackling fire burned in the little post heater. The sergeant had just criticized one of the men for being careless with the reading light, whereupon he deliberately took out a match and lit his pipe, lighting not only his pipe, but throwing out a flare that would clearly reveal our position had a Boche plane been overhead at that particular moment. Then the tide turned. The private had something to say.

This post was one of the satellites when it came to locating enemy batteries and reporting troop movements. The personnel of the post included one man, Private Cole, who held the place of honor in locating enemy planes.

It is said that he could detect a plane from the time the aviator started his motor 30 kilometers behind the German line. Upon the aviator's arrival to within ten kilometers of the line, this specialist would jump from his seat, pour a pail of water on the fire, slip on his hobnailed shoes and prepare to count the men that followed him into the dugout. It was due to the strenuous efforts of Private Cole that a requisition was made to G. H. Q. for steam heat. The seclusiveness of this post enabled the linesmen to live in comfort. Their duties of kitchen police were only interfered with by an occasional souvenir hunt.

In the position which the French had placed it, Post No. 2 did not conform to the American plans. For a period of two weeks the observers struggled to perform their duties on the hill between Vigneulles and Heidecourt. A view of the enemy batteries in the region of Conflans could not be obtained owing to an interly-

ing promontory on which was located the village of Hatton-Chatel, although very creditable work was accomplished by the observers in ranging and locating a battery in a barn yard in Souzmont. The men were thus busily engaged when suddenly, out of the stillness of the night, came sounds of infantry firing at machine gun speed. At first no one could determine the nature of the activity, but soon one man developed sufficient courage to thrust his head outside the post. He was greeted by a glaring flare, caused by the explosion of small arms ammunition, which had accidentally taken fire. The bullets began flying so thick that for the "good of the service," the observers decided to seek a safer place.

The men at this post were comfortably located in a small concrete house, which Fritz had previously constructed. This proved a very home-like abode and a controversy arose between the men and the French officers over who should occupy it, the observers finally coming to the conclusion that they did not "parley Francais" and kept the billet. It was due to this fortunate circumstance that they retained their home.

A short time later a change in plans necessitated the moving of this post to the farthestmost point in the section, which was near the front line.

No. 3 post was, perhaps, the best point for observation, being located in the east end of the village of Hatton-Chatel. The little hamlet could be seen from most any point for many miles, being located on one of the prominent heights of the Meuse.

One of the most interesting things noted from this post was the operating of a German naval rifle about eight kilometers back of the enemy lines. The Germans could be seen at work and the American observers

could easily pick up the flash of the gun, which was often firing on Hatton Chatel. The telephone lines were frequently cut, and almost invariably, the line-men were called out at night to repair them. One evening a linesman, known as a "telephonist," came staggering into the billet, his face spattered with mud and his clothes badly torn. He entered the sergeant's quarters and laid a rusty piece of shrapnel on the table.

"There it is, fellows," said he. "That damned shell landed two feet away from me and is from that long range gun."

"Yes," chimed in one of the observers, "so far away that the shell gets rusty on the way over."

On numerous occasions the men at the post were forced to seek protection in the dugout to escape the shelling. One evening a loud report was heard, and the men left the post for the dugout. The instant they opened the door they were halted by a dense smoke, flying stones and dirt. The French who were tunneling in had failed to warn the Rangers of the blast they had touched off.

It is remarkable how much excitement an anti-aircraft "dud" will cause. One of these little visitors found its way through the roof and floor of the billet, and the supply sergeant, bringing out the five days' rations in one hand and a candle in the other, accidentally found the inhabitants of the billets concealed in a huge Dutch oven. After seeing the effects of the shell he immediately departed in the direction of No. 4 post.

No. 4 post planted itself in the hills above the town of St. Maurice. It was hastily "transplanted" on various occasions, due to some of Fritz's wandering bar-rages. In the early days of its existence the observers

were braving the rains and doing their best to keep up telephonic communication. Wet instruments and various other tributary causes made things very uncomfortable for the observers, but later a final and habitable post was established. The men who operated it were a credit to the section.

One night two observers at this post were diligently engaged in keeping instruments working and seeking shelter from the rain when suddenly over the wire to their post came the words:

"Central we are leaving."

A few minutes later, "Central, we are back," came over the wire. Later it developed that a high explosive shell had burst close to the post, the nose of it embedding itself in the ground between the two observers. No complaints were ever heard from this post except the week's threats on the supply sergeant, who tried to convince the men that two days' rations were sufficient for five.

Above No. 3 post in the hills, or near Hannonville, No. 2 post had moved to a new location. The first night at this post was an excellent introduction to the front. The experiences of the men are best told by Cook Davis:

"With the exception of machine gun fire, a few whizbangs and a little gas, the night was as calm as a June evening on the farm back home. Now wait—what I mean by a calm night, is when all this is happening at least a kilometer away from the observation post.

"We were all draped around our bunks and there was a feeling of satisfaction and comfort prevalent, because this was the one time during the 24 hours when

each lad could loosen his clothing, scratch cootie bites and catch the little fellows that scampered playfully around the middle of his back.

"——Bang! Our worthy 'chef de poste' looked around and calmly announced that when we got ready to 'haul tail' for the dugout to kindly leave our blankets with him so he might sleep more comfortably. Just then another of Fritz's pets came over and hit much closer than the first. I knew it was much closer because 'chef de poste' drew a sharp breath, the petit corporal set straight up in his bunk and John Fallon dropped a cootie which he had just chased into the corner of his undershirt and captured by a flank movement. I didn't say anything, because I was buried deep beneath my blankets, and had my fingers crossed, so that no shell fragments could touch me.

"Now every story has its crisis—this one has one too. It came in the form of a long drawn out whine that ended in a full grown crash right in the middle of the billet next to our own. Now, I never did understand whether or not the 'chef' changed his mind, but he suddenly forgot all about borrowing any blankets. The only reason he got first place in the dugouts was because he made better time than I getting there. It so happened that the mouth of the 'safety cellar' had been tightly boarded up and a stove placed before it. I do not know how the obstruction was removed, but I passed the stove in mid air. Up to this time everything had worked as if planned, but it was found that the 'chef de poste' was small, but the opening smaller. Nevertheless, the chef passed through. I was not so fortunate. Due to an expanded waist band, caused no doubt by my fondness for monkey meat, that my companions declined, I stuck fast. However, the monkey

in the meat appeared to be of much assistance to me at this time for I felt myself much more agile. By twisting and squirming I managed to get inside.

“With the exception of a gas attack one night, nothing extraordinary occurred at the new location of Post No. 2. On this occasion Fritz kept up the bombardment for two hours, but it is safe to say that fully 50 per cent of the shells were ‘duds.’”

During the brief time that F. R. S. No. 3 was in operation it made a very creditable showing. This was despite the fact that many of the days were foggy and generally the weather was unfavorable for observation work. The section owes its success to the leadership of its officers, who devoted their efforts at all times to the work, and who, through their efforts, guided the men in operating the section. The section lost one man, Corporal S. W. Durkin, an efficient and popular linesman attached to No. 2 post. He contracted the Spanish Influenza, which developed into pneumonia and his death occurred at Base Hospital No. 55 on November 8.

Corporal Durkin was ever interested in his work, and like the other linesmen of the section, was always ready to answer a call at any hour of the day or night.

CHAPTER XI.

F. R. S. NO. 4 IS ORGANIZED

On the evening of October 19, 1918, several truck loads of Company E, 29th Engineers, in charge of Lieutenants Houston, Sully and Smyth and Sergeant Thompson, arrived at the former F. R. S. No. 1 Central, in the Bois de Puvenelle, west of Pont-a-Mousson. Lieutenant Dow, designated as commanding officer of F. R. S. No. 4, was already established here, and with a few old men had been carrying on, in conjunction with S. R. S. No. 2.

Next day the work began of re-establishing the system, and, by the morning of October 21, F. R. S. No. 4 was in full operation.

Posts 1 and 2 were located east of the Moselle, No. 1, in the trenches of Xon Hill, and No. 2 on Mousson. Their crews were billeted together, first in Atton, and then in some camouflaged French artillery dugouts on the southern slope of Mousson Hill. Sergeant Genung was put in charge of No. 1, Erdman had No. 2, and both posts were under the general supervision of Sergeant First Class Colt, late of F. R. S. No. 1, and assigned as instructor. H. G. Johnston and L. D. Trimble went as instructors to No. 1, and C. B. Trimble to No. 2.

Post No. 3 was in a high, camouflaged iron tower, under the wings of central—or vice versa. Corporal Brown had as shift leaders Corporals Sibbald, of the old section, and Michaud.

Corporal James had charge of No. 4 post, built outside a former German concrete trench, west of

Norroy. Corporal McDonald was assigned here as instructor.

Post No. 5, under the genial Corporal Quinn, was at first situated near Regnieville. Later it was moved up into No Man's Land, facing halfway between Pagny and Pregny. Corporal Treanor went to this post as instructor.

Top Sergeant "Bwana" Thompson and Altfillisch alternated on a continuous watch at central. Corporal Mason, Dunlop and Miller took turns at the switchboard. Williams was chief of lines, and Richards electrical expert.

Between Boche shelling and arrests by sentries, the men of posts No. 1 and 2 had a lively time of it, laying the lines on the night of October 20. In the course of a particularly heavy H. E. deluge, two of the lads took refuge in the famous mine shaft dugout under the old No. 2 post billet. At a depth of some 70 feet, one of them was heard asking the other if he could not get further down. That same night, the following dialogue took place upon the challenging of Acting Sergeant Erdman, by a 92nd Division "Blue" sentry:

Sentry (in hollow tones): "Who's there?"

Erdman: "Friend with the countersign."

S.: "Advance, friend, and give the countersign."

(Business of stumbling up hill until almost on top of sentry.)

E. (after a long wait): "Well, do you want the countersign?"

S.: "Yes—Chicago!"

The No. 1 and No. 2 Post billet was located first in Atton, but the Boche, apparently sensing the presence there of an exposed agglomeration of enemy talent,

began a systematic shelling of the town, and hence the move to a more secure position halfway up the hill towards Mousson.

It was while quartered here that the Trimble brothers organized several highly successful salvaging expeditions into late enemy territory. From then on, Cook Duffy fought a smoke battle every morning making "beaucoup" good pan-cakes from Boche flour. On one occasion he was induced to don a gas mask, but the blur that formed on the eye pieces, soon caused him to yank it off in disgust.

At No. 1 Post Linesmen Brosky and McFetridge enjoyed a few days of well-earned leisure pending re-assignment after Richards and Williams, of central, had sleuthed out a working pair of lines in the Xon-Mousson cable, thus dispensing with what the Boche would have called the "twenty-two times in one night shot-up surface wires."

Post No. 3, within hailing distance of central, may be said to have formed with it a close union of "towering strength." Incidentally, a man on duty in this crow's-nest had not the chance, as did the leading representative of No. 5 post, for example, to make frequent queries over the line as to mail, provisions, payday, and so forth. It is rumored that several of the bolder spirits volunteered for the linesman's job at this post, but that Lieutenant Dow, after conferring with Personnel Officer Smyth, ruled it to be a non-essential industry.

Let us make transition from No. 3 to No. 4 post along with Sergeant-Major Crocker, who came out from Battalion H. Q. to do the F. and S. Sections at the front. Observing at No. 3 post, he kept the lines hot for some time on the subject of supposed Boche

working parties. But that was not a circumstance to the excitement he caused next day, by reporting an enemy train from No. 4 post. As this was the first railway activities to be brought to the notice of central, he had some difficulty in making himself understood, but he finally got the information in by slowly spelling. Unfortunately, the object sighted turned out to be nothing more mobile than a distant factory smoke-stack, of which only the top was visible.

Post No. 4 men will long remember the stunt pulled by No. 2. Some of the 92nd Division Infantry were practising hand-grenade throwing one day, on a road leading out of Norroy. No. 2 post reported heavy shelling at that point, and central told them to count the rounds. In due time they called up to say that the shells were coming in too fast to count, but were pretty sure they were 150s.

Upon the complaint of Corporal Quinn, that only by reading an occasional truck-dropped copy of the "Herald," could a man at his post tell that the war was on, it was decided to move No. 5 post into No Man's Land, facing the Pagny-Pregny line. Villers-sur-Pregny was picked out for the new billet, and one bright afternoon, the Quinn post army of occupation set out by truck from Regnieville under the command of Lieutenant Houston. The coincident arrival, at the outskirts of Villecie, of the truck and a Boche shell of about 560 calibre (according to some of the eye-witnesses), upset the program, if not the truck. All agreed that it was an H. E. shell, in every sense, even to being the father of a flock. Lieutenant Houston, with sincere courtesy, decided to yield the right of way, and as soon as the various members of the crew could be dissuaded from their intimate studies of the

landscape, the truck was gently backed up for about one-half a kilometer, until it could be turned around, and then headed direct to central.

Here the party spent the night. Next day, a new plan of campaign was tried. Quinn and his men were motored to the vicinity of No. 4 post billet, whence they were permitted to pack everything some three miles to their destination. Some of the No. 4 post men lent a hand as porters in this final leg of the journey, merely exacting a portion of the jam supply by way of toll.

Another incident of the move concerns a feather bed, upon which Quinn had cast a covetous eye. Two trusty privates were assigned as a salvage detail. As they proudly bore their prize along the road toward the new billet, they, at first, took little notice of a Boche plane overhead. But the Huns above constituted themselves as an impromptu reception committee, and began raining down machine gun bullets in the way of confetti. The couch bearers did a flash-away, and the plane sprinkled a large stretch of the road for good measure. At dusk, the journey was completed, and the repose of Quinn assured.

The new post No. 5 was in No Man's Land, in a former Boche blinker station, shared with Corporal Eugene Raw and crew, of S. R. S. No. 2. Yielding to earnest persuasion, Raw refrained from any loud singing in the post at night. The Flash Ranging Lines were shot out many times before the armistice went into effect.

The section continued in operation during the armistice, until word was received to leave for Toul. The night guard at central during this period found itself largely occupied with keeping rats out of the C. O.'s

room. At this time everyone was free to give undivided attention to the culinary efforts of Napier and "Canopener," who held the fort up to the day when the last truck load left for Toul.

A few words as to the results accomplished by the "Dowites."

The section was slightly handicapped at the start, composed, as it was, nearly entirely of inexperienced men. Coupled with this, the visibility was so poor as to render observation impossible during at least one-half the time of its operation. In spite of this, the results were very creditable, the section having to its credit 22 new enemy battery locations and at least 10 good indications, which were later verified.

As the base was originally established, this section was overlapping some of the territory covered by F. R. S. No. 2 and S. R. S. No. 2. For this reason a new base was laid out so as to cover the valley of the Seille, to the right. Some good work had already been done in that direction, but the signing of the armistice before all of the new posts were quite completed put an end to further work.

After the evacuation of the enemy territory, several of the locations were visited. Unfortunately, time did not permit of investigating all of them, but those which were seen were all well within a 50 meter limit of the position indicated by the Flash Ranging Section, and in some instances, one had the great pleasure of seeing the effects of direct hits made upon the batteries by our own artillery.

CHAPTER XII.

S. R. S. NO. 4 IN ACTION

Sound Ranging having proved a success in the American Army with three sections operating, it was decided to install a fourth section, thus extending the work in the field. Number 4 came into existence on October 20, just a few weeks after the great St. Mihiel offensive. The personnel of the section was made up from a number of men who had experience in Sound Ranging work and from men of Company D, of the 29th Engineers, who had received training at the school at Fort de St. Menge.

The central for the new base was located in the Foret de Amblonville, with the west end of the line extending near the historical city of Verdun. The men and the apparatus to be used in the section were taken from Mandres to the new location in auto trucks, incidentally proving an interesting trip to those who were visiting the front for the first time.

At the time the base was installed preparations were under way by General Pershing for a powerful drive, with its object the city of Metz. All are familiar with the plans which were to form a salient and flank the city and cut off the communications in the rear.

Lieutenant McClanahan, one of the veteran officers in the Sound Ranging work, was the commanding officer of the section and was assisted by Lieutenant Monk, in charge of central, and Lieutenant Church in charge of lines. Lieutenant Clark was the section supply officer.

Of course the first few days were spent in installing the apparatus at central, the stringing of the lines and other work necessary before a base is ready for operation. The dugouts at central also needed cleaning up and making habitable. Much of the furniture for the central and the dugouts was secured at Hanonville, where the Germans, in their hasty retreat, left everything they possessed. Several trips were made with a truck and returned loaded with tablecloths, stoves, feather ticks, pillows and many souvenirs. Owing to the geographical location of Hanonville, care had to be taken in entering it, as the enemy had an excellent view of the town from their observation posts on a clear day. Accordingly we made the trip on foggy mornings only.

The account of the work on this section is told by Sergeant Brecht:

"During the first few days we studied maps and made many trips through the woods and along the roads to secure the best locations possible for the lines. Two things must be considered in this work. First, the selection of a route that is not frequently shelled. Second, the nature of the country must be that which we could travel at night as well as during the day. In many places where observation could be made by the enemy, thus drawing shell fire from the Boche batteries. Thus, it was necessary for us to construct screens along the trails and brush in order that we might patrol the lines in daylight without drawing fire. Brush was the most popular method of camouflaging, although burlap and grass, woven in wire, were used. The same as on other parts of the front, the roads that paralleled the front line were screened and were from eight to twelve feet high.

"While it is not the intention to go into the personnel of the section, a few of the names are mentioned in order to chronicle the happenings of the few weeks the section was operating. On coming in from a 'hike' over the section of the country through which our lines were to extend we found a truck load of wire and we needed no bulletin to tell us what our duties on the morrow would be. Accordingly Sergeant First Class Micheals took charge of the right line station and the stringing of the lines on that end of the base, and Sergeant Brecht took charge of the same work on the left of the section and the right line station. To Sergeant McMillan was assigned the working of stringing the lines at central. The following morning we started the work. Owing to the topography of the country we were compelled to carry much of the wire on our backs, a task which was anything but a pleasant task. Much of the territory in this vicinity was frequently under shell fire, but fortunately the central was never located by the enemy guns. Our experience at St. Benoit, in Section No. 1, when our quarters were struck by a nine-inch gas shell, causing many casualties, taught us to wisely choose our new central location. As we cleared the front in stringing the lines the work became more difficult and hazardous and often we were compelled to 'duck' to avoid being hit by fragments from high explosives or shrapnel.

"The left line station was located in the village of Mensil on the Meuse. The village is in ruins and has been deserted since the German drive in 1915. By going through the ruined buildings, we succeeded in securing some stoves, one having a large iron boiler attached. This we used for bathing purposes with the aid of an emergency ration can for a bath tub. In

this manner all were kept free from the vermin of the trenches—'the cooties.'

"The detectors, or microphones, on our base were located approximately one kilometer back of our first line trench and extended along the front for about nine kilometers, being six in number. The lines to microphones Nos. 3, 4 and 5 were laid with but little difficulty, but when it came to No. 6, things were somewhat different. The line to No. 6 ran through the villages of Mont and Villers to within a few hundred yards of Houdimont, a village at the base of a large hill. The terrain over which the line extended was low and in some place covered with water and barbed wire entanglements, making it necessary to follow the roadway, which was on a slight crest. This roadway was a favorite target for Fritz for shell fire. He often swept the road with his machine guns. Many times along this road has a linesman been forced to 'flop' in the ditch for protection.

"It was while installing microphone No. 6 that the Boche turned his machine guns upon us and we hugged mother earth as we never did before. We put in the detector, however, and early the next morning strung the wire to it.

"The line to the observation post was next strung. The village of Manheulis was selected as the location for the post. A building in the northern part of the town proved to be the best adapted for the purpose. This was the only structure in the village that remained standing, shell fire having reduced the others to ruins. We fitted up an observation post in the second floor on the side facing the enemy, and from this position we had an excellent view of the territory held by the Germans. The first line was practically in the town

and No Man's Land was so narrow at this point that we were compelled to talk in low tones in order not to betray our position to the enemy, a short distance away. We found it almost impossible to use the telephone and in order to work with central we moved back several hundred feet. In a few days we moved back, however, to our first location as the Boche found that fighting the American 'doughboys' at such close quarters was not to their advantage and not the most pleasant thing in the world. Consequently the enemy fell back to another position.

"Our observers at the post were able to give much general and valuable information to the Intelligence Department regarding enemy movements in addition to doing the regular work in connection with locating John Boche's batteries by Sound Ranging methods. During the short time that Section 4 was on the front in operation, numerous thrilling incidents occurred, and the men had many narrow escapes. While the situation was serious at the time, the incidents provided much amusement later.

"The constant shelling of our section by the enemy guns caused much work on the part of the linesmen. The line to microphone No. 3 gave us the most trouble, as it extended over the top of a hill and in front of a battery of 75s, manned by American gunners. The battery was extremely active, and as a consequence, brought counter battery work from the German artillery. As a result the linesmen were compelled to 'roll out' of their warm blankets many a dark and rainy night to make the necessary splices, in order that 'Charlie' might perform his proper functions. And many times were the linesmen forced to take cover in the narrow trench, with shell fragments nipping the

grass from the edges near them. 'Keep Your Head Down Fritzie Boy' proved wholesome advice to the Americans as well as their enemies.

"The Germans had an unobstructed view of the territory in which microphone No. 4 was placed, and it was necessary to install the instrument under cover of darkness. It was camouflaged with a screen made from willows in order that it might not be 'spotted' by the German observers.

"Little gas was used by the Germans on that section during the time we operated there and it was seldom that we needed to don our masks, although we always kept them at alert. Line work on the front, especially at night, is a hazardous and perilous task to say the least. In the inky darkness, with shells whistling above and around him, the linesman must fill his mission of keeping the lines in repair. Often it is necessary to follow the line closely, as the insulation is cut, causing a ground, thus interfering with the electric current to the instrument. Often during the night, the sound of a key is heard, denoting that some one is tapping the line. But as the messages were always given in code, they could not be picked up by us.

"There was much aeroplane activity in our sector. A few days before hostilities ceased six enemy aeroplanes swooped suddenly out of the hazy clouds and attacked two Allied planes below them, one an American and the other French. After some manoeuvring, the Frenchman cut off one of the German planes and turning his machine gun on his adversary brought him to the ground. The German fell in a heap in No Man's Land, a short distance from Marchville. We later visited the spot where the aviator had fallen. The plane was completely wrecked, the engine being buried over

four feet in the ground. The pilot was crushed into a shapeless mass. That night the Germans made an attempt to recover what remained of the plane, but to no avail, owing to the vigilance of the 'doughboys.'

"No 1 line station was located in the woods about three kilometers from Maniel, the site of the left line station. It was in this vicinity that part of the Crown Prince's forces were repulsed in their drive toward Verdun the first year of the war. This post was located in the village of Saulx, where many thrilling incidents occurred. The post was subjected to terrific shell fire. Raiding parties were sent out every night to the enemy trenches. It was here that Private Steele, one of the observers, rendered much valuable assistance by acting as guide for the raiding parties. He was familiar with the topography of the country and the location of the barbed wire entanglements. He had many thrilling and interesting experiences and was commended by the major of the infantry battalion for his bravery and worthy efforts. One dark, rainy night Private Steele was called upon to lead a raiding party into the enemy trenches. Great caution was necessary by the party and much time was consumed in getting across No Man's Land, the Americans cleverly avoiding an enemy patrol. They at last reached the German lines and, approaching a dugout, the sound of singing and hilarity in general could be heard coming from within. A few hand grenades thrown down the stove pipe was all that was necessary to bring about tranquility. A number of the occupants were killed and wounded and the others were only too glad to surrender when given the opportunity.

"Prisoners were not always secured when raiding parties went out; when live prisoners could not be

taken, and in a case of this kind, an effort was made to get a shoulder strap or some article of clothing by which the enemy division could be identified.

"Prisoners could not always be depended upon to give reliable information regarding movements of the enemy. One incident of this kind occurred at Marche-ville, then the German front line. The prisoner gave the German strength in the village as one company, when a battalion held it. As a result of the information secured from the prisoner, twenty Americans were detailed to take the town. The raid was a success, however, as many Germans were killed and a number taken prisoner. But the town, of course, remained in the hands of the enemy. Daylight having overtaken the Americans before they could return to their own lines they returned under cover of a heavy fog. They had but few casualties.

"On the hills back of Saulx, the Germans had opened a quarry for the purpose of securing rock for improving the roads in their territory. This work had been very perilous, however, owing to the sweeping fire of the French and American artillery. Following the St. Mihiel offensive, the Americans found many roads almost impassable owing to the lack of rock foundations, indicating that the Germans had been pressed for some time.

"We found that the Germans, owing to the scarcity of rubber, used iron tires for auto trucks, with a system of springs, both leaf and coil, which are very efficient, but far out-classed by rubber.

"The rock from the mines was secured at the cost of many lives, judging from the number of graves and bodies of dead Germans in the vicinity. Scarcely a blade of grass was left on the crest of the hill, a

tribute to the accuracy of the American and French artillery.

"In following up with the St. Mihiel offensive we passed many artillery positions that previous to the drive were far behind the German lines. In many cases direct hits had been made and the bodies of the gun crew lay around the shattered piece like so many mummies in their death slumbers.

"November 11, the day which will ever be stamped on the memory of those who were on the front on that memorable date—the day on which hostilities ceased and the guns were silent for the first time in four years. The artillery and machine guns had been active during the early hours and later the infantry went over the top for the last time in the great war. The Germans increased their artillery fire, using high explosives and shrapnel. In the face of terrific shell fire the 130th Infantry, 33rd Division, were advancing on the German positions when recall sounded above the din of the battle. The Germans mistaking it for a charge increased the artillery action, and during the last few minutes of the great conflict, many Americans crossed the Great Divide. It was 11:02 when the last gun on that section of the front was fired and the Americans immediately started across No Man's Land for the German trenches with no thought of danger—the war was over! The Germans could not conceal their pleasure at the close of hostilities and showed a tendency to fraternize with their erstwhile enemies. In some cases, the 'doughboy' accepted the invitation, but in most cases the Americans, while treating them with respect, said but little to the Germans. When the 'doughboy' condescended to talk to John Boche, it was only to parley over the purchase of a souvenir, Ameri-

can tobacco, cigarettes and soap being traded for pistols, iron crosses or whatever the Teuton had to exchange.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE CLOSE OF THE WAR

By November 1, the Germany Army was in full retreat. It had been beaten and driven back at every point on the front. The "new German democratic government," as the new faction desired to be known, had declared itself ready for peace on the principles of the fourteen points laid down by President Wilson many months before. It is familiar history of how the President answered the defeated Hun, telling the vanquished foe that Marshal Foch must make the terms of an armistice.

Regarding the contemplated plans for continuing the advance, General Pershing says:

"On the three days preceding November 10, the 3rd Corps and the 2nd Colonial 17th French Corps fought a difficult struggle through the Meuse hills south of Stenay and forced the enemy into the plain. Meanwhile my plans for further use of the American forces contemplated an advance between the Meuse and the Moselle, in the direction of Longwy, by the 1st Army, while at the same time, the 2nd Army should assume the offensive toward the rich iron fields of Briey. These operations were to be followed by an offensive toward Chateau-Salins, east of the Moselle, thus isolating Metz. Accordingly attacks on the American front had been ordered and that of the 2nd Army was in progress on the morning of November 11, when instructions were received that hostilities should cease at 11 o'clock."

“—and that of the 2nd Army was in progress,” thus tersely is described the activity on that memorable morning, where between the Meuse and the Moselle were staged the most dramatic incidents connected with the cessation of hostilities. For along the entire line during the morning, the Americans flung themselves against the strong Hindenburg defenses, to find that the enemy strongholds would not easily be taken.

When the war came to a close Sound Ranging Sections Nos. 1, 2, 3 and 4 and Flash Ranging Sections Nos. 2, 3 and 4 were operating with the Second Army, while F. R. S. No. 1 was with the 1st Army on the Meuse-Argonne front.

The writer was at St. Benoit during the closing days of the war. For two weeks prior to November 10, the Americans harrassed the Germans continually with artillery fire and kept the enemy always on the alert for raiding parties, which nightly penetrated his lines. The preparations now being made for the attack on Metz, which we now saw was imminent, was carried on with untiring energy. Great stores of ammunition was brought and placed in convenient places. Guns and howitzers from 75s to the big naval rifles were brought up and put in position until it seemed as though all the artillery operated by the American Army had been placed between the Moselle and the Meuse. Some of the best work done during the war by the Sound and Flash Rangers was performed during that period. This was especially true in the case of the sections operating in the vicinity of the Moselle, opposite which point the enemy had concentrated much of his artillery.

S. R. S. No. 1, following the gas attack on October 1, had been in charge of Lieutenant Kuhns. The central



SCENES OUTSIDE THE ANCIENT CITY OF LANGRES



TOP—THE CITY OF NANCY. IT WAS NEAR THIS PLACE THAT THE AMERICANS FIRST ENTERED THE TRENCHES ON OLD LORRAINE FRONT

TOUL—FIFTEEN KILOMETERS FROM THE FRONT, PRIOR TO THE ST. MIHIEL DRIVE

had been moved from St. Benoit to Lamarche, but later it was moved again to a point in the woods about two miles west of Lamarche, owing partly to the unsanitary condition of Lamarche and partly due to the fact that the village had been occupied by a battalion of engineers. The presence of many troops in the town would bring shell fire from the Germans and this we desired to avoid, as satisfactory results could not be obtained where the wires were cut by shell fire too frequently.

Those were great days on the front. News of the American victories all along the front made it only too plain that it was only the matter of a short time when Germany must give up. The surrender of Austria, as well as other allies of Germany, caused us all to feel that the end was drawing near.

Then came the news that the German delegation had been received at Paris. Would the armistice be signed? This momentous question furnished material for debate where two or more might chance to meet. It was discussed at mess, in the dugouts, observation posts and certainly by the "doughboys" in the line.

At 6 o'clock on the evening of October 28, the Americans surprised the Germans by putting over a heavy barrage along the front, which was followed by a big raiding party, which resulted in "bagging" a number of prisoners. This performance was repeated the following evening and on the morning of November 2, a big raid was made, which netted the Americans over 50 prisoners, mostly old men and boys.

The Americans met with considerable loss in front of St. Benoit and Beney. The Intelligence Section received the information through some source unknown to the Flash and Sound Rangers that certain positions had been given up by the Germans, and following a heavy

bombardment, the infantry was ordered to advance. Much to their surprise they were met by a murderous machine gun fire. Our losses were quite heavy, and we were compelled to fall back to our original line. The artillery had also received orders to move forward, but later found itself under heavy fire from the German guns, while on the road between St. Benoit and Dampvitoux. The forward movement was halted.

Additional artillery and infantrymen were brought up during the night of November 10, preparatory for the attack on the morrow. Seventy-fives were placed just back of our front line. The distance between the German and American trenches here was only a few hundred yards. Two battalions of the 109th Infantry, 28th Division, were brought up to launch the attack on the Germans' position in the vicinity of Lachausee.

"The armistice has been signed. Hostilities will cease at 11 o'clock!"

This was the message that the telephone operator on duty at the linesmen's station at St. Benoit received at 5 o'clock on the 11th. The information came through the wireless station, which had intercepted the message which was being sent out to the world.

"Hey fellows, it's all over, the armistice is signed!" yelled the operator, who immediately began to awaken the occupants of the dugouts and make known to them the joyful news.

Even the cooties must have been disturbed by the commotion made by the linesman and no doubt nestled closer against their bed fellows—the sleeping Sound Rangers.

But the men did not take kindly to the disturbance. Most of us had been up the greater part of the night

as the lines had gone out earlier in the evening, and it is no wonder the enthusiastic telephone man met with such responses as:

"What in hell you makin' all the noise about?" "Someone hit him with a shoe." "Couldn't you wait till morning to start that one?" No one seemed to take any particular interest at that time whether the war would end before noon or whether we would spend another eight months on the job.

But three hours later, when we rolled out to sample Parker's hotcakes, bacon and coffee, a little more interest was manifested. The news had spread through the artillery, engineer and infantry units quartered in the village and the faces of the men bore a smile that morning that had been missing for many long weary months.

But the fighting was not all over for the "doughboys." During the morning hours, as stated before, attacks were made by the Americans along the entire line. Preceded by heavy artillery action, the two battalions from the 109th Infantry attempted to cross the swamps between Haumont and Lachausee. They found that the enemy had flooded this terrain the night previous and gassed the area thoroughly. In the face of a withering machine gun fire the Americans attempted to take the strong Hindenburg defenses. The German machine gun nests were deep concrete pits, difficult positions for the American artillery to wipe out. Finding that, under the circumstances, it would be only a sacrifice of men to further attempt to take this point, the American forces fell back to the line they formerly held. Many a "doughboy" lost his life that morning after it was definitely ascertained that the armistice had been signed and that hostilities would

cease at 11 o'clock, regardless of what transpired in the meantime. An officer at brigade headquarters told me later in the day that 90 men had been brought to the first aid station that morning as a result of what appeared to be a needless attack. The number of lives lost that morning in the attack of the Second Army will probably never be known.

Within one hundred yards of our dugout in St. Benoit was a battery of 75s and the commander told us that at 9 o'clock they, as well as all other artillery outfits in that sector, would be permitted to fire as many rounds as desired for a period of 15 minutes. The hour for celebrating the victory had arrived. I think every piece of American artillery participated in that bombardment. The solid earth shook to the roar of the guns. Between their thunder-like claps a new note began to weave itself into the uproar—the sharper clatter of rifle fire and machine guns. Others besides the artillery were celebrating. We dashed into the dugout and brought out rifles and automatics and, during the 15 minutes that followed, added our bit to the din.

The bombardment died away, but later orders were given that during the three minutes prior to 11 o'clock, as many rounds as possible would be fired.

With Parker, I stood in the doorway of the shack we used as a kitchen the last three minutes of the war. When the guns opened with the roar, which we had heard so many times during those eight months on the front, I looked at the French clock in the corner. It was 10:57. Was this truly the end? It was almost unbelievable that we were hearing the last barrage. The hands of the dial now point to one minute to eleven. There seems to be no abatement in the

roar of the artillery. Another half minute slips past. There appears to be a slackening of the action, but the 75s back of our billets are as active as ever. A few seconds pass—they seem like minutes. Suddenly the firing ceases. There is silence—silence so great that it in itself is appalling. We look at the old French clock. We distinctly hear it tick off exactly six seconds—then it strikes the hour of 11.

The American artillery fire on the morning of November 11 was returned with equal spirit by the Germans, the enemy shelling the front line as well as the areas in the rear.

The sudden calm brought the "doughboys," in their fox holes, to realize that the wild rumor, of which they had been rather dubious, was the "right dope" after all. It took a few moments for the real meaning of the thing to dawn upon them. They laid down their rifles, and, jumping to their feet, sent three cheers re-echoing among the hills, where only a few minutes before could only be heard the roar of the cannon.

But what is this—pouring from the enemy machine gun nests and entrenchments into No Man's Land was a streak of figures in green colored uniforms, their hands raised to show they bore no arms. Amazed the Americans waited. Then they noticed that the Germans were grinning and making every effort to show that they were friendly. Slowly the American "doughboys" made their way over to the spot where the visitors had halted. The enemy on whom they had been hurling shells and bullets only a few minutes before were there grinning and extending their hands. The Americans were not so enthusiastic. Coldly a few of the "doughboys" shook the hand of a German, others disdainfully refused to fraternize.

"I'd sooner hit him in the jaw than take his bloody hand," said an indignant "doughboy."

Then the Germans displayed an assortment of souvenirs. That settled the matter. The Americans produced tobacco, soap, slickers, leather vests, etc. For these the Germans traded lugers, wound badges, iron crosses, rings, coins and belt buckles, so dear to the heart of the "doughboy."

Soon the order came for the Americans to fall back within their own lines, and guards were placed along the front to prevent the soldiers from going into No Man's Land. I had gone down to the front line with two of the men from the station. We were, of course, stopped by the guard when attempting to cross the line. Our object was to get to the German positions.

"Orders against going any further," said the sentry.

"Wiring party, looking for a suitable route to string a line to Damvitoux, as soon as the Germans fall back," I replied. He didn't question the veracity of the statement. He permitted us to pass.

Once outside our own lines the problem was easy. We approached a group of Germans, many of them decked out in American raincoats, leather vests and other articles of clothing which they had secured from the "doughboys." Observer Cobb, one of the men, addressed a Boche in German and Fritzie was overjoyed. A few of the others could speak English and we learned they were heartily glad the war was over. There were absolutely no signs of humiliation on their part, and they might have been the victors, as far as showing their defeat in their attitude was concerned. However, they told us, and their statements were verified all along the line by other Germans, that if the armistice had not been signed the entire army in front

of us would have surrendered at 12 o'clock on the same day.

When the Germans returned to their lines, we mingled with them and passed the enemy sentries in front of their positions unnoticed. Once through the wire entanglements we visited the enemy's machine gun nests, which formed part of the Hindenburg defenses. Deep trenches, the sides of which were of reinforced concrete, extended behind concrete dugouts, constructed below the surface of the ground, making it difficult to locate them and more difficult to demolish them by shell fire. But the work of the American artillery was quite evident. There was hardly a foot of ground that had not been churned by Yankee shells. A narrow gauge railroad had been completely destroyed, the iron rails being broken and twisted into an unrecognizable mass.

In front of the entanglements were the mines, placed there in readiness to be fired when the Americans reached that locality. The Germans were still in the trenches and so conditions were when the firing ceased at 11 o'clock.

That the Germans were experiencing a shortage of rations was quite evident, for their evening meal consisted of some black bread and coffee. This might not have been the case at all points along the front, but such were the conditions as they prevailed in front of us.

While these stirring events were transpiring on the front, celebrations were being held in the rear. Back in the little village of Mandres, Sound Ranging Headquarters, when the rumble of the guns had died away, the chimes in the steeple of the old church that had been silent for four long years, pealed out the joyful

tidings. The troops quartered in the town were almost frantic with joy. Then down the main street of the village comes a band from a negro regiment, playing the familiar strains of

"It's Time for Liberty Bells to Ring Again."

"The most impressive thing I ever experienced," said Sergeant Taylor afterward. "And," he continued, "as I glanced across to the little American cemetery and saw the flags waving over the graves of the boys who had given their lives at the battle of Seicheprey and at other times, the thought came to me that they had not made the sacrifice in vain."

And ten days later, when we returned to Mandres from the front, we found Magda Laurent, the aged mademoiselle, in the street in front of her little home, waiting to welcome us. The tears of joy were streaming down her face as she clung to the boys from America she had known since early spring.

On the front we are amazed at the remarkable change in conditions. No further need for camouflaging. American troops are pouring into the village and filling up every building. Smoke is rising from every chimney. It is the first night following the cessation of hostilities and lights are streaming from every building, the first time in four years. Automobiles dash along the highway with flaring headlights. Not a gun has been fired since 11 o'clock. We miss them. The old thrills are gone. As I sit with the others in front of the roaring fireplace in the building where we have moved, I find it hard to realize that it is all over. I am afraid that we will sometimes yearn to hear the roar of the guns, the terrific crack of an "on de

choc," as the big projectile tears through the air, or the staccato rattle of the machine guns. Then our thoughts turn to the boys in the hospitals and the folks at home. What glorious news for them all.

And, above all, we ponder over that now momentous question of:

"When are we going home?"

CHAPTER XIV.

HOMEWARD BOUND

Our story is almost done.

"The war is over and our work is through. We are ready to go home," so said Captain Bazonni, the morning following the one on which the armistice was signed, and we fully agreed with him.

Monday, the various sections, with the exception of F. R. S. Nos. 1 and 2, which had gone forward with the army of occupation, began taking up the wire on their respective bases, after which orders were issued for them to report to Toul, where the battalion was being mobilized, preparatory for sailing for home.

The various sections began arriving in Toul on November 22, and were quartered at Jeanne d'arc Barracks, about two miles from the center of the city. It was a great reunion. The men in this branch of the service had been scattered from Chateau-Thierry to Pont-a-Mousson, and many had not seen each other since the first detachment left old Fort de St. Menge for the front.

F. R. S. Nos. 1 and 2 did not arrive until a few days after, as some delay arose in getting orders to these detachments, who were moving up into Germany.

On Thursday, December 19, orders came to move to St. Nazaire, from which port we would sail for America. The following morning we boarded the train at Toul to take our last ride in the French box cars that held "40 Hommes or 8 Cheveaux." Two days and nights were spent on the train and some of the

pleasures (?) of that trip could not be better exploited than by publishing the following poem:

HOMMES, 40—CHEVEAUX, 8

Roll, roll, roll, over the rails of France
See the world and its map unfurled, five centimes in
your pants.

What a noble trip, jolt, jog and jar,
Forty we, with equipment C, in one flat wheel box car.
We are packed by hand,
Shoved aboard in teens,
Pour a little oil on us
And we would be sardines.

Rations! Oo-la-la! and how we love the man
Who learned how to intern our chow in a cold and
clammy can.

Beans and beef and beans, beef and beans and beef,
Willie raw, he will win the war, take in your belt a
reef.

Mess kits flown the coop,
Cups gone up the spout.
Use your thumbs for issue forks
And pass the bull about.

Hit the floor for bunks, six hommes to one homme's
place.

It's no fair to the bottom layer, to kick 'em in the face.
Move the corp'ral's feet out of my left ear,
Lay off, Sarge, you are much too large—
I'm not a bedsack, dear.

Lift my head up, please,
From this bag of bread;
Put it on somebody's chest,
Then I'll sleep like the dead.

Roll, roll, roll, roll, hammer and snore and fight,
Traveling Zoo the whole day through, and bedlam all
the night.

Four days in the cage, going from hither to hence.
Ain't it great to ride by freight at good old Unc's
expense? —*Ex.*

When we left Toul we had visions of being on board a transport and some even had hopes of eating their New Year's dinner under the parental roof. But we were doomed to disappointment. From St. Nazaire we were sent back to Nantes and billeted in Pont-Rousseau, a suburb of the city.

We stayed at Pont-Rousseau until February 12, daily expecting orders to move to the embarkation camp. On the morning of February 12, we again boarded the train, but this time it was only a few hours' ride in the box cars. The following morning at Camp 2, we were given our physical inspection. In the afternoon we were marched over to Camp No. 1, where we were put through "de-cootizer," when many of the boys donated a big share of their souvenirs—to whom, we have never been able to learn—but of course will always have our opinion. We were then taken to the "isolation" camp and kept for three days. On the afternoon of February 24, we left the camp and marched to the docks at St. Nazaire, where we boarded the steamer Nansemond, which sailed the following morning, bound for the United States at last.

The trip was not a bad one, considering the fact that 5500 men were aboard. Nothing of importance transpired during the trip and on the morning of Tuesday, March 11, we sailed up Chesapeake Bay, past Fort Monroe, old Point Comfort, and other historical



UNITED STATES STEAMSHIP NANSEMOND, WHICH BROUGHT HOME
THE FIRST BATTALION 74TH ENGINEERS (FORMERLY
SECOND BATTALION 29TH ENGINEERS)

points, on the noted Hampton Roads. The troops covered the decks, swarmed over the hatches, filling the rigging and heads protruded from every porthole as the big vessel steamed up the bay and entered the river.

The band had taken up its position on the forward deck and above the deafening cheers could be heard the strains of, "The Gang's All Here," "Over There" and other patriotic airs. Then we came opposite the pier where the vessel was to dock. On the dock was the reception committee, accompanied by a band, to welcome home the troops. As the big tugs warped the vessel into the slip the din increased and continued until the men were ordered below to prepare for debarking. The patriotic citizens of Newport News lined the streets of the little city as we marched through them and out to Camp Stuart.

At Camp Stuart, the battalion ceased to exist. While at Toul it had been changed from the 2nd Battalion, 29 Engineers, to 1st Battalion, 74th Engineers, and we were discharged as such. From Camp Stuart, the men left in detachments for the respective camps, in the sections of the country in which they resided.

On the afternoon of March 16, Major Lyman addressed the entire battalion on the parade grounds, at which time he expressed his regret on having to part with the men with whom he had associated in France, and paid a high compliment to the work of the men in his command.

The following morning, March 17, the men rolled their blankets for the last time, marched to the waiting trains, which were to whirl them to the camp at which they would be discharged.

The End.

APPENDIX

BARDS OF THE FLASH AND SOUND

BEFORE THE BATTLE

(The following verses were contributed by Private Reese, written prior to an attack by the Germans upon the American troops in the Toul sector, in June, 1918.)

It is just before the battle,
Everything is deathlike still.
You can hear the wind a whistling
Through the oak trees on the hill;
And you hear the rats a gnawing
Between the dugout walls
As you lay down on your straw tick,
That's so crumby that it crawls.

The Huns are coming over,
'Tis certain, for you've seen
All day their troops a massing
In their dirty suits of green.
Their artillery has been ranging
On the roads behind the towns,
And you wonder if you'll whimper
When it comes to a show-down.

One bunkey is a whetting
On a murderous-looking knife,
And another one is pondering
O'er a letter to his wife;
And another shoving bullets
Into his rifle magazine,
And another peddling rumors
He heard at the latrine.
Another guy is filling
Up his pockets with grenades,

And another singing softly
'Bout a rose that never fades.

And you close your eyes a dreaming
Of your home away out West,
Where the roses are in blossom
And the robins come to rest.
You see your little mother
'Neath the vines around the door,
And your eyes with salt are smarting,
And your heart feel shamefully sore:
And you hear your sister singing,
And you see your daddy go
A puttering around the garden
Where his spuds and cabbages grow.

You wonder why the nations fight
When there's happier things to do,
And you curse the guys that started
All this bloody hullabaloo.
Then another thought comes chasing
The curses from your mind,
And you think of how courageous
Are the folks you left behind.

How bravely they have struggled
As they smiled and bade you go
To rid the world forever
Of its military woe.
Then you feel your jaws a tightening,
And you feel your war-blood run,
And grip your rifle tighter;
Damn the Boche! Just let them come.

COOK CHESTER REESE, Co. B.

A TOAST TO PARTING

Come, friends, let us empty a flowing cup
 With yesterday bubbling o'er;
 Let us drink of the past a refreshing sup,
 Of the ones we shall meet no more.

Let the bubbles that sparkle and blink at the brim,
 And glisten and flit away,
 Be the ones who have left us through Fate or whim,
 Whose laughter we hear today.
 And if Time, with his sickle, scowls over the bowl,
 To claim what his years have ta'en.
 A defiance brave in his face we'll troll,
 And drink of the past again.

When we have finished our vintage rare,
 And naught is left but the leaves;
 The recipe safe in our breast we'll bear
 To brew us again when we please.

PRIVATE J. P. KELLEY, Co. B.

THE WAR AS IT ISN'T

The folks back home read the daily news
 Of their boys in France in russett shoes,
 And spiffy suits and a mademoiselle,
 But damn few know that war is hell.

Big, long columns in the magazines,
 Of the boys loafing 'round the big canteens;
 The truth of it all, I'm going to tell,
 The boys at the front say "War is Hell."

We wallow 'round in the muddy trench,
 While the boys in the rear learn to parley French;
 The folks at home sit and read all day
 Of the work at the front of the Y. M. C. A.

Did we get the furloughs and candy and pie,
 And doughnuts and cocoa, that sells so high.
 It's hard to believe, but I'll tell you why—
 It's the game of war—as it isn't.

PRIVATE CHAS. A. WILSON, Co. B.

THE ROAD TO RAMBUECOURT

(Written just prior to the St. Mihiel offensive.)

Across the seas, on the soil of France,
Ten hundred thousand strong;
Are the boys in drab of the U. S. A.,
Eager to right a wrong.
A wrong committed in '71
By the Huns, in a hellish aim,
To rule the world with a rod of iron
And hold Alsace-Lorraine.

On a battlefield made famous
Along the French frontier,
Our army now is waiting
With confidence and cheer,
For the signal from the leaders
To charge the heartless Hun,
And drive him back with losses,
Like the brave French at Verdun.

Along the road to Beaumont,
Rambuecourt and Buconville,
The Americans are waiting,
Although the night is still.
Many troops are in support,
To reinforce the front,
While the boys "in" further up
Are ready to bear the brunt.

In camouflaged positions
Along the famous road,
Machine guns wait impatiently,
Deadly missiles to unload.
Back of the road to Rambuecourt,
Where the Germans cannot see,
Manned by accurate gunners,
Is the field artillery.

Big guns are in the timber,
On the enemy they will train;

They'll blow Mont Sec to "Kingdom Come,"
Then we'll march into Lorraine
The aeroplanes will aid us
When the proper time arrives
No cowards are in the service;
All will gladly risk their lives.

Thus the stage is set, boys,
For the battle grim and great,
The Americans will be tested,
And much we have at stake.
It is the calm before the storm,
The time is coming soon,
When fire will flash from every crest,
And we'll hear the cannon boom.
SERGEANT JESSE R. HINMAN, Co. B.

A LINESMAN'S SOLILOQUY

As I sit on my bunk in my dugout,
And it's nearly time to turn in,
With the rockets a-playing without,
And the shrapnel's occasional "ping."
My thoughts wander back to the family,
And out home on the side of Park Road;
And I wonder what they are doing,
While I'm in this "classy" abode.
Perhaps they're seated at dinner,
With tablecloth, napkins and things,
And don't have to worry about "seconds,"
With a maid to come when they ring.
Or 'round the fire in the evening,
With pap in his big easy chair,
And mother seated just near him,
Oh—if I could be there.
But that is not for the present,
For the reason we're in France,
As to breaking up family circles,
The Hun has an excellent chance.

CORPORAL SPURR, Co. D.

AN ODE TO THE DUGOUT

A dugout on the front, boys,
You know the kind I mean,
So cozy and so snug like,
Many of them you've seen.

Where you tumble in your blankets
To snatch a little sleep;
Far from the whistling "whiz bangs,"
Down in the ground so deep.

In this cozy little dugout,
Quite likely you will find
Some old time acquaintances,
The healthiest of their kind.

The guests are there before you,
And have made themselves at home;
And will keep you company
For fear you're left alone.

There is Mr. Rat and family,
And the children ever bright,
Who sleep in the daytime,
And keep you up all night.

They spring across your pillow,
Play football on your chest,
Grab each corner of your blanket,
For baseball it is the best.

They pull your nose and pinch your ears
To see if you're awake;
And if you are not careful,
Your rifle they will take.

One day we got a pussy cat,
In our dugout to stay,
To take the place of a mascot
And keep the rats away.

It was a great event in Ratdom,
The night was a merry one;
Poor Pussy was served at a banquet,
Plates were spread for twenty-one.

When in the middle of your slumbers,
The cry of "Gas" you hear;
You grab for the trusty gas mask,
Which you always keep so near.

Sometimes you are awakened
By the sound of shot and shell,
Then we know the "Square Heads"
Have turned loose a little Hell.

But when the "Yanks" retaliate,
And you hear our guns crash,
The enemy ceases firing,
And for their dugouts dash.

In our dugouts there are others,
Little pets, we always find;
They are known as "cooties,"
And to us they are very kind.

Listening posts they have established
At the foot of every bed,
With battalion drill each evening
From your feet up to your head.

But it's all for the old Flag, boys;
We're in this thing to win;
We'll never cease our efforts
Until we're in Berlin.

SERGEANT JESSE R. HINMAN, Co. B.

TO YOU

(Written for Christmas' souvenir card, December 25, 1918.)

Beyond the wave-washed shores of France,
Beyond the ocean's westmost tide,
Beyond the pale-blue horizon,
Are those we cherish, love, and pride.
And as our eyes see evening's sun,
Across the dark, unfathomed blue,
Our thoughts are with the ones at home—
Our hearts send out our love to you.

While snows of angry winter fall,
And sheen the hills of France in white,
While cold the winds blow overhead,
The murky day fades into night.
Yet vistas bright of other years
Bring back the long-passed joys a-new,
And as come dreams of days that were—
Our hearts send out our love to you.

For those who face the mighty guns,
For those of us who stay behind,
For those who, fever-racked, will lie
On beds of pain, with troubled mind;
For those who've done their earthly bit,
Who sleep beneath the morning's dew;
For those that are and those that were—
Our hearts send out our love to you.

While ring the bells of Christmas-tide
Throughout the land where Christ is King,
The phrase resound: "Peace Unto Men!"
For peace, the sword of war will bring.
Our souls are rife with victory's hope,
Soon shall we cross again the blue,
And 'til that day of days shall come—
Our hearts send out our love to you.

SERGEANT LAURENCE LOCKNEY, Co. C.

THE RANGERS

The Army fought its wars of old,
Without an F. and S.
Intelligence pertained to scouts,
And guns were hit by guess.

But Uncle Sam keeps up to date,
And seldom skips a trick.
He figured that some engineers
Could work without a pick.

The Second Battalion, 29th,
(Now in the Seventy-fourth),
Took up the work of Flash and Sound,
So feared by Ludendorf.

To map the Boche was their design,
To ferret out his guns—
With rifles handy while they worked,
And masks to save the lungs.

For they've held posts in the trenches,
And even in No Man's Land.
It's well for them the tide of war
Was toward the Vaterland.

Balloons and planes could spot by day,
And sometimes saw the "core";
But Flash and Sound would carry on
From "0" to "24."

On every hour of twenty-four,
And each day of the month,
Their observers would be working
Along the battle front.

It was no passing risk they took;
They never got repose;
And all that kept their losses down
Was luck, the Army knows.

They plodded steadily along,
And won a few citations.
They put, not towns, upon the map,
But German gun locations.

The posts were fathered by central,
But had their "S. O. S."
Service of Salvage they called it,
Aside from wireless.

The Boche can make good pan-cake flour,
His jam is of the best,
And much canned milk was left behind,
To grace the Ranger's mess.

The Sound men used to josh the Flash,
The Flash would kid the Sound;
And often crude, or quaint remarks
Bantered their way around.

We're fast, you're slow, declared the Flash;
Let's call it first and second;
Four-flush and science, countered Sound,
Wait till results are reckoned.

They kept the gaff unto themselves,
Nor split the hairs too fine;
For they've shared O. P.'s together;
They've hit the same mess line.

Our Section is the best of all,
Was each man's open boast;
But he'd agree both Flash and Sound
Helped rout the German host.

When history tells the war's great deeds,
She'll make a slight digression
To teach the world that Flash and Sound
Was more than an expression.

SERGEANT FIRST CLASS HOWARD F. COLT, Co. D.

THE LINESMAN'S RIFLE

"Your best friend is your rifle boys,"
Is what you've oft' been told;
"Just keep it near you always, lad,"
Is a story now grown old.
There is a time when this is true,
When of Germans there are signs,
But you wish the thing in Halifax,
When you're on the Hartley line.

In barbed wire it is a nuisance,
In the trenches it is hell,
And you have a damned good notion
To leave it where it fell.
It catches in the wires,
When you try to climb between,
And causes me more trouble
Than all the Boche I've seen.

SERGEANT JESSE R. HINMAN, Co. B.

TO FRANCE WITH PERSHING

By Lieutenant Thomas W. Smith

(Lieutenant Smith was formerly a sergeant in the 1st Engineers, and was included in the detachment that sailed on the steamship Baltic with General Pershing for France on May 27. Sergeant Smith was later transferred to the 29th Engineers. Sergeant C. R. Kietel, of the 29th Engineers, came to France with General Pershing on the steamship Baltic.)

“Report to the adjutant at 1 P. M. today.”

This was the command given me by the first sergeant of Company A, 1st Engineers, on the morning of May 22, 1917, and anxiously I awaited the appointed hour, for I felt that a movement of great importance was being considered, and that, in some way or another, I might be given an opportunity to participate in it.

Since April 6, there had been an atmosphere of expectancy at Washington Barracks, for well-founded rumors were to the effect that the 1st Division would be among the first of American troops to see overseas service.

When I reached the adjutant's office, I found it full of men, perhaps 50 in all, representing the different companies in the regiment. Each one was put through a rigid examination by Captain Ernest Graves relative to their educational qualification and army record, until he selected ten men. The others he dismissed.

Then, addressing us, he stated that he had chosen us because he believed he had selected sober, industrious men.

“You are going on a long journey,” said he. “I

cannot tell you where, but you must not reveal this information. You may never return."

While the last assertion was anything but encouraging, we were, of course, elated upon being selected to go to France with the General, as we were sure the battle field of Europe was our ultimate destination.

We were ordered to be ready the same night, but did not get away until Sunday morning, May 27, leaving from the Union Station.

We arrived at Governor's Island in the evening. At noon we boarded the river boat and steamed down the bay and waited for the White Star Liner, Baltic, boarding her at 5:30 P. M. By this time the entire party (the United States Expeditionary Force) was on board. It included General Pershing and about 10 officers, 67 enlisted men and about 50 civilian clerks.

The good ship Baltic was ten days in making the trip across the Atlantic to Liverpool. The weather was fine, with a comparatively smooth sea. We were convoyed by three American torpedo boats the last three days of the voyage. We also had two British destroyers, but they stayed but a few hours, for they left us to aid three freight boats which had been attacked by three submarines and sunk. It is believed that these submarines were laying in wait for the Baltic and missed us or could not attack owing to the convoy.

When the Baltic reached the danger zone off the Irish Coast, she took a zig-zag course, in order to avoid the numerous submarines. However, this was customary at all times during the war with boats while in the danger zone.

Some amusing incidents occurred when it was decided that the members of the Expeditionary Force

should don civilian clothes, loaned by the field clerks and passengers aboard. This was done in order to prevent the enemy from shelling the life boats. Should we be forced to use them, in case the Baltic be struck by a torpedo and the Germans detect soldiers in the life boats, we knew our chances would be poor.

Arriving at Liverpool on Friday, June 8, at 10 o'clock A. M., we were met by an English General and staff and a battalion of British infantry and band. We were escorted to a train bound for London, arriving in that city at 4 P. M. There we were met by General French and his staff. The officers were taken to the Savoy Hotel and the civilian clerks to the Imperial.

The enlisted men were enthusiastically received at the old and historic Tower of London. There we were quartered and entertained by the Honourable Artillery Corps.

Our experiences were proving intensely interesting and novel in the extreme. As one of the men expressed it:

"To think of an American sleeping, eating and being entertained in the Tower of London."

We were enthusiastically received everywhere in London. The first night we were guests of the Alhambra Theatre. The following day we took the never to be forgotten trip to Windsor, and visited the great Windsor Castle and Eton College. Major General Carey was very courteous and escorted us through the castle, accompanied by the mayor of Windsor. That evening we were guests of the Empire Theatre.

The following day, Sunday, we were taken to Richmond by train and at this point we took a special boat up the famous Thames River, going almost to Windsor. We were all impressed with the ride, which took us

along the rich, green fields and meadows on either side. Thousands of persons were out in boats taking advantage of the beautiful weather. We stopped at Hampton Court and the interesting things we saw there will never be forgotten.

Returning down the river we found the banks crowded with people, waiting for the "Yankees" to appear. It was the most enthusiastic demonstration we had seen. The cheering was deafening and the saluting continued during the remainder of the trip. It made one proud to feel that he was an American.

Monday morning we saw the things of interest in the Tower. The "Chopping Block," "Bloody Tower," the "Traitors' Gate," and many other things of equal interest. During the afternoon we toured the city in large busses. We visited Westminster Abbey, Leicester Square, Piccadilly Circus, etc. In the evening we were guests at the Strand Theatre. Not content with what they had done for us, the Honourable Artillery Corps of the Tower gave us a great reception on the evening of June 12. This was the final and crowning event of our stay in London. The H. A. C. presented each of us with a set of cuff links, made of H. A. C. honor buttons. These buttons are given only to those who have proven honorable and worthy soldiers.

Wednesday morning, June 13, we left London for Folkestone, where we took a fast channel boat for Boulogne. Here we were greeted by a large division, including many officers. The greeting and saluting seemed even more sincere than that which we had received in England. We immediately took a special train for Paris, arriving in the French capital at 4:30 P. M.

It is impossible to describe the scenes in Paris upon

our arrival that afternoon and the reception that General Pershing and those who accompanied him received, and do justice to the enthusiastic French. Thousands jammed the streets from the depot to the barracks. The people were delirious with joy. It was the most excitement I ever witnessed and never expect to see it equalled. The automobiles could hardly make their way through the excited throng. The mademoiselles would climb on the side of the cars and embrace and kiss us, while the men almost pulled our arms from our shoulders in attempting to shake our hands, meanwhile cheering at the top of their voices, proclaiming "Viva la Amerique" (Long live America). One pretty little girl climbed into the car and, nestling in my lap, she hugged and kissed me. "To protect you from the mob," she said in good English. At the barracks we had a sumptuous dinner, after which we went to bed. We were soldiering in France.

NAMES AND ADDRESSES OF THE OFFICERS OF THE FIRST
BATTALION, 74TH ENGINEERS

MAJOR

Lyman, Theodore, Heath St., Brookline, Mass.

CAPTAINS

Druce, Thomas W.
French, Norman R., Fort Fairfield, Maine.
Messer, Thomas H.
Ross, Blair A., Novelty, Missouri.
Whitney, Erle F., Portland, Oregon.
Wright, Jefferson D., Commerce, Georgia.

FIRST LIEUTENANTS

Anderson, William P., 2383 Grandin Road, Cincinnati, Ohio.
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Blundon, Montague.
Chandler, Charles H., Harrisburg, Virginia.
Church, Sanford E., 11209 Lake Ave., Cleveland, Ohio.
Clark, Harry N., Fairfax, Virginia.
Coles, Levi D., 1744 North 16th St., Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.
Conover, Reeve, 390 61st St., Oakland, California.
Curtis, Horace J., Williamsfield, Illinois.
Dow, Leonard M., 416 Seventh St., Knoxville, Tennessee.
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Gallagher, William H., Santa Barbara, California.
Heulings, Lloyd, Moorestown, Burlington, County, New Jersey.
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Houston, Fred K., 160 East Third St., Beaver, Pennsylvania.
Kelly, Joyce R., 1051 Gladstone Ave., Portland, Oregon.
Kuhns, Austin, Middletown, Connecticut.
McLanahan, John D., 30 Vandeventer Ave., Princeton, New Jersey.
Mitten, George R., Goodland, Indiana.
Monk, Percy S., Sleansville, New York.
Morrow, Samuel R., 843 Howard St., Carthage, Missouri.
Newkirk, Arthur D., 415 East Third St., Jacksonville, Florida.
Perry, William G., 140 James St., Greenville, South Carolina.
Roberts, Walter Van B., Titusville, Pennsylvania.
Simons, Edmond G., Eutawville, South Carolina.
Stark, Merle R., 2428 Bellefontain St., Indianapolis, Indiana.
Stallman, George P., 388 Monroe Ave., Rochester, New York.
Stewart, John Q., 1404 North Second St., Harrisburg, Pennsylvania.
Sturgis, Robert L., 547 West Jackson Boulevard, Chicago, Illinois.
Suvergroop, Lew.
Twynham, Frank J., 908 East Rio Grande St., El Paso, Texas.
Van Vechten, Lawrence.
Van Zant, Albert.
Wallower, Herbert H., 2101 North Front St., Harrisburg, Pa.

SECOND LIEUTENANTS

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Braun, Chester S., 80 Hawthorne Ave., East Orange, New Jersey.
Brooks, Fernley T., 260 S. 44th St., Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.
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Brownell, Ambrose, Milwaukie, Oregon.

Bushfield, William G., 1216 N. 14th St., Boise Idaho.
 Campbell, Walter J., 278 Remsen St., Cohoes, New York.
 Clevenger, Thomas R., Winchester, Indiana.
 Crandall, Hector, 604 Tennyson Ave., Palo Alto, California.
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 Driver, Herschel L., 720 E. Burnside St., Portland, Oregon.
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 Drummond, Scott E., Fargo, North Dakota.
 Hampton, George, Nevada City, California.
 Hubbard, Bela, Woods Hole, Massachusetts.
 Kemman, Hugo A., Lowden, Iowa.
 Kemper, Darwin R., Hamilton Hotel, St. Louis, Missouri.
 Kittleman, Samuel W., 151 N. Tejon St., Colorado Springs, Colorado.
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 Leue, Conrad F., 416 Evans Bldg., Washington, D. C.
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 Roberts, Walter E., 575 Mulberry St., Portland, Oregon.
 Sessions, Herbert F., 1005 Kelly St., Portland, Oregon.
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 Smith, Merrill J., Carsadaga, New York.
 Smith, Thomas W., 111 W. 25th St., Wilmington, Delaware.
 Smyth, James J., Cheyenne, Wyoming.
 Sully, Kenneth M., Santa Rita, New Mexico.
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 Woodring, Wendell P., Talmadge, Lancaster County, Pennsylvania.
 Wylie, Murray P., 709 Mystic Ave., Canon City, Colorado.

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 Adams, Lorin G., Co. C, Easton, Me.
 Adams, August, Co. D, 312 1st St., Peoria, Ill.
 Africa, James, Co. D, 114 2nd St., Huntington, Pa.
 Aiello, Thomas M., Co. D, Johnsburg, Pa.
 Aldrich, Benjamin F., Co. B, 53 W. 4th St., S., Salt Lake City, Utah.
 Alexander, James, Co. D, 8242 Franklin Ave., Philadelphia, Pa.
 Allen, William R., Co. C, Folkston, Ga.
 Allen, Leslie T., Co. A, 10th and Madison Sts., Covington, Ky.
 Allman, Jack S., Co. C, Fairbanks, Alaska.
 Alsing, Alvin A., Co. B, 706 Buena Vista Ave., Alameda, Cal.
 Altfillisch, Charles, Co. E, De Smet, S. D.
 Amadon, Arthur F., Co. E, Bennington, Vt.
 Ames, George R., Co. D, 4037 40th Ave., W., Seattle, Wash.
 Ames, Edgar D., Co. D, 111 N. Gilmore St., Baltimore, Md.
 Ames, George M., Co. E, Mecca, Cal.
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 Anderson, Fred T., Co. B, Crockston, Minn.
 Anderson, William J., Co. C, 1320 Howard St., N. W., Washington, D. C.
 Anderson, Paul R., Co. C, 1075 Burr St., St. Paul, Minn.
 Anderson, George H., Co. E, Bennet, Wis.
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 Anderson, Lawrence B., Co. E, 47 Fredrick St., Portland, Me.
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 Angell, Guy B., Co. B, N. Scituate, R. I.
 Angstadt, Ralph S., Co. C, Y. M. C. A. Bldg., Allentown, Pa.
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 Armitage, Thomas J., Co. C, Wellesley, Mass.
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 Baker, Percy A., Co. A, Caddis, Colo.
 Baker, William H., Co. B, Deans, N. J.
 Balch, Thomas E., Co. A, Oakland, Cal.
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 Barnett, Bryan W., Co. C, Jewell Ridge, Va.
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 Barrick, Ralph E., Co. B, Cornwallis, Ore.
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 Buxton, Carroll L., Co. D, Gaithersburg, Md.
 Bycroft, Robert W., Co. A, 219 Main St., East Palestine, Ohio.
 Cadie, Fetzner H., Co. B, Williamsburg, Pa., or Baker, Mont.
 Caille, Joe, Co. D, Emporia, Va.
 Cain, David, Co. E, Kascuisbe, Miss.
 Cain, Ernest, Co. A, 11 W. South St., Washington, Ind.
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 Christensen, Ernst C., Co. C, Frederickshaven, Denmark.
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 Clarke, McRay, Co. E, Scott City, Kan.
 Clayton, Raymond H., Co. B, Plainville, Conn.
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 Colby, Charles C., Co. D, 918 Cherry St., Erie, Pa.
 Colclessner, Richard Y., Co. C, Milton Apts., Altoona, Pa.
 Cole, Harry E., Co. B, Bloomsburg, Pa.
 Cole, Lawrence G., Co. D, Walpole, N. H.
 Coleman, Thomas C., Co. C, 29 Chandler St., Somerville, Mass.
 Coles, William C., Co. B, Wheeling, W. Va.
 Colley, Hunter H., Co. B, Jonesborough, Tenn.
 Collins, William J., Co. C, R. F. D. No. 2, Milton, Pa.
 Colt, Howard F., Co. D, 123 W. 80th St., New York, N. Y.
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 Cottrell, Shirley G., Co. B, Elderon, Wis.
 Coughlin, John G., Co. C, 56 Larchmont St., Dorchester, Mass.
 Cox, Arthur F., Co. E, 2531 W. Adams St., Chicago, Ill.
 Cox, Floyd R., Co. B, Louisville, Nebr.
 Cox, Lyle M., Co. B, Union, Iowa.
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 Crane, Willard S., Co. E, 208 13th St., N. E., Washington, D. C.
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 Cunningham, Leonard B., Co. D, Reno, Nevada.
 Cunningham, Thomas, Co. B, 416 2nd St., Peoria, Ill.
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